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An intricate woodcut-style decorative border surrounds the central text. The border features a crown at the top, two scepters on either side, and a central shield with a heart. Below the shield are two crossed keys. The entire design is composed of complex, swirling patterns and fine line work.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS
WELL

*The Dramatic Works of William
Shakespeare : As you like it. Taming ...*

William Shakespeare, Samuel Weller Singer

~~1186~~

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THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH VIGNETTES

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY JOHN THOMPSON

FROM DRAWINGS BY STOTHARD

IN TEN VOLUMES

VOL. III.

AS YOU LIKE IT

TAMING OF THE SHREW

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE TEXT CAREFULLY REVISED

WITH NOTES

BY SAMUEL WELLER SINGER F.S.A.

THE LIFE OF THE POET AND CRITICAL
ESSAYS ON THE PLAYS

BY WILLIAM WATKISS LLOYD M.R.S.L.

ETC. ETC.



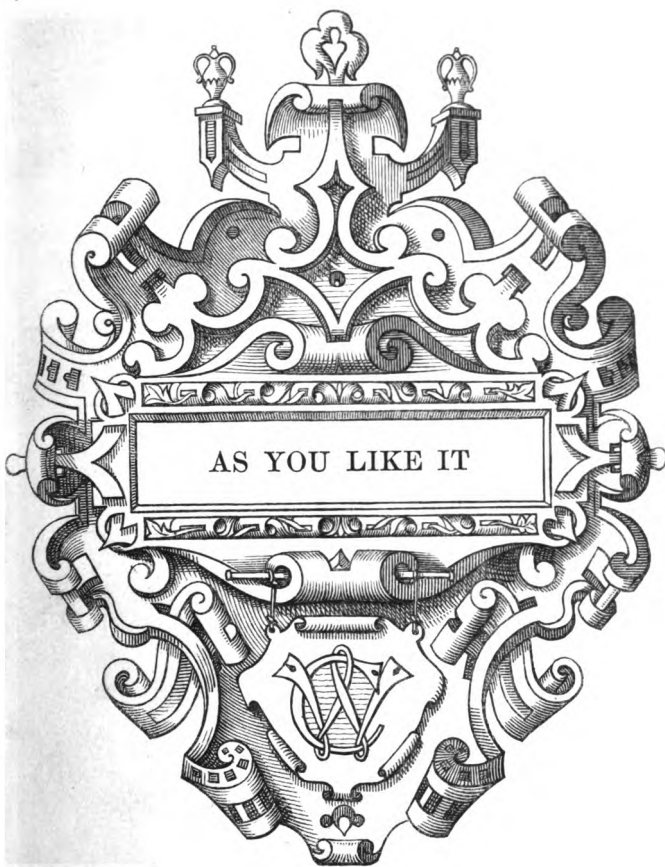
All's Well that Ends Well. Act iv. Sc. six.

LONDON
BELL AND DALDY FLEET STREET

1856

13455,5

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or name, appearing as "W. J. ..."



AS YOU LIKE IT



AS YOU LIKE IT.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

DR. GREY and Mr. Upton asserted that this Play was *certainly borrowed* from the Coke's Tale of Gamelyn, printed in Urry's Chaucer, but it is hardly likely that Shakespeare saw that in manuscript, and there is a more obvious source from whence he derived his plot, viz. the pastoral romance of Rosalynde, or Euphues' Golden Legacy, by Thomas Lodge, first printed in 1590. From this he has sketched his principal characters, and constructed his plot; but those admirable beings, the melancholy Jaques, the witty Touchstone, and his Audrey, are of the poet's own creation. Lodge's novel is one of those tiresome (I had almost said unnatural) pastoral romances, of which the Euphues of Lyly and the Arcadia of Sidney were also popular examples: it has, however, the redeeming merit of some very beautiful verses interspersed *, and the circumstance of its having led to the formation of this exquisite pastoral drama, is enough to make us withhold our assent to Steevens's splenetic censure of it as "worthless."

Touched by the magic wand of the enchanter, the dull and endless prosing of the novelist is transformed into an interesting and lively drama; the forest of Arden converted into a real Arcadia of the golden age. "The highly sketched figures pass along in the most diversified succession; we see always the shady dark-green landscape in the back ground, and breathe in imagination the fresh air of the forest. The hours are here measured by no clocks, no regulated recurrence of duty or toil; they flow on unnumbered in voluntary occupation or fanciful idleness.—One throws himself down 'under the shade of melancholy boughs' and indulges in reflections on the changes of fortune, the falsehood of the world, and the self-created torments of social life: others make the woods resound with social and festive songs, to the accompaniment of their horns. Selfishness, envy, and ambi-

* The following beautiful Stanzas are part of what is called

tion, have been left in the city behind them; of all the human passions, love alone has found an entrance into this silvan scene, where it dictates the same language to the simple shepherd, and the chivalrous youth, who hangs his love-ditty to a tree.*

And this their life, exempt from public haunts,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

How exquisitely is the character of Rosalind conceived, what liveliness and sportive gaiety, combined with the most natural and affectionate tenderness, the reader is as much in love with her as Orlando, and wonders not at Phebe's sudden passion for her when disguised as Ganymede; or Celia's constant friendship. Touchstone is indeed a "rare fellow: he uses his folly as a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit:" his courtship of Audrey, his lecture to Corin, his defence of cuckolds, and his burlesque upon the "duello" of the age, are all most "exquisite fooling." It has been remarked, that there are few of Shakespeare's plays which contain so many passages that are quoted and remembered, and phrases that have become in a manner proverbial. To enumerate them would be to mention every scene in the play. And I must no longer detain the reader from this most delightful of Shakespeare's comedies.

Malone places the composition of this play in 1599. There is no edition known previous to that in the folio of 1623. But it appears among the miscellaneous entries of prohibited pieces in the Stationers' books, without any certain date.

Rosalind's Madrigal, and are not unworthy of a place even in a page devoted to Shakespeare:

Love in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweet:
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah, wanton, will ye?
And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight;
And makes a pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He music plays, if so I sing,
He lends me every lovely thing;
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting
Whist, wanton, still ye?

* Schlegel.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

Duke, *living in exile.*

FREDERICK, *Brother to the Duke, and Usurper of his Dominions.*

AMIENS, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his*
JAQUES, } *banishment.*

LE BEAU, *a Courtier attending upon Frederick.*

CHARLES, *his Wrestler.*

OLIVER, }

JAQUES, } *Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.*

ORLANDO, }

ADAM, } *Servants to Oliver.*

DENNIS, }

TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown.*

SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a Vicar.*

CORIN, } *Shepherds.*

SILVIUS, }

WILLIAM, *a country Fellow, in love with Audrey.*

A Person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, *Daughter to the banished Duke.*

CELIA, *Daughter to Frederick.*

PHEBE, *a Shepherdess.*

AUDREY, *a country Wench.*

*Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foresters,
and other Attendants.*

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's House; afterwards, partly in the Usurper's Court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.

* This list of the Dramatis Personæ is not in the old copies, it was added by Rowe.



AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An Orchard, near Oliver's House.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orlando.

AS I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion¹ bequeathed me by will but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, sties² me here at home unkept: For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders

¹ Malone inserted *He* here, at the instance of Sir W. Blackstone; the absence of the pronoun, which had passed off long before, helps to mark the speech as the continuation of a conference, not the commencement of a set statement.

² The old orthography *staies* was an easy corruption of *sties*; which I think with Warburton the true reading. So Caliban says:

“And here you *sty* me
In this hard rock.”

dearly hired : but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth : for the which his animals on his dung-hills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me : he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me ; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude : I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir ! what make you here³?

Orl. Nothing : I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir ?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile⁴.

³ *What make you here?* i. e. *what do you here?* See note in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv. Sc. 3.

⁴ *Be naught awhile.* Mr. Gifford has shown, by very numerous quotations, that Warburton was right in his explanation of this phrase. See Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, vol. iv. p. 421 : "*Be naught*," says Mr. Nares, "or go and be naught, was formerly a petty execration of common usage between anger and contempt, which has been supplanted by others that are worse, as, *be hanged*, *be curst*, &c. ; *awhile*, or *the while*, was frequently added merely to round the phrase." So in *The Story of King Darius*, 1565 :

"Come away, and *be naught a while*."

And in *Swetnam*, a comedy, 1620 :—

"get you both in, and *be naught awhile*."

See *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v. Sc. i. note 29.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he⁵ I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence⁶.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain.

Orl. I am no villain⁷: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

⁵ The first folio reads *him*, the second *he* more correctly.

⁶ *Nearer to his reverence*, i. e. *nearer to his age*, as appears by what follows. So in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "Knavery cannot, sure, hide itself in such *reverence*."

⁷ *Villain* is used in a double sense: by Oliver, for a *worthless fellow*; and by Orlando, for a *man of base extraction*. Coleridge remarks that, "There is a beauty here. The word *boy* naturally provokes and awakes in Orlando the sense of his manly powers; and with the retort of *elder brother*, he grasps him with both hands and makes him feel that he is no boy."

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament: with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*—] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court!

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news ; that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke ; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke ; therefore he gives them good leave⁸ to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father.

Cha. O, no ; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter ; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live ?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden⁹, and a many merry men with him ; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England : they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day ; and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke ?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir ; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall : To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit ; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him

⁸ *He gives them good leave.* As often as this phrase occurs, it means a ready assent. So in *K. John* :—

“*Bush.* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile ?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.”

⁹ *Ardenne* is a forest of considerable extent in French Flanders, lying near the river Meuse, and between Charlemont and Rocroy. Spenser, in his *Colin Clout*, mentions it :—

“So wide a forest, and so waste as this,
Not famous *Ardeyn*, nor foul *Arlo* was.”

Shakespeare took the scene of his play from Lodge's *Rosalind*.

well. Your brother is but young, and tender ; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in : therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal ; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into ; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it ; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France : full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother ; therefore use thy discretion ; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger : and thou wert best look to't ; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other : for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him ; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you : If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment : If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more : And so, God keep your worship ! [Exit.

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester¹⁰ : I hope, I shall see an end of him : for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than

¹⁰ *Gamester*, i. e. *frolicsome fellow*. So in *K. Henry VIII*.

“ You are a merry *gamester*, my lord Sands.”

he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts¹¹ enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised; but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle¹² the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [Exit.

SCENE II. *A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I¹ were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from

¹¹ *Sorts*, i. e. of all ranks.

¹² *But that I kindle the boy thither.* He means, "that I excite the boy to it." So in *Macbeth*, when Banquo means to say, "such a prophecy, if believed, might stimulate you to seek the crown," he thus expresses it:

"That, trusted home,
Might yet *enkindle* you unto the crown."

¹ *I*, which is necessary to the sense, was added by Pope, it is omitted by accident in the old copy.

thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection ; by mine honour, I will ; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster : therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports : let me see ; What think you of falling in love ?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal : but love no man in good earnest ; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then ?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel², that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would, we could do so ; for her benefits are mightily misplaced : and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true : for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest ; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's : fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument ?

Ros. Indeed, fortune³ is there too hard for nature ; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

² So in Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii. Sc. 12.

“ Let me rail so high,

That the *false housewife Fortune break her wheel.*”

³ The first and second folios transpose these words, and read “ Indeed, *there is fortune.*” It is corrected in the third folio.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiving⁴ our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes, or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st!

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

*Cel.*⁵ My father's love is enough to honour him.

⁴ The first folio reads *perceiveth*. The folio, 1632, reads *perceiving*.

⁵ This reply to the Clown, in the old copies, is given to Rosalind. *Frederic* was however the name of Celia's father, and it is therefore most probable the reply should be hers.

enough : Speak no more of him ; you'll be whipp'd for taxation⁶, one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true : for since the little wit, that fools have, was silenced, the little foolery, that wise men have, makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better ; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, Monsieur Le Beau : What's the news ?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport ? Of what colour ?

Le Beau. What colour, madam ? how shall I answer you ?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said : that was laid on with a trowel⁷.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies : I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

⁶ *You'll be whipp'd for taxation.* This was the discipline usually inflicted upon fools. Brantome says that Legar, fool to Elizabeth of France, having offended her with some indelicate speech, "*fut bien fôuetté à la cuisine pour ces paroles.*" *Taxation* is *censure*, *satire*.

⁷ *Laid on with a trowel.* This is a proverbial phrase not yet quite disused. It is, says Mason, to do any thing strongly, and without delicacy. If a man flatters grossly, it is a common expression to say, that he *lays it on with a trowel*.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons,——

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;——

Ros. With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by these presents*⁸,——

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

⁸ The quibble between *bills* for *halberds*, and for *legal instruments*, occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "We are likely to prove goodly commodities, being taken up of these men's *bills*." So in the play of *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:—

"Good morrow, taylor, I abhor *bills* in a morning,
But thou may'st watch at night with *bill* in hand."

It was the very probable conjecture of Dr. Farmer that "With bills on their necks" should be the conclusion of *Le Beau's* speech. A soldier was anciently said to carry his bill or weapon on his neck, not on his shoulder. It is the double meaning of *bill* that leads to the second quibble between *presence* and *presents*.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see^a this broken musick in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wresting, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wresting, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wresting?

Ros. Ay, my liege: so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men⁹: In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*]

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses¹⁰ call for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

^a Should we not read "set this broken musick in his sides?" set being a musical term.

⁹ The old copies read "man." The alteration was made by Hanmer.

¹⁰ The old copy has "princess." Theobald made the correction which the reply of Orlando shows to be called for.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler¹¹?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes¹², or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein¹³ I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein, if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious¹⁴; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so; I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for

¹¹ This wrestling match is minutely described in Lodge's novel.

¹² Coleridge says, "Surely it should be 'our eyes' and 'our judgment.'" But there seems to be no necessity for change. The meaning is obviously if he took a just measure of his powers he would avoid the contest with this strong man and seek a more equal enterprise.

¹³ Johnson thought we should read "*therein*." Mason proposed to read *herein*. Malone satisfactorily explains the passage thus: "*punish me not with your hard thoughts, which, however, I confess I deserve to incur, for denying such fair ladies any request.*"

¹⁴ *Gracious* was anciently used in the sense of the Italian *gratiato*, i. e. *graced, favoured, countenanced*; as well as for *graceful, comely, well favoured*, in which sense Shakespeare uses it in other places.—Vide *Florio's Italian Dict. Ed. 1598*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iii. Sc. 1, vol. i. p. 160, note 29.*

in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [CHA. and ORL. wrestle.]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [CHARLES is thrown. Shout.]

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [CHARLES is borne out.]
What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
 But I did find him still mine enemy :
 Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
 Hadst thou descended from another house.
 But fare thee well ; thou art a gallant youth ;
 I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke FRED. Train, and LE BEAU.*]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this ?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
 His youngest son ;—and would not change that call-
 ing¹⁵,

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
 And all the world was of my father's mind :
 Had I before known this young man his son,
 I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
 Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel.

Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him, and encourage him :
 My father's rough and envious disposition
 Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd :
 If you do keep your promises in love
 But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
 Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros.

Gentleman,

[*Giving him a Chain from her neck.*]

Wear this for me ; one out of suits with fortune¹⁶ ;
 That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
 Shall we go, coz ?

Cel.

Ay :—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you ? My better parts
 Are all thrown down ; and that which here stands up,
 Is but a quintain¹⁷, a mere lifeless block.

¹⁵ *Calling* here means *appellation*, a very unusual use of the word.

¹⁶ *Out of suits*, i. e. *out of favour, discarded by fortune.*

¹⁷ *His better parts*, i. e. *his spirits or senses.* A *quintain* was a

Ros. He calls us back : my pride fell with my fortunes :

I'll ask him what he would :—Did you call, sir ?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz ?

Ros. Have with you :—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue ?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando ! thou art overthrown ;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place : Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love ;
Yet such is now the duke's condition¹⁸,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.

figure set up for tilers to run at in mock resemblance of a tournament. The first and simplest form was a tree or post with a shield or some object affixed to it : afterwards a cross-bar was fixed to the top of the post turning upon a pivot, having a broad board at the one end, and a bag full of sand suspended at the other. Sometimes it was made in resemblance of a human figure holding in the one hand a shield and in the other a bag of sand. In the sport, if the figure was struck on the shield the quintain turned on its pivot and hit the assailant with the sand-bag. The skill consisted in striking the quintain dexterously so as to avoid the blow. Figures of several kinds and ample descriptions are to be found in Mr. Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, in the *Variorum* editions, and in Mr. Knight's. The sport of the quintain is humorously described in Laneham's *Letter from Killingworth Castle*, which the notice of the admirable author of *Kenilworth* has made every reader acquainted with.

¹⁸ *The duke's condition*, i. e. *temper, disposition*. Antonio in the *Merchant of Venice* is called by his friend "the best *condition'd* man." *Humorous* is *capricious*. See *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii. Sc. 1, p. 156, note 20.

The duke is humorous ; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir : and, pray you, tell me this ;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke.
That here was at the wrestling ?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by man-
ners ;

But yet, indeed, the smaller¹⁹ is his daughter :
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company ; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece ;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake ;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well ;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you : fare you well !

[*Exit LE BEAU.*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother :—
But heavenly Rosalind ! [Exit.

SCENE III. *A Terrace in front of the Palace.*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin ; why, Rosalind ;—Cupid have
mercy !—Not a word ?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

¹⁹ The old copy reads *taller*, which, from what is said in other places, is evidently wrong. Pope altered it to *shorter*. The present reading is Malone's.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me ; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up ; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father ?

Ros. No, some of it for my child's father¹. O, how full of briars is this working-day world !

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery ; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat ; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try : if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you ! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest : Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son ?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly ? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly² ; yet I hate not Orlando.

¹ Thus the old copies. Rowe transposed the phrase to "*my father's child*," and Coleridge says, "who can doubt that (the old reading) was a mistake for "*my father's child*," meaning herself. I do not venture, however, to alter the text, having regard to other speeches of Rosalind, which render this as it stands anything but an impossibility. Rosalind playfully means no more than my future husband.

² Shakespeare's use of *dear* in a double sense has been already illustrated. See note on Twelfth Night, Act v. Sc. i.

Ros. No 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest³ haste,

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin;

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's
enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highness took his duke-
dom;
So was I, when your highness banish'd him:

³ *Safest*, probably a misprint for *swiftest*.

Treason is not inherited, my lord ;
 Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
 What's that to me ? my father was no traitor :
 Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
 To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia ; we stay'd her for your sake,
 Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay,
 It was your pleasure, and your own remorse⁴ ;
 I was too young that time to value her,
 But now I know her ; if she be a traitor,
 Why so am I ; we still have slept together,
 Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ;
 And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
 Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee ; and her smooth-
 ness,

Her very silence, and her patience,
 Speak to the people, and they pity her.
 Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy name ;
 And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more vir-
 tuous,

When she is gone : then open not thy lips ;
 Firm and irrevocable is my doom
 Which I have pass'd upon her ; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege :
 I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool : — You, niece, provide
 yourself ;
 If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
 And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke FREDERICK and Lords.*

⁴ *Remorse*, i. e. *pity*, *compassion*. So in *Macbeth* :—
 "Stop the access and passage to *remorse*."

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No hath not? Rosalind! lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee⁶ that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore, devise with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take the charge⁷ upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber⁸ smirch my face;
The like do you; so shall we pass along,

⁶ Warburton would read *me* instead of *thee*, but there is no doubt that the old text is right. "No hath not?" is an idiom which has been ably and amply illustrated by the Rev. Mr. Arrowsmith in *Notes and Queries*, vol. vii. p. 520. See note on K. John, Act iv. Sc. 2, where Hubert uses a similar phrase, "No had, my Lord?" Perhaps we should read thou and I *are* one; *am* and *are*, in old writing, are easily mistaken for each other.

⁷ The first folio reads,

"And do not seek to take *your change* upon you."

The second folio rightly corrects *change* to *charge*. Whoever glances at the passage must see that the printer has here again mistaken *y^e charge* of the MS. for *y^e change*.

⁸ "A kind of umber," a dusky yellow-coloured earth, brought

And never stir assailants.

Ros.

Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe⁹ upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will),
We'll have a swashing¹⁰ and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we essay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content.
To liberty, and not to banishment. [Exeunt.

from Umbria in Italy, well known to artists. In the chorus to King Henry V. we have:—

“The battle's *umber'd* face.”

⁹ This was one of the old words for a *cutlass*, a short crooked sword, *coutelas*, French. It was variously spelled *courtlas*, *court-lax*, *curtlax*. So in Fairefaxe's Tasso, b. ix. st. 82:—

“His *curtlax* on his thigh, short crooked fine.”

¹⁰ *Swashing* here means *swaggering*, see Cotgrave in v. “Ma-heustre,” as we now say, *dashing*. To *swash* is interpreted by Torriano, “*Strepitar con l'arme*.” Hence, “a *swash* buckler was a swaggerer, a bragging toss-blade,” a Captain Slash, according to the same authority.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.

Duke S.

NOW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more
sweet

Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but¹ the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head²;

¹ The old copies read "not the penalty," Theobald proposed to read *but*. The words *not* and *but* are elsewhere misprinted for each other. The Duke observes that the inconveniences they might suffer from being exposed to "the seasons' difference," were to be regarded only as salutary counsellors, teaching them that they were but men. In the last scene he refers to "the shrewd days and nights endured" in the forest; and this also is the theme of the song, "Blow, blow thou winter wind."

² It was currently believed in the time of Shakespeare that the toad had a stone contained in its head, which was endued with singular virtues. This was called the *toad-stone*. Fenton, in his *Secrets Wonders of Nature*, 1569, says:—"There is founde in the *heades* of olde and great *toades*, a *stone*, which they call borax or stelon: it is most commonly found in the head of an hee toad, of power to repulse poysons, and that it is a most soveraigne medicine for the stone." Lupton, in his *One Thousand Notable Things*, and other writers mention it.

And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it } Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks³ me, the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this desert city,—
Should in their own confines, with forked heads⁴
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood⁵:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose⁶

³ *It irks me*, i. e. *it gives me pain*. "Mi rincresce, mi fa male."
—*Torriano's Dict.* *Irksome* is still in use, but this impersonal use
of the old verb, *to irk*, has long been obsolete.

⁴ *Forked-heads*, i. e. the *antlers* of the native burghers.

⁵ Gray, in his *Elegy*, has availed himself of this passage:—

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by."

⁶ "Saucius at quadrupes nota intra tecta refugit
Successitque gemens stabulis; questuque cruentus
Atque imploranti similis, tectum omne replevit."

Virg.

So Drayton, in the 13th Song of his *Polyolbion*:—

* Some authorities believe that this
'pass belongs to the Duke.

In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S.

But what said Jaques ?

Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

1 *Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similes.

First, for his weeping in⁷ the needless⁸ stream ;
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
*To that which hath too much*⁹ : Then, being there alone,
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friend ;
 'Tis right, quoth he ; *thus misery doth part*
The flux of company : Anon, a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him ; *Ay*, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;
 'Tis just the fashion : *Wherefore do you look*
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the¹⁰ country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life ; swearing, that we

“ He who the mourner was to his own dying corse,
 Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears let fall.”

In a note on the passage it is said :—“ The harte weepeth at his dying : his tears are held to be precious in medicine.”

⁷ The old copy has *into*, evidently caught from the preceding line, and which spoils the metre.

⁸ *Needless stream*, i. e. *the stream that needed not such a supply of moisture.*

⁹ So in Shakespeare's *Lover's Complaint* :—

“ In a river,

Upon whose weeping margin she was set
 Like usury applying wet to wet.”

Again in *King Henry VI. Part III. Act v. Sc. 4* :—

“ With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
 And give more strength to *that which hath too much.*”

The old copy prints *had* for *hath*, which the last extract shows to have been the poet's word.

¹⁰ *The* is here inserted from the second folio.

Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contem-
plation ?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place ;
I love to cope¹¹ him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them ?
It cannot be : some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed ; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish¹ clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'er-heard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles ;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

¹¹ *To cope him*, i. e. *to encounter him*. Thus in *K. Henry VIII.*
Act i. Sc. 2 :—

“ *Cope* malicious censurers.”

¹ *The roynish clown*, i. e. *mangy* or *scurvy*, from *roigneux*, French.
The word is used by Chaucer.

Duke F. Send to his brother ; fetch that gallant hither ;

If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly ;

And let not search and inquisition quail²

To bring again these foolish run-aways. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Before Oliver's House.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there ?

Adam. What ! my young master ?—O, my gentle master,

O, my sweet master, O you memory¹
Of old Sir Rowland ! why, what make you here ?
Why are you virtuous ? Why do people love you ?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant ?
Why would you be so fond² to overcome
The bony priser³ of the humorous duke ?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies ?
No more do yours ; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

² *And let not search and inquisition quail*, i. e. *fail* or *slacken*.
“To *quail*, *fade*, *faile*,” are among the interpretations Cotgrave gives of the word *Alachir*. So in *Tancred and Gismunda* :—

“For as the world wore on and waxed old,
So virtue *quail'd*, and vice began to grow.”

¹ Shakespeare uses *memory* for *memorial*. So in *Lear*, Act iv. Sc. 7 :—

“Those weeds are *memories* of those worser hours.”
And in *The Atheist's Tragedy*, by C. Turner, 1611 :—

“And with his body place that *memory*
Of noble Charlemont.”

² *Fond*, i. e. *rash*, *foolish*.

³ *The bony priser*, spelt *bonny* in the folios. I suspect that a *priser* was the term for a *wrestler*, a *prise* was a term in that sport for a grappling or hold taken.

O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother: yet the son—
Yet not the son;—I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father),—
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices⁴.
This is no place⁵; this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me
go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my
food?

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood⁶, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,

⁴ *Practices*, i. e. *treacherous devices*.

⁵ *Place* here signifies a *seat*, a *mansion*, a *residence*: it is not yet obsolete in this sense.

⁶ i. e. *blood turned out of a course of nature*. *Affections alienated*.

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow⁷,
 Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
 All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility;
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
 I'll do the service of a younger man
 In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man; how well in thee appears
 The constant service of the antique world,
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
 And having that, do choke their service up
 Even with the having⁸: it is not so with thee.
 But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
 In lieu of⁹ all thy pains and husbandry:
 But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
 From seventeen¹⁰ years till now almost fourscore
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.
 At seventeen¹⁰ years many their fortunes seek;

⁷ See St. Luke, xii. 6 and 24.

⁸ *Do choke their service up even with the having.* Even with the promotion gained by service is service extinguished.

⁹ *In lieu of*, i. e. *in return for*. See note on The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. Sc. 7.

¹⁰ The old copies read *seventy*, an obvious error. Rowe made the necessary corrections.

But at fourscore, it is too late a week :
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
 Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*]

• SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter ROSALIND for Ganymede, CELIA for Aliena,
 and Clown, alias TOUCHSTONE.*

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary¹ are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I can² go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you; yet I should bear no cross³, if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I: when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

¹ The old copy reads *merry*, an easy mistake for *weary*, which the context shows to be the word required. Theobald corrected it.

² The first folio has *cannot*, it was corrected in the second folio.

³ A *cross* was a piece of money stamped with a cross; on this Shakespeare often makes his comic characters quibble.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess ;
 Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
 As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow :
 But if thy love were ever like to mine,
 (As sure I think did never man love so),
 How many actions most ridiculous
 Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy ?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily :
 If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
 That ever love did make thee run into,
 Thou hast not lov'd :
 Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
 Wearing⁴ thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
 Thou hast not lov'd :
 Or if thou hast not broke from company,
 Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
 Thou hast not lov'd :

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe ! [*Exit* SILVIUS.]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound⁵,
 I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine : I remember, when I was in
 love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take
 that for coming anight to Jane Smile : and I remem-
 ber the kissing of her batlet⁶, and the cow's dugs that
 her pretty chopp'd hands had milk'd : and I remem-
 ber the wooing of a peascod⁷ instead of her ; from
 whom I took two cods, and giving her them again,
 said, with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake.* We,
 that are true lovers, run into strange capers : but as
 all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal⁸
 in folly.

⁴ Thus the second folio ; the first has *wearying*.

⁵ The first folio prints *they would* ; the second, *their wound*.

⁶ *Batlet*, the instrument with which washers beat clothes.

⁷ A *peascod*. This was the ancient term for *peas* growing or gathered, the *cod* being what we now call the *pod*.

⁸ In the middle counties they use *mortal* as a particle of am-

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.⁹

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale
with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla; you, clown!

Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say:—

Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed.
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks¹⁰ to find the way to heaven

plication, as *mortal* tall, *mortal* little. So the meaning here may be, "so is all nature in love, abounding in folly." An equivoque is intended.

⁹ Perhaps Rosalind takes the Clown's equivoque seriously, and has in her mind that possession is the grave of love, which expires in its own folly.

¹⁰ *Little recks*, i. e. *little heeds*, or *cares for*. So in Hamlet:—
"And recks not his own rede."

By doing deeds of hospitality.

Besides, his cote¹¹, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale, and at our sheepecote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on : but what is, come see,
And in my voice¹² most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but ere-
while,

That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold :
Go with me : if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn¹ his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,

¹¹ *Cote*, i. e. *cot* or *cottage*; the word is still used in its compound form, as *sheepecote* in the next line.

¹² *In my voice*, i. e. *as far as I have a voice*, as far as I have the power to bid you welcome.

¹³ *And turne his merry note*, Pope altered unnecessarily to *tune*, the reading of all the modern editions. That the old copy was right appears from the following line in Hall's *Satires*, B. vi. S. 1 :—

“While threadbare Martial turns his merry note.”

Come hither, come hither, come hither:

Here shall he see

No enemy,

But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs: More! I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged²; I know, I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing: Come, more; another stanza: Call you them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing³: Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree!—he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable⁴ for my company: I think of as

² *Ragged* and *rugged*, or *rough*, had formerly the same meaning. So in Nashe's *Apology of Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593. "I would trot a false gallop through the rest of his *ragged* verses."

³ *Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing.* Mr. Caldecott supposed that there was an allusion intended to the words *nomina facere*, a legal term of the Roman Law.

⁴ *Disputable*, i. e. *disputatious*. The active form for the passive was also sometimes in use.

many matters as he ; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [All together here.
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
Here shall he see
• No enemy,
But winter and rough weather. •

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes :

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdàmé, ducdàmé, ducdàmé⁵ ;
Here shall he see,
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that *ducdàmé* ?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can ; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt⁶.

⁵ Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *duc ad me*, i. e. *bring him to me*. There have been other attempts to explain it as a cry of a country dame to call her ducks ; but it is evidently the burden of an old song, and answers to the "come hither" of the preceding stanza. It must for the rhyme be read, *Ducdàmé*. Mr. Halliwell has discovered it in the Rawlinson MS. of *The Vision of Piers Plouhman*, v. Shakespeare Society's Papers, Vol. i. p. 109.

⁶ *The firstborn of Egypt*, a proverbial expression for *highborn* persons.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepar'd.
 [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE VI. *The same.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave¹. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said²! thou look'st cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *The same. A Table set out.*

Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, Lords, and others.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast; For I can no where find him like a man.

1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence: Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

¹ So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

“Fall upon the ground, as I do now,
 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.”

² *Well said!* a current old idiom for *well done*.

Duke S. If he, compáct of jars¹, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.—
Go, seek him ; tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 *Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur ! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company !
What ! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool !—I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool ;—a miserable world !
As I do live by food, I met a fool ;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I : *No, sir,* quoth he,
*Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune*² :
And then he drew a dial from his poke ;
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock :*
Thus we may see, quoth he, *how the world wags :*
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine ;
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven ;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative ;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool !
A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear³.

¹ *Compact of jars*, i. e. made up of discords. In the Comedy of Errors we have "compact of credit," for, made up of credulity.

² Alluding to the proverb, *Fortuna favet fatuis*, "Fools have fortune."

³ *Motley*; the fool was anciently dressed in a party-coloured coat.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier ;

And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it : and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit⁴
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms :—O, that I were a fool !
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit⁵ ;
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind⁶,
To blow on whom I please ; for so fools have :
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh : And why, sir, must they so ?
The *why* is plain as way to parish church :
He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
⁷Not to seem senseless of the bob : if not,

⁴ So in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour* :—

“ And now and then breaks a *dry biscuit* jest,
Which, that it may more easily be chew'd,
He steeps in his own laughter.”

⁵ *My only suit*, a quibble between *petition* and *dress* is here intended. So in Act v. “ Not out of your *apparel*, but out of your *suit*.”

⁶ In *Henry V.* we have :—

“ The *wind*, that *charter'd* libertine, is still.”

⁷ The old copies read only, *seem senseless*, &c. *not to* were supplied by Theobald. I am not quite satisfied with this reading. The clashing of *not to* at the beginning, and *if not* at the end of the line, rather makes against it. Mr. Whiter thought the old reading might stand, if thus pointed :—

“ He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth, very foolishly although he smart,
Seem senseless of the bob.”

The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
 Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.
 Invest me in my motley ; give me leave
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul body of the infected world⁸,
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fye on thee ! I can tell what thou wouldst
 do.

Jaq. What, for a counter⁹, would I do, but good ?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin :
 For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
 As sensual as the brutish sting¹⁰ itself ;
 And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
 That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
 That can therein tax any private party ?
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
 Till that the wearer's very means do ebb¹¹ ?

⁸ So in *Macbeth* :—

“Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff.”

⁹ About the time when this play was written, the French *counters*, i. e. (*pieces of false money used as a means of reckoning*) were brought into use in England. They are again mentioned in *Troilus and Cressida*, and in *The Winter's Tale*.

¹⁰ So in *Spenser's Faerie Queene*, b. i. c. xii.—

“A herd of bulls whom kindly rage doth sting.”

Again, b. ii. c. xii.—

“As if that hunger's point or Venus' sting
 Had them enrag'd.”

And in *Othello* :—

“Our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts.”

¹¹ *Till that the wearer's very means do ebb.*

The old copies have :—

“Till that the wearie verie meanes do ebbe.”

Pope altered it to “*very very means do ebb* ;” a reading which though sufficiently flat has been pretty generally adopted. There can be no doubt that the compositor's eye caught the termination *ie* instead of *er's* from the succeeding word *verie*. The context relating to costly finery manifests that this was the poet's word. And this passage I trust will not be again obscured by the senseless *wearie* or the substituted *very* of Pope.

What woman in the city do I name,
 When that I say, The city-woman bears
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
 Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
 When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
 Or what is he of basest function,
 That says, his bravery¹² is not on my cost,
 (Thinking that I mean him), but therein suits
 His folly to the mettle of my speech?
 There then¹³, how then, what then? Let me see
 wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
 Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
 Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
 Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress;

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
 That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
 Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
 Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,¹⁴
 And know some nurture: But forbear, I say;
 He dies, that touches any of this fruit,

¹² *Bravery, i. e. finery.*

¹³ I think with Malone that we should read, *Where* then, instead of *There* then. So in Othello:—

“What then? How then? *Where's* satisfaction?”

¹⁴ *Inland* here, and elsewhere in this play, is the opposite to *outland* or *upland*. Thus in *Tales and Quicke Answeres*, Tale xii. “An uplandysse man, nourysshed in the woodes, came on a tyme to the citie.” He is afterwards called “a rurall man,” and “a villayne.” Orlando means to say that he had not been bred among

Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason,
I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness
shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our
table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought, that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible¹⁵,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church:
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command¹⁶ what help we have,

clowns. *Nurture is education, breeding, manners.* "It is a point of *nourtour* or *good manners* to salute them that you meete." *Urbanitas est salutare obvios.*" Baret's *Alvearie*, 1573. And again: "She is a *manerly* maide and well *nourtured*." *Ibid.* in voce *maner*.

¹⁵ *This desert inaccessible.* So in *The Adventures of Simonides*, by Barnabe Riche, 1580: "and onely acquainted himselfe with this *unaccessible desert*."

¹⁶ *And take upon command*, i. e. *at your command.* Orlando had before said, "And therefore put I on the countenance of stern commandment."

That to your wanting may be ministered.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food¹⁷. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love : till he be first suffic'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye ; and be bless'd for your good com-
fort ! [*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy :
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in¹⁸.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits, and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages¹⁹. At first, the infant,

¹⁷ So in *Venus and Adonis* :—

“ Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
Hasting to *freede her fawn.* ”

¹⁸ Pleonasms of this kind were by no means uncommon in the
writers of Shakespeare's age : “ I was afearde to what end his
talke would come to.” *Baret.* In *Coriolanus*, Act ii. Sc. 1 :—

“ In what enormity is *Marcus poor in.* ”

And in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act i. Chorus :—

“ That fair *for* which love groan'd *for.* ”

¹⁹ In the old play of *Damon and Pythias*, we have—“ *Pytha-
goras* said, that this world was like a stage whereon many play
their parts.” And in *The Legend of Orpheus and Euridice*, 1597 :

“ Unhappy man—

Whose life a sad continuall tragedie,

Himself the actor, in the world, the stage,

While as the acts are measured by his age.”

In *The Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times*, 1613, is a divi-
sion of the life of man into *seven ages*, said to be taken from *Proclus* :
and it appears from *Brown's Vulgar Errors*, that *Hippocrates*

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;
 Then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school : And then, the lover ;
 Sighing like furnace²⁰, with a woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow : Then, a soldier ;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth : And then, the justice ;
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern²¹ instances,
 And so he plays his part : The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon²² ;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound : Last scene of all,

also divided man's life into seven degrees or stages, though he differs from Proclus in the number of years allotted to each stage. Dr. Henley mentions an old emblematical print, entitled, *The Stage of Man's Life divided into Seven Ages*, from which he thinks Shakespeare more likely to have taken his hint than from Hippocrates, or Proclus. Steevens refers to the *Totus mundus exerceat histrioniam* of Petronius, with whom probably the sentiment originated. But we have it in Withall's *Shorte Dictionarie* in Latin and English, 1586 :—"This lyfe is a certaine enterlude or playe, the worlde is a stage, full of change everye way. *Every man is a player*, and therein a dealer." Shakespeare has again referred to it in *The Merchant of Venice* :—

"I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,

A stage where every man must play his part."

²⁰ So in *Cymbeline* : "He *furnaceth* the thick sighs from him."

²¹ *Modern*, i. e. *trite, common, trivial*.

²² The *pantaloon* was a character in the old Italian farces ; it represented, as Warburton observes, a thin emaciated old man in *slippers*. Nashe mentions the character in his *Pierce Penniless*. And in *The Plotte of the Deade Man's Fortune*, printed by Malone : "Enter the *panteloun* and *pescode* with *spectacles*."

That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome : Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need ;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome, fall to : I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes :—
Give us some musick ; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

I.

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind²³*

*As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,*

Although thy breath be rude.

*Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :*

*Then²⁴, heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.*

II.

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :*

²³ That is, thy action is not so contrary to thy kind, so unnatural, as the ingratitude of man.

²⁴ The folios misprint *The* for *Then*.

*Though thou the waters warp*²⁵,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
*As friend remember'd not*²⁶.

Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,—

As you have whisper'd faithfully you were ;
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
 Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,—
 Be truly welcome hither. I am the duke,
 That lov'd your father : The residue of your fortune,
 Go to my cave, and tell me.—Good old man,
 Thou art right welcome as thy master is :
 Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
 And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*]

²⁵ *Though thou the waters warp.* Mr. Holt White has pointed out a Saxon adage in Hicckes's Thesaurus, vol. i. p. 221: *ƿinter ƿear ƿeapƿan ƿeðer*, *Winter shall warp water.* So that Shakespeare's expression was anciently proverbial. To *warp*, from the Gothic *Wairpan*, *jacere*, *projicere*, signified anciently to *weave*, as may be seen in Florio's Dict. v. *ordire* ; or in Cotgrave v. *ourdir*. "Though thou the waters *warp*" may therefore be explained, "Though thou *weave* the waters into a firm texture." The following very apt illustration occurs in Propertius :—

"Africus in glaciem frigore *nectit* aquas."—*El.* 3, *lib.* iv.

The context of the song

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky"—

is also in favour of this explanation ; those who have seen the congelation of water by artificial means, and the fine network appearance which first takes place on the surface, would think the expression "to *warp* or *weave* the water" highly appropriate.

²⁶ *Remember'd for remembering.* So afterwards in Act iii. Sc. ult. "And now I am *remember'd*," i. e. and now that I *bethink* me, &c.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke Frederick.

NOT seen¹ him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
 But were I not the better part made mercy,
 I should not seek an absent argument²
 Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it;
 Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
 Seek him with candle: bring him dead or living,
 Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
 To seek a living in our territory.
 Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
 Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
 Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
 Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart in this!
 I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out
 of doors;

And let my officers of such a nature
 Make an extent³ upon his house and lands:
 Do this expediently⁴, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ The old copy misprints "Not see him since."

² The *argument* is used for the *contents* of a book; thence Shakespeare considered it as meaning the *subject*, and then used it for *subject* in another sense.

³ *An extent or extendi facias* is so called because the sheriff is to cause the lands, &c. to be appraised to their full extended value before he delivers them to the plaintiff. *Blackstone.*

⁴ *Expediently*, i. e. *expeditiously*. *Expedient* is used by Shakespeare throughout his plays for *expeditious*. So in *K. John*:—

"His marches are *expedient* to this town."

And in *K. Richard II.*

"Are making hither with all due *expedience*."

SCENE II. *The Forest.**Enter ORLANDO, with a Paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
 And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night¹, survey
 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
 Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
 O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
 That every eye, which in this forest looks,
 Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
 Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree,
 The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive² she. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Corin. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my

¹ This passage seems to evince a most intimate knowledge of ancient mythology, but Shakespeare was doubtless familiar with the Hymns to Night and to Cynthia of that fine racy old poet, Chapman, which, though over-informed with learning, have many highly poetical passages, among which the following may have been in our poet's mind:—

“Nature's bright *eye-sight*, and the night's fair soul,
 That with thy *triple forehead* dost control

Earth, seas, and hell.” *Hymnus in Cynthia*, 1594.

² *Unexpressive*, i. e. *inexpressible*. See Act ii. Sc. 5 of this play, and Twelfth Night, Act ii. Sc. 1. So Milton in his Hymn on the Nativity:—

“Harping with loud and solemn quire,
 With *unexpressive* notes to heaven's newborn heir.”

humour well ; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is ; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends :—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn : That good pasture makes fat sheep ; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun : That he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of³ good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural⁴ philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd ?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,—

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd ; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court ? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners ; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked ; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation : Thou art in a parlous⁵ state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone : those, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court,

³ *Of good breeding, &c.* The anomalous use of this preposition has been remarked on many occasions in these plays. In *The Sad Shepherd*, Lionel says of Amie :

“ She's sick of the young shepherd that bekist her.”
i. e. sick for him, or wanting him.

⁴ *A natural* being a common term for a fool, Touchstone evidently intended to quibble on the word.

⁵ *Parlous*, i. e. *perilous*.

but you kiss your hands ; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly ; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes ; and their fells⁶, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat ? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man ? Shallow, shallow : A better instance, I say ; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again : A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep ; And would you have us kiss tar ? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man ! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh : Indeed !—Learn of the wise, and perpend : Civet is of a baser birth than tar ; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me ; I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd ? God help thee, shallow man ! God make incision⁷ in thee ! thou art raw.

⁶ *Their fells, i. e. their skins.*

⁷ *God make incision in thee ! thou art raw.* Steevens thought the allusion here was to the common expression of *cutting for the simples* ; and the subsequent speech of Touchstone, "That is another *simple* sin in you," gives colour to this conjecture. A quotation from The Times Whistle, or a New Daunce of Seven Satires, MS. made by Dr. Farmer, shows that it was a phrase borrowed from surgery :—

"Let ulcer'd limbes and goutye humors quake,
Whilst with my pen I doe *incision* make."

And the following curious passage from Baret's *Alvearie* proves it : "those hell houndes which lay violent hands upon other men's goods are like *biles* and *botches* in the body of the common-weale : and must be cured either by *incysion* and letting blood in the necke-vaine, or by searing with a hot yron, or els with a caudle

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer ; I earn that I eat, get that I wear ; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness ; glad of other men's good, content with my harm : and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you : to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle : to be bawd to a bell-wether ; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelve-month, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds ; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a Paper.

Ros. *From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd⁸,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair⁹ of Rosalind.*

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together ; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted ; it is the right butter-woman's rank¹⁰ to market.

Ros. Out, fool !

of hempseed chopt halter-wise," &c. His purpose is to illustrate why a *thief* is called *felon*, which also signified a *bile*. Shakespeare uses *incision* for opening a vein in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv. Sc. 2: "A fever in your blood, why then *incision* will let her out in saucers."

⁸ *Fairest lin'd*, i. e. most fairly delineated.

⁹ *Fair* is beauty.

¹⁰ *The right butter-woman's rank to market* means the *jog-trot*

Touch. For a taste :—

*If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter-garments^a must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap, must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses¹¹: Why do you infect yourself with them.

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar¹².

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

rate (as it is vulgarly called) with which butter women *uniformly* travel *one after another* in their road to market. In its application to Orlando's poetry, it means a *set or string* of verses in the *same coarse cadence* and *vulgar uniformity of rhythm*. So in K. Henry IV. P. I. speaking of "*mincing poetry*:"—

"'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag."

^a The first and second folios have *wintred*.

¹¹ *The very false gallop of verses.* So in Nashe's *Pierce Penniless*, 1593: "I would trot a *false gallop* through the rest of his ragged *verses*, but that if I should retort the rime doggrel aright, I must make my verses (as he doth) run *hobbling*, like a brewer's cart upon the stones, and observe no measure in their feet."

¹² *The medlar*, although the latest of fruits to ripen, is one of the earliest to *rot*, indeed is not properly ripe until it is rotten. *Rosalind* means that when the tree is grafted with *Touchstone*, its fruit will rot earlier than ever.

Enter CELIA, reading a Paper.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this a desert*¹³ *be?*

For it is unpeopled? No;

*Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil*¹⁴ *sayings show.*

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage;

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age.

Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence' end,

Will I Rosalinda write;

Teaching all that read, to know

The quintessence of every sprite

*Heaven would in little*¹⁵ *show.*

*Therefore heaven Nature charg'd*¹⁶

That one body should be fill'd

With all graces wide enlarg'd:

Nature presently distill'd

*Helen's cheek, but not her*¹⁷ *heart;*

Cleopatra's majesty;

¹³ The word *a* is not in the old copy, it was added by Pope. Tyrwhitt proposed, and Steevens reads:—

“Why should this desert *silent* be?”

observing that *the hanging of tongues on every tree* would not make it less a desert?

¹⁴ *Civil* here means *grave*, moral sentences. This desert shall not appear *unpeopled*, for every tree shall teach the maxims or incidents of social life.

¹⁵ *In little*, i. e. *in miniature*. So in Hamlet: “a hundred ducats apiece for his picture *in little*.”

¹⁶ The hint is probably taken from the picture of Apelles, or the Pandora of the Ancients.

¹⁷ The folios absurdly print “*his* heart,” and in a future scene as absurdly *her* for *his*. These errors have evidently arisen from mistaking the writing of the MS.

*Atalanta's better part*¹⁸;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd ;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

Cel. How now! back, friends;—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage¹⁹.

[*Exeunt* CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

¹⁸ There is a great diversity of opinion among the commentators about what is meant by the *better part* of Atalanta. It was her grace and beauty and agility, without her infamy. Helen's cheek without her unfaithful heart; Cleopatra's majesty without her intrigues; Lucretia's modesty, not her sadness and ill-fortune. There is a very ingenious disquisition on this passage in Mr. Whiter's Specimen of a Commentary on Shakespeare, in which he concludes thus, "Such then are the wishes of the lover in the formation of his mistress, that the ripe and brilliant beauties of Helen should be united with the elegant symmetry and virgin graces of Atalanta; and that this union of charms should be still dignified and ennobled by the majestic mien of Cleopatra, and the matron majesty of Lucretia." Whalley thinks the following old Epitaph may have suggested it:—

"She who is dead and sleepeth in this tomb
 Had Rachel's comely face, and Leah's fruitful womb,
 Sarah's obedience, Lydia's open heart,
 And Martha's care, and Mary's *better part*."

¹⁹ *Scrip*, i. e. a small sack for scraps.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree²⁰: I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat²¹, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter²².

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

²⁰ Steevens remarks that a *palm tree* in the forest of Arden is as much out of its place as the lioness in a subsequent scene.

²¹ *I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat.* This fanciful idea probably arose from some metrical charm or incantation used in Ireland for ridding houses of rats. We find it mentioned by Ben Jonson, Randolph, and Marmion. Thus in the *Poetaster*:—

“Rhime them to death, as they do *Irish rats*
In drumming tunes.”

²² Alluding ironically to the proverb:—

“Friends may meet, but mountains never greet.”
In Holland's translation of Pliny, Shakespeare found that “Two hills (removed by an earthquake) encountered together, charging as it were and with violence assaulting one another, and retyring again with a most mighty noise.”

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping²³!

Ros. Good my complexion²⁴! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery²⁵. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

²³ *To whoop or hoop is to cry out, to exclaim with astonishment.* So in *K. Henry V.* Act ii. Sc. 2:—

“That admiration did not whoop at them.”

Out of all cry seems to have been a similar phrase for the expression of vehement admiration.

²⁴ *Good my complexion!* This singular phrase was probably only a little unmeaning exclamation similar to Goodness me! good heart! or good now! but her exclamation implies that this delay did not suit that female impatience which belonged to her sex and disposition.

²⁵ *A South-sea of discovery, i. e. a discovery as comprehensive as the South Sea,* which being the largest in the world, gives room for conjecture as extensive, or it may be as tedious as such a voyage of discovery would be. Warburton's conjecture that we should read “a South-sea off discovery,” deserves attention; a discovery as far off as if it were to be made in the South Sea, where great discoveries were then looked for.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid²⁶.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he²⁷? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's²⁸ mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies²⁹, as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops such fruit^a.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

²⁶ *Speak sad brow, and true maid.* *Speak seriously and honestly; or in other words, "speak with a serious countenance, and as truly as thou art a virgin."*

²⁷ *Wherein went he, i. e. how was he dressed?*

²⁸ *Garagantua.* The giant of Rabelais, who swallowed five pilgrims, their staves and all in a salad.

²⁹ *An atomie is a mote flying in the sunne.* Any thing so small that it cannot be made lesse. *Bullockar's English Expositor*, 1616.

^a The first folio has "drops forth fruit." The second adds the word *such*, but it is most probable that *forth* was a misprint for that word.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla³⁰! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart³¹.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.

[*CELIA and ROSALIND retire.*

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

³⁰ *Holla!* This was a term of the manège, by which the rider restrained and stopped his horse. So in *Venus and Adonis*:—

“What recketh he his rider's angry stir
His flattering *holla*, or his stand I say,”

And in *Cotton's Wonders of the Peak*:—

“But I must give my muse the *holla* there.”

The folios misprint “the tongue,” instead of *thy*.

³¹ A quibble between *hart* and *heart*, then spelt the same.

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers : Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings ?

Orl. Not so ; but I answer you right painted cloth³², from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit ; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me ? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself ; against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook ; look but in, and you shall see him.

³² To answer *right painted cloth*, is to answer *sententiously*. We still say she talks *right Billingsgate*. *Painted cloth* was a species of hangings for the walls of rooms, which has generally been supposed and explained to mean *tapestry* ; but was really *cloth* or canvass *painted* with various devices and mottos. The verses, mottos, and proverbial sentences on such cloths are often made the subject of allusion in our old writers. "Mayster Thomas More, in hys youth, devysed in hys father's house in London, a goodly hangyng of *fyne paynted clothe*, with nyne pageauntes, and verses over every of these pageauntes." These verses I incorporated with the Appendix to the last edition of Roper's *Life of More*, 1822. So in the old comedy, *A Match at Midnight*, 1633 :—

"There's a witty posy for you.

— No, no, I'll have one shall savour of a saw.—

Why then it will smell of the *painted cloth*."

Shakespeare again mentions it in *Tarquin and Lucrece* :—

"Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw

Shall by a *painted cloth* be kept in awe."

The old Council House at St. Mary's Hall in Coventry, exhibited, till 1812, a very perfect specimen of these *painted cloth hangings*, of the reign of Elizabeth ; being much decayed they were then removed, but are still preserved.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you : farewell, good signior love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure ; adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[*Exit JAQ.—CEL. and ROS. come forward.*]

Ros. [*Aside to Cel.*] I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—[*To him.*] Do you hear, forester ?

Orl. Very well ; what would you ?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock ?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o'day ; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest ; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time ? had not that been as proper ?

Ros. By no means, sir : Time travels in divers paces with divers persons : I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal ?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized : if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal ?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout ; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study ; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain : the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning ; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury : These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling³³.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in-land³⁴ man; one that knew courtship³⁵ too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physick, but on

³³ *Than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling, i. e. than you could acquire in such a sequestered place.*

³⁴ *In-land, i. e. civilized.* See note on Act ii. Sc. 7.

³⁵ *Courtship* is here used for *courtly behaviour, courtiership.* See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii. Sc. 3. The context shows that this is the sense:—"for *there* he fell in love;" i. e. *at court.*

those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye³⁶, and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit³⁷; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not;—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having³⁸ in beard is a younger brother's revenue.—Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation³⁹. But you are

³⁶ *A blue eye and sunken*, i. e. a blueness about the eyes, an evidence of anxiety and dejection.

³⁷ *An unquestionable spirit*, i. e. a spirit averse to conversation. Shakespeare often uses *question* for discourse, conversation, as in the next scene: "I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him."

³⁸ *Having* is possession, fortune. As in Macbeth—

"Of noble *having* and of royal hope."

³⁹ These seem to have been the established and characteristical marks of a lover in Shakespeare's time. So in a Pleasant Comedy how to choose a Good Wife from a Bad, 1602:—

"I was once like thee

A sigher, melancholy humorist,

Crosser of arms, a goer *without garters*,

A hat-band hater, and a busk point wearer."

The same marks of "careless desolation" are specified in *The Fair Maid of the Exchange*, by Heywood.

no such man ; you are rather point-device⁴⁰ in your accoutrements ; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it ! you may as soon make her that you love believe it ; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does : that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired ?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak ?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness ; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do : and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too : Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so ?

Ros. Yes, one ; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress ; and I set him every day to woo me : At which time would I, being but a moonish⁴¹ youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking ; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles ; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour : would now like him, now loathe him ; then entertain him, then forswear him ; now weep for

⁴⁰ *Point-device*, i. e. *precise, exact ; drest with finical nicety.*
See *Twelfth Night*, Act ii. Sc. 5.

⁴¹ *Moonish*, that is, *as changeable as the moon.*

him, then spit at him ; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness⁴² ; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastick : And thus I cured him ; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will : tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you : and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live : Will you go ?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind :—Come, sister, will you go ?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY¹; JAQUES at a distance, observing them.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey ; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey : And how, Audrey, am I the man yet ? Doth my simple feature content you ?

Aud. Your features ! Lord warrant us ! what features² ?

⁴² Thus the old copy. Johnson proposed to read "a loving humour of madness," i. e. from a *madness* that was *love*, to a *love* that was *madness*. But by a *living* we must understand a *lasting* or *permanent* humour of madness, "to forswear the world and live in a nook," &c.

¹ *Audrey* is a corruption of *Etheldreda*. The saint of that name is so styled in ancient calendars.

² *What features !* Mr. Nares's explanation of this passage is, that "the word *feature* is too learned for the comprehension of

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious³ poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited⁴! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!
[*Aside.*]

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room⁵:—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Audrey," and she reiterates it with simple wonder. *Feature* and *features* were then used indiscriminately for the proportion and figure of the whole body. Vide *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, p. 135.

³ Shakespeare remembered that *caper* was Latin for a goat, and thence chose this epithet. There is also a quibble between *goats* and *goths*.

⁴ *Ill-inhabited*, i. e. *ill-lodged*. The allusion is to the story of Baucis and Philemon. See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii. Sc.

⁵ *A great reckoning in a little room*. Warburton with his usual ingenuity, has found out a reference to the saying of Rabelais, that "there was only one quarter of an hour in human life passed ill, and that was between the calling for a reckoning and the paying it." Tavern jollity is interrupted by the coming in of a *great reckoning*, and there seems a sly insinuation that it could not be escaped from in a *little room*. There is much humour in comparing the blank countenance of a disappointed poet or wit, whose effusions have not been comprehended, to that of the reveller who has to pay largely for his carousing.

Touch. No truly, unless thou wert hard favour'd : for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. A material fool⁶!

[*Aside.*

Aud. Well, I am not fair ; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest !

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul⁷.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness ! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee : and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village ; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting.

[*Aside.*

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy !

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt ; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though ? Courage ! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods : right ; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife ; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns ! never for poor men alone ? No⁸, no ; the

⁶ *A material fool*, is a fool with matter in him.

⁷ *I thank the gods I am foul*. The humour of this passage has, I think, been missed by the commentators. Audrey, in the simplicity of her heart here "thanks the gods amiss ;" mistaking *foulness* for some notable virtue, or commendable quality. But indeed *foul* was anciently used in opposition to *fair*, the one signifying *homely*, the other *handsome*. Audrey may therefore only mean to say that she is not a *slut*, though she thanks the gods she is *homely*. See Wilbraham's Cheshire Glossary, v. *foul*.

⁸ The old copy reads, "Hornes, *even* so poore men alone," which former editors have attempted to make intelligible by strange li-

noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal⁹. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence¹⁰ is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter SIR¹¹ OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes Sir Oliver:—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good master *What ye call't*: How do you, sir? You are very well met: God'ild you¹² for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir:—Nay; pray, be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, Motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow¹³, sir, the horse his

berties with capitals and pointing, thus "Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone?—No, no." I prefer, as a less violent innovation, to read, instead of *even so, never for*; which makes the passage intelligible and less incoherent. 1851

⁹ *Lean deer* are called *rascal deer*.

¹⁰ *Defence*, i. e. *the art of fencing*, called *the noble art of defence*.

¹¹ *Sir Oliver*. This title, it has been already observed, was formerly applied to priests and curates in general. See notes on *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Sc. 1.

¹² *God'ild you*, i. e. *God yield you, God reward you*.

¹³ i. e. *his yoke*, which, in ancient time, resembled a bow or branching horns. See note on *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v. Sc. 5, vol. i. p. 303.

curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires;
and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding,
be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to
church, and have a good priest that can tell you what
marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as
they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk
panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to
be married of him than of another: for he is not like
to marry me well; and not being well married, it
will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my
wife. [*Aside.*

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey;
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good master Oliver! Not—

O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee:

But—wend away,¹⁴

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt* JAQ. TOUCH. and AUDREY.]

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave
of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Before a Cottage.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

¹⁴ The ballad of "O sweets Olyver, leave me not behind thee," and the answer to it, are entered on the Stationers' books in 1584 and 1586. Touchstone implies that he will sing—not that part of the ballad which says—"Leave me not behind thee;" but that which says—"Begone, I say," probably part of the answer. The old copies have "wind away."

Cel. Do, I pry'thee ; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep ?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire ; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's¹ : marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour : your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread².

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana : a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously ; the very ice of chastity is in them³.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not ?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so ?

Cel. Yes : I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer : but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet⁴, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love ?

Cel. Yes, when he is in ; but, I think he is not in.

¹ It has been already observed, in a note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, that Judas was constantly represented in old paintings and tapestry with *red hair* and *beard*. So in *The Insatiate Countess* :—

“ I ever thought by his *red beard* he would prove a *Judas*.”

² The allusion appears to be to kissing the *pax*, containing the *holy bread* or wafer.

³ There is humour in the expression *cast lips* ; which Theobald rightly explained *left off*, as we still say *cast clothes*. The nun of *winter's* sisterhood with the very *ice* of chastity in her lips, needs no explanation.

⁴ This implies that a goblet is *covered* when *empty* ; when not so, it is naturally uncovered to drink out of.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. *Was* is not *is*: besides the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question⁵ with him. He asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart⁶ the heart of his lover⁷; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a notable goose⁸: but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love;
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess

⁵ *Question is conversation.*

⁶ When the tilter by unsteadiness or awkwardness suffered his spear to be turned out of its direction, and to be *broken across* the body of his adversary, instead of by the push of the point, it was held very disgraceful. Sir Philip Sidney alludes to this in the mock combat of Clinias and Damætas in the *Arcadia*; and in the following verses,

“One said he *brake across*, full well it might so be—”
the lover and the tilter are compared; as the one breaks staves, the other breaks oaths. See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v. Sc. 1.

⁷ *Lover*, i. e. *mistress*. So in *Measure for Measure*:—

“Your brother and his *lover* have embraced.”

⁸ The old copies have “like a *noble* goose.” Sir Thomas Hanmer proposed to read “*nose-quilled* goose,” which received some support from Farmer and Steevens. I do not hesitate to read *notable* instead of *noble*. The epithet is often used by the poet.

That was his mistress.

Cel.

Well, and what of him ?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros.

O, come, let us remove ;

The sight of lovers feedeth those in love :—

Bring us to this sight, and you shall say

I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the Forest.*

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me ; do not, Phebe :
Say, that you love me not ; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes
hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon ; Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives¹ by bloody drops ?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner :
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye :
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—

¹ Steevens thought a quibble was intended, but I adopt Musgrave's explanation, "To die and live by a thing, is to be constant to it to the end. Lives does not here signify *is maintained*, but the two verbs taken together mean—who is all his life conversant with bloody drops ;" "whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard." So in the second Scene of Act v. of this play :—
"live and die a shepherd."

Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers !
 Now I do frown on thee with all my heart ;
 And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee ;
 Now counterfeit to swoon ; why now fall down ;
 Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
 Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
 Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee :
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
 Some scar of it ; lean but upon a rush,
 The cicatrice and palpable² impressure
 Thy palm some moment keeps : but now mine eyes,
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not ;
 Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
 That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
 If ever, (as that ever may be near,)
 You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy³,
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible
 That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
 Come not thou near me : and, when that time comes,
 Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not ;
 As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you ? [*Advancing.*] Who
 might be your mother,
 That you insult, exult, and rail at once⁴,

² *The cicatrice and palpable impressure.* The old copy reads "*capable impressure.*" I think it is evident we should read *palpable*. For no one can surely be satisfied with the strained explanations offered by Johnson and Malone. *Cicatrice* is used for *skin mark*, which is in fact a *scar*, though not an indelible one. Mr. Knight explains *capable* by "*able to receive.*"

³ *Fancy, i. e. love.*

⁴ The old copies have,

"That you insult, exult, and *all* at once."

It has been asked, "What *all at once* can possibly mean here?" It would not be easy to give a satisfactory answer. It is certainly a misprint, and we confidently read with Warburton:—"That you insult, exult, and *rail* at once, over the wretched." We have to *rail on*, and *rail upon*, in other places.

Over the wretched? What though? you have no beauty⁵!

(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:—O's my little life!
I think she means to tangle my eyes too:—
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk-hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank heaven fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd:—Fare you well.

⁵ *What though? you have no beauty!* This is the reading of the old copy, which Malone thought erroneous, and proposed to read *mo'* beauty; Steevens adopted his suggestion, and reads *more*. This is certainly wrong; the whole of Rosalind's bantering address to Phebe tends to the disparagement of her beauty, and whoever reads it with attention will conclude with me that the old copy is right. The negative particle was not intended to be literally taken. *What though?* is an elliptical interrogation, and is again used in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:—

“What though he love your *Hermia*? Lord, *what though?*”

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness.—[*To Silvius.*]
—And she'll fall in love with my anger: I
it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning
looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—[*To Phebe.*]
Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by.—
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—
Come, sister:—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he⁶.
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

⁶ If all men could see you, none could be so *deceived* as to think
you beautiful but he.

⁷ This line is from Marlowe's beautiful poem of *Hero and Leander*,
left unfinished at his death in 1592, and first published in
1598, when it became very popular. It was continued and com-
pleted by George Chapman, and again printed in 1600. It was
reprinted in 1821, at the Chiswick Press. It is evident that
Shakespeare had the whole passage in his mind:—

“ It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is over-ruled by fate.
When two are stripp'd, long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win:
And one especially we do affect,
Of two gold ingots like in each respect,
The reason no man knows: let it suffice,
What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight!”

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be ;
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love ; is not that neighbourly ?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee ;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love ;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure ; and I'll employ thee too :
But do not look for further recompense,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere
while ?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft :
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot⁸ once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him ;
'Tis but a peevish⁹ boy :—yet he talks well ;—
But what care I for words ? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth :—not very pretty :—

⁸ *Carlot.* This is printed in Italics as a proper name in the old edition. It is, however, apparently formed from *carle*, a peasant.

⁹ *Peevish*, i. e. *weak*, *silly*.

But, sure, he's proud ; and yet his pride becomes him :
He'll make a proper man : The best thing in him
Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall ; yet for his years he's tall :
His leg is but so so ; and yet 'tis well :
There was a pretty redness in his lip ;
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him : but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him :
For what had he to do to chide at me ?
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black ;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me :
I marvel, why I answer'd not again ;
But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it ; Wilt thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe.

I'll write it straight ;

The matter's in my head, and in my heart :

I will be bitter with him, and passing short :

Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

Jaques.



PR'YTHEE, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so ; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows ; and betray themselves to every modern¹ censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation ; nor the musician's, which is fantastical ; nor the courtier's, which is proud ; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious ; nor the lawyer's, which is politick ; nor the lady's, which is nice ; nor the lover's, which is all these : but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects ; and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels ; which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness².

Ros. A traveller ! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad : I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's ; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

¹ *Modern*, i. e. *common*, *trifling*.

² The old copy reads and points thus :—" and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which *by* often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness." The emendation is Malone's. The second folio substitutes *my* for *by*.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad : I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad ; and to travel for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind !

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller : Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits ; disable³ all the benefits of your own country ; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are ; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola⁴.—Why, how now, Orlando ! where have you been all this while ? You a lover ?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love ? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight : I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail ?

Ros. Ay, of a snail ; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head : a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman : Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

³ *Disable*, i. e. *undervalue*, *detract from*.

⁴ *Swam in a gondola*, i. e. *been at Venice* ; then the resort of all travellers, as Paris now. Shakespeare's cotemporaries also point their shafts at the corruption of our youth by travel. Bishop Hall wrote his little book *Quo Vadis?* to stem the fashion.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer⁵ than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent: What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

⁵ *A better leer*, i. e. *look, complexion, colour, countenance*, from the Saxon *hleape*, *facies*. In *Titus Andronicus*, Act iv. Sc. 2:—

“Here's a young lad framed of another *leer*.”

It is of frequent occurrence in the old metrical romances.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish coroners⁶ of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

⁶ The old copy has, "The foolish *chroniclers*." Sir Thomas Hanmer made the correction, which the context seems to warrant and even requires. Shakespeare means to designate a coroner's inquest, as is evident from the technical word *found*.

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—*Will you, Orlando,*—

Cel. Go to :—*Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind ?*

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when ?

Orl. Why now ; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission ; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband : There's a girl goes before the priest⁷ ; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts ; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever : No, no, Orlando ; men are April when they woo : December when they wed : maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen ; more clamorous than a parrot against rain ; more new-fangled than an ape ; more giddy in my desires than a monkey : I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain⁸ ; and I will do that when you are disposed

⁷ That is, *anticipates* what Celia, who plays the part of the priest, ought to have said.

⁸ Figures, and particularly that of *Diana*, with water conveyed through them, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So in *The City Match* :—

“ Now could I cry

Like any image in a fountain, which
Runs lamentations.”

Such an image of *Diana*, “ with water *prilling* from her naked breasts,” was set up at the cross in Cheapside in 1596. Accord-

to be merry : I will laugh like a hyen⁹, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so ?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this : the wiser, the waywarder : Make the doors¹⁰ upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement ; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole ; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*Wit, whither wilt*¹¹ ?

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that ?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer¹², unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's accusation¹³, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

ing to Stowe, Torriano defines "*Figura in Fontana che butti acqua*, as an antike image, from whose teats water trilleth." One of these fountains is represented in the *Hypnerotomachia*, printed by Aldus, 1499. See a note on K. Henry VI. Part II. Act iv. Sc. 5.

⁹ The bark of the hyæna was thought to resemble a loud laugh.

¹⁰ *Make*, i. e. *bar* the doors, *make* them fast.

¹¹ *Wit, whither wilt* ? This was a kind of proverbial phrase, the origin of which has not been traced. It seems to be used chiefly to express a want of command over the fancy or inventive faculty. It occurs in many writers of Shakespeare's time.

¹² This bit of Satire is also to be found in Chaucer's *Marchantes Tale*, where Proserpine says of women on like occasion :—

"For lacke of answere none of us shall dien."

¹³ The old copy has "her husband's *occasion*." This might mean "occasioned by her husband ;" but Hanmer's reading of *accusation* is, I think, warranted by what precedes.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death!—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most *pathetical*¹⁴ break promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu!

[*Exit ORLANDO.*]

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest¹⁵.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

¹⁴ *Pathetical* and *passionate* were used in the same sense in Shakespeare's time. Whether Rosalind has any more meaning than Costard in the use of the word when he calls Armado's boy "a most *pathetical* nit," I leave the reader to judge.

¹⁵ This is borrowed from Lodge's *Rosalind*.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless ; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness ; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love :—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando : I'll go find a shadow¹⁶, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the Forest.*

Enter JAQUES and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer ?

1 Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror ; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory :—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose ?

2 Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it ; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer ?

His leather skin, and horns to wear.

Then sing him home.

Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn ;

It was a crest ere thou wast born ;

Thy father's father wore it ;

And thy father bore it :

} The rest shall
bear this bur-
den.

¹⁶ So in *Macbeth* :—

“ Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.”

*The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn*¹⁷.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock?
and here much Orlando¹!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled
brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone
forth—to sleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth:—
My gentle Phebe, bid me give you this:²

[*Giving a letter.*]

I know not the contents; but as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;

¹⁷ In Playford's Musical Companion, 1673, where this song is set to music by John Hilton, the words "*Then sing him home*" are omitted, the line wants a corresponding one to rhyme with it, which may have been lost, and hence the omission of this by the musical composer. It should be remarked, however, that, in the old copy, these words, and those which have been regarded by the editors as a stage direction, are given in one line, and may, in fact, be part of it.

¹ *And here much Orlando*, i. e. *here is no Orlando*. *Much* was a common ironical expression of doubt or suspicion, still used by the vulgar in the same sense; as, "much of that!"

² This is the reading of the second folio. The first has "*did bid me,*" to the injury of the verse.

She calls me proud; and, that she could not love me
 Were man as rare as phoenix: Od's my will!
 Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
 Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
 This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
 Phebe did write it³.—

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
 And turn'd into the extremity of love.
 I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
 A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
 That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
 She has a huswife's hand: but that's no matter:
 I say, she never did invent this letter;
 This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
 A style for challengers: why, she defies me,
 Like Turk to Christian. Woman's gentle brain
 Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
 Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
 Than in their countenance.—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
 Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant writes.

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd, [Reads.
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

³ Mason thinks that part of Silvius's speech is lost, and that we should read—

“Phebe did write it *with her own fair hand.*”
 and then Rosalind's reply follows more naturally.

Did you ever hear such railing?—

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance⁴ to me—*

Meaning me a beast.—

*If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind⁵
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make,
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.*

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—
Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee
an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not
to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for I see,
love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to
her;—That if she love me, I charge her to love thee:
if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat
for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not
a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit* SILVIUS.]

⁴ *Vengeance*, i. e. mischief.

⁵ *Kind*, for nature, or natural affections. See *The Merchant of Venice*, Act i. Sc. 3.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know
Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour
bottom,

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: *The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows⁶ himself
Like a ripe sister: but the woman low,
And broæner than her brother⁷.* Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin⁸; Are you he?

Ros. I am: What must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,

⁶ *Bestows himself*, i. e. *acts*, or *behaves himself like*, &c. Of this quaint phraseology there is another example in King Henry IV. Part II. Act ii. Sc. 2:—"How might we see Falstaff *bestow* himself in his true colours?" See note there.

⁷ *Celia*, in the first act, said she would "with a kind of umber smirch her face," and we have here the effect.

⁸ A *napkin* and *handkerchief* were the same thing in Shakespeare's time, as we gather from the dictionaries of Baret and Hutton in their explanations of the word *Cæsitiu* and *Sudarium*. *Napkin*, for *handkerchief*, is still in use in the north.

He left a promise to return again
 Within an hour ; and, pacing through the forest,
 Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy⁹,
 Lo, what befell ! he threw his eye aside,
 And, mark, what object did present itself !
 Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
 And high top bald with dry antiquity,
 A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
 Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck
 A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
 Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
 The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly,
 Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
 And with indented glides did slip away
 Into a bush : under which bush's shade
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
 Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
 When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
 The royal disposition of that beast,
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead :
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother ;

And he did render¹⁰ him the most unnatural
 That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
 For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando ;—Did he leave him there,
 Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so :
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,

⁹ *Fancy*, i. e. *love*, which is always thus described by our old poets as composed of contraries.

¹⁰ *Render*, i. e. *represent* or *render* this account of him. So in *Cymbeline* :—

“ May drive us to a *render* where we have lived.”

And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
 Made him give battle to the lioness,
 Who quickly fell before him ; in which hurtling¹¹
 From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother ?

Ros. Was't you he rescu'd ?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him ?

Oli. 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I : I do not shame
 To tell you what I was, since my conversion
 So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin ?—

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
 Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd ;
 As, how I came into that desert place ;—
 In brief he led me to the gentle duke,
 Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
 Committing me unto my brother's love ;
 Who led me instantly unto his cave,
 There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
 The lioness had torn some flesh away,
 Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted,
 And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
 Brief, I recover'd him ; bound up his wound ;
 And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
 He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
 To tell this story, that you might excuse
 His broken promise, and to give this napkin,

¹¹ *Hurling*, i. e. *jostling* or *clashing*, *encounter*. In Julius Cæsar we have—“The noise of battle *hurled* in the air.”

The word has been explained to *push*, to *clash*, to *skirmish*. Its true etymology has not been clearly ascertained. The old low Latin word *urtare*, from whence the Italian *urtare*, and the French *heurter* are derived, has the best claim. In the old French, *hurt*, and *heurt*, signified the action of striking, or justling, skirmishing or combating. But I find in Cotgrave also “*hurteller*, to trample on with the feet.”

Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede!
[*ROSALIND faints.*]

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it:—Cousin!—Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would, I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither:—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—
You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards:—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same.**Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.**Touchstone.*

WE shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five-and-twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name: Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. *Thank God*;—a good answer: Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. *So, so*, is good, very good, very excellent

good :—and yet it is not ; it is but so so. Art thou wise ?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying ; *The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth ; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open¹. You do love this maid ?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand : Art thou learned ?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me : To have, is to have : For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other : for all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he ; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir ?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman : Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female ; or, clown, thou perishest ; or, to thy better understanding, diest ; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage : I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel ; I will bandy with thee in faction ; I will o'errun thee with policy ; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways : therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*

¹ Warburton thinks this a sneer at the insignificant sayings and actions recorded of the ancient philosophers by the writers of their lives.

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you ; come, away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey ;—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her ? that but seeing, you should love her ? and, loving, woo ? and, wooing, she should grant ? and will you perséver to enjoy her¹ ?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting ; but say with me, I love Aliena ; say with her, that she loves me ; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other : it shall be to your good ; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow : thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers : Go you, and prepare Aliena ; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister². [*Exit.*]

¹ Shakespeare, by putting this question into the mouth of Orlando, seems to have been aware of the improbability in his plot caused by deserting his original. In Lodge's novel the elder brother is instrumental in saving Aliena from a band of ruffians ; without this circumstance the passion of Aliena appears to be very hasty indeed.

² Oliver must be supposed to speak to her in the character she

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—*I came, saw, and overcame*: For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent³, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them⁴.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a

had assumed of a woman courted by his brother Orlando, for there is no evidence that he knew she was one.

³ *Incontinent* here signifies *immediately, without any stay or delay, out of hand*; so Baret explains it. But it had also its now usual signification, and Shakespeare delights in the equivoque.

⁴ It was a common custom in Shakespeare's time, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out, "Clubs, clubs," to part the combatants. So in *Titus Andronicus*:—

"*Clubs, clubs*; these lovers will not *keep the peace*."

It was the popular cry to call forth the London apprentices. So in the *Renegado*, Act i. Sc. 2:—

"if he were

In London among the *clubs*, up went his heels

For striking of a prentice."

See Mr. Gifford's note on this passage, *Massinger*, vol. i. p. 142.

thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit⁵: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow; human as she is⁶, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician⁷: Therefore put you in

⁵ *Conceit* in the language of Shakespeare's age signified *wit*; or *conception*, and *imagination*.

⁶ *Human as she is*, that is, *not a phantom*, but the real Rosalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend upon the rites of incantation.

⁷ *I say I am a magician*. She alludes to the danger in which her avowal of practising magic, had it been a serious one, would have involved her. The poet refers to his own time, when it would have brought her life in danger.

your best array, bid your friends ; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall ; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have : it is my study,
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you :
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd ;
Look upon him, love him ; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears ;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service ;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes ;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all endurance^s ;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

^s *Endurance.* The old copy reads *observance* here, as well as in the line above, but it is very unlikely that word should have been set down by Shakespeare twice so close to each other. The word *endurance* accords better with all purity, all trial.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[*To ROSALIND.*

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[*To PHEBE.*

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Whom do you speak to⁹, *why blame you me to love you?*

Orl. To her, that is not here; nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, [*To SILVIUS*] if I can.—I would love you, [*To PHEBE*] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*To PHEBE*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow;—I will satisfy you, [*To ORLANDO*] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [*To SILVIUS*] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [*To ORLANDO*] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [*To SILVIUS*] love Phebe, meet: And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe.

Nor I.

Orl.

Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope

⁹ The folios have "*Why do you speak too.*" The answer of Orlando manifests that we should read *Whom* and *to*, for *Why* and *too*.

it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world¹. Here comes two of the banish'd duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met : Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 *Page.* We are for you : sit i' the middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse ; which are the only prologues to a bad voice ?

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith ; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

I.

*It was a lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino²,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring³ time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

II.

*Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.*

¹ *Woman of the world*, i. e. a married woman. So in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Beatrice says :—

“ Thus every one goes to the world but I.”

² This burthen is common to many old songs. See Florio's *Ital. Dict.* Ed. 1611, sub voce *Fossa*.

³ The folio misprints *rang* for *ring*, and the last stanza is printed as the second.

III.

*This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.*

IV.

*And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino ;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.⁴*

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untimeable⁵.

1 Page. You are deceiv'd, sir ; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes ; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you : and God mend your voices ! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO,
OLIVER, and CELIA.*

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy can do all this that he hath promised ?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not : As those that fear they hope, and know they fear¹.

⁴ This song is printed more fully, from Mr. Heber's MS. now in the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh, in Chappell's National Airs, vol. ii. p. 130.

⁵ The old copy has *untunable*, but what follows shows that *untimeable* was the Clown's word. The correction is Theobald's.

¹ Thus the old copy. The suggested emendations of this line are very numerous, but it may be thus explained:—"As those who are alarmed at their own tendency to be sanguine—(fear that they are harbouring secret hopes which will lead to dis-

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compáct is
urg'd :—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the Duke.*
You will bestow her on Orlando here ?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with
her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring
her ? [*To ORLANDO.*

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing ?

[*To PHEBE.*

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd ?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will ?

[*To SILVIUS.*

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one
thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter ;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter :—
Keep^a your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me ;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd :—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me :—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

appointment)—and are quite aware that they fear. Hope and
Fear alternating, they are not quite certain whether they hope,
but *fear* they do. They fear, because to hope is imprudent :—
they are quite certain that they fear."

^a The old copies insert *you* here, evidently caught from its re-
currence in two preceding lines.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him, Methought he was a brother to your daughter ; But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born ; And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments Of many desperate studies by his uncle, Whom he reports to be a great magician, Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark ! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all !

Jaq. Good, my lord, bid him welcome : This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest : he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure² ; I have flattered a lady ; I have been politick with my friend, smooth with mine enemy ; I have undone three tailors ; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up ?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause ?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ild you, sir ; I desire you of the like³. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country

² Touchstone, to prove that he has been a courtier, particularly mentions a *measure*, because it was a stately dance peculiar to the polished part of society, as the minuet in later times. Hence the phrase was to *tread a measure*, as we used to say to *walk a minuet*. See note on *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii. Sc. 1, and *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v. Sc. 2.

³ *I desire you of the like*, i. e. *I return you the compliment*. This mode of expression occurs also in *The Merchant of Venice*, and in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. It is frequent in Spenser:—

“Of pardon you I pray.”

God'ild you is God reward you.

copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks⁴:—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases⁵.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed⁶:—Bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir, I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the *Retort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is called the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled⁷ my judgment: This is call'd the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is call'd the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome*: and so to the⁸ *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

⁴ By the marriage ceremony a man SWEARS that he will keep only to his wife; but his blood or passion often makes him break his oath.

⁵ *Dulcet diseases*. Johnson thought we should read *discourses*, and *dictes* has been proposed; but it is useless labour to endeavour to make the fantastic Touchstone orthodox in his meaning.

⁶ i. e. the lie removed seven times, counting backwards from the last and most aggravated species of lie, viz. the lie direct.

⁷ *Disabled*, i. e. *impeached*, or *dispraised*.

⁸ The first folio omits *the*.

Touch. I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct*; and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book⁸; as you have books for good manners⁹: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance! the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as *If you*

⁸ The poet has, in this scene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address. The book alluded to is entitled, "Of Honour and Honourable Quarrels, by Vincentio Saviolo," 1594, 4to. The first part of which is: "A discourse most necessary for all Gentlemen that have in regard their Honours, touching the giving and receiving the Lie, whereupon the *Duello* and the Combat in divers Forms doth ensue; and many other inconveniences for lack only of true knowledge of Honour, and the right *Understanding of Words*, which here is set down. The eight following chapters are on the Lie and its various circumstances, much in the order of Touchstone's enumeration; and in the chapter of Conditional Lies, speaking of the particle *if*, he says: "Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, as if a man should say or write these words: *if* thou hast said that I have offered my lord abuse, thou liest; or *if* thou say so hereafter, thou shalt lie. Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention in wordes, whereof no sure conclusion can arise." There are other works of the time on the same subject mentioned by the commentators, but this must suffice.

⁹ The Booke of Nurture; or, Schoole of Good Manners for Men, Servants, and Children, with *stans puer ad mensam*," 12mo. without date, in black letter, is most probably the work referred to. It was written by Hugh Rhodes, and first published in the reign of Edward VI.

said so, then *I* said so; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse¹⁰, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

*Enter HYMEN*¹¹ *leading ROSALIND in women's clothes; and CELIA.*

Still Musick.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even,
Atone*¹² *together.*

*Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;*

*That thou might'st join her hand with his
Whose heart within her*¹³ *bosom is.*

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours:—

[*To Duke S.*

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*To ORLANDO.*

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,

Why then,—my love, adieu!

¹⁰ *A stalking-horse.* See note on *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii. Sc. 3, p. 250, note 8.

¹¹ Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen.

¹² *Atone*, i. e. *at one; accord, or agree together.* This is the old sense of the phrase, "an *attonement*, a loving againe after a breach or falling out. *Reditus in gratia cum aliquo.*"—*Baret.*

¹³ For *her* the old copy misprints *his* in both lines.

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he :—

[*To Duke S.*

I'll have no husband, if you be not he :—

[*To ORLANDO.*

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she :—

[*To PHEBE.*

Hym. Peace, ho ! I bar confusion :

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events :

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth hold true contents¹⁴.

You and you no cross shall part :

[*To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.*

You and you are heart in heart :

[*To OLIVER and CELIA.*

You [*To PHEBE*] to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord :—

You and you are sure together,

[*To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning¹⁵;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown ;

O blessed bond of board and bed !

'Tis Hymen peoples every town ;

High wedlock then be honoured :

Honour, high honour and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town !

¹⁴ *If truth hold true contents, i. e. unless truth fail of veracity ; if there be truth in truth.*

¹⁵ *Feed yourselves with questioning, i. e. take your fill of discourse.*

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me ;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine ;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

[*To SILVIUS.*

*Enter Second Brother*¹⁶.

2 Bro. Let me have audience for a word or two ;
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly :—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd¹⁷ a mighty power ! which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword :
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came ;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world :
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother
And all their lands restor'd to them¹⁸ again
That were with him exil'd : This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man ;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding :
To one, his lands withheld ; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot :
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,

¹⁶ *Enter Second Brother, i. e. Jaques De Bois.* He is so named to distinguish him from the melancholy Jaques. He was younger than Oliver, and older than Orlando ; he is called *Fernandine* in Lodge's Novel.

¹⁷ *Address'd, i. e. prepared.*

¹⁸ The old copy reads *him*, an evident misprint for *them*.

According to the measure of their states.
 Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
 And fall into our rustick revelry :—
 Play, musick ;—and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
 With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience ; If I heard you rightly,
 The duke hath put on a religious life,
 And thrown into neglect the pompous court ?

2 Bro. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I : out of these convertites
 There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
 You to your former honour I bequeath : [*To Duke S.*
 Your patience and your virtue well deserves it :—
 You [*To ORLANDO*] to a love, that your true faith
 doth merit :—

You [*To OLIVER*] to your land, and love, and great
 allies :—

You [*To SILVIUS*] to a long and well deserved bed :—
 And you [*To TOUCHSTONE*] to wrangling ; for thy
 loving voyage

Is but for two months victual'd :—So to your plea-
 sures ;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I :—what you would have
 I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave¹⁹. [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed : we will begin these
 rites,

As we do trust they'll end in true delights.

[*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epi-

¹⁹ The reader feels some regret to take his leave of Jaques in this manner ; and no less concern at not meeting with the faithful old Adam at the close. It is the more remarkable that Shakespeare should have forgotten him, because Lodge, in his novel, makes him captain of the king's guard.

logue : but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*²⁰, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue : Yet to good wine they do use good bushes ; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play ? I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me : my way is, to conjure you ; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you : and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women (as I perceive, by your simpering, none of you hates them), that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman²¹, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not : and I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sy, bid me farewell. [Exeunt.

²⁰ It was formerly the general custom in England, as it is still in France and the Netherlands, to hang a *bush of ivy* at the door of a vintner : there was a classical propriety in this ; *ivy* being sacred to Bacchus. So in Summer's last Will and Testament, 1600 :—

“ Green *ivy-bushes* at the vintners' doors.”

Again in *The Rival Friends*, 1632 :—

“ 'Tis like the *ivy-bush* unto a tavern.”

The custom is still observed in Warwickshire and the adjoining counties at statute-hirings, wakes, &c. by people who sell ale at no other time. The manner in which they were decorated appears from a passage in Florio's Italian Dictionary, in voce *Tremola* : “ gold foile or thin leaves of gold or silver, namely, thinne plate, as our vintners adorn their bushes with.” Nash, in his *Lenten Stuffe*, describes “ A London vintner's signe *thicke jagged and fringed round with theaming arsadine*, i. e. *glittering foil or orsedew*, and not a yellow pigment as Mr. Gifford has supposed.”—*v. Ben Jonson's Works*, vol. iv. p. 405.

²¹ The parts of women were performed by men or boys in Shakespeare's time.



CRITICAL ESSAY ON AS YOU LIKE IT.

SHAKESPEARE'S fancy was certainly deeply taken when young with the picturesque and piquant effects and situations that might ensue from the masquerading of a damsel, whether from necessity or frolic, in masculine attire. Such a disguise gives liveliness to his earlier dramas, and is reproduced again and again in those that were the offspring of the very maturity of his powers. With Julia the disguise is in truth little more than external, with but slight attempt at assuming a personation in aid. Viola ventures but a little way across the boundary beyond which the characters of the sexes become distinctive in earlier youth, but Portia and Nerissa step boldly into the very circle of serious business and public life, and with assured face and firm tones command attention and respect from all, while Rosalind, with almost equal daring and but for a flutter at heart when her lover was endangered, with equal success paces about among lords and courtiers, and shepherds and shepherdesses, with a self-possession and volubility that idealise rather than overdo the nature she has chosen to assume. Rosalind is more of a man in her doublet and hose than even Portia in her barrette and lawyer's gown, though perhaps only after all because a moonish youth must always be much more like a woman than an average doctor of laws. Shakespeare's creation of Rosalind I suspect followed that of Portia and pretty closely; *As You Like It* does not appear in the list of Meres, of 1598, in which the *Merchant of Venice* comes last, yet it contains, in the figure of "weeping for nothing like Diana in the fountain," what seems to be an allusion, notwithstanding inexactness in detail, to a matter that was a novelty in 1596, proceeding in 1599, and out of date so soon as 1603. The cross in West-cheap was adorned according to Stow, at the first date, "with an alabaster image of Diana and water conveyed from the Thames prilling from her breasts." This he tells writing one year after Meres, but in 1603 he has to report that the heathen goddess, too nearly placed to idolatries proper to the monument and

obnoxious to puritanical idolaters of formlessness, was seriously damaged and for the most part dry. We cannot forget again the terms in which Portia sets forth her scheme of impersonation so different from that she really carried out:—

“ I'll hold thee any wager,

When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two
And wear my dagger with the better grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and tell quaint lies—&c.—&c.
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth.”

As You Like It improved the dramatic capabilities of what remained in the first play but a spirited description, simply modifying the manifestations of liveliness, sauciness, and self-confidence, as required to give the best finish and effect to the circumstances of the scene.

The quaint name of the play seems given in the same spirit of idleness that pervades and informs so many of its own scenes; it seems to reply carelessly to such a question as “How shall we entitle it?” asked by men who are fleeting the time after the fashion of the golden world. “Laud it as you like it,” it seems to say, or “as you like it allow it,” and this is the tenor of the epilogue of *Rosalind*, “I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you,” and so with little more strenuousness of exhortation it is left to its fate that could not be other than a kind one.

This play is one of the instances in which we are fortunately in possession of the leading source from which undoubtedly Shakespeare directly adopted the chief hints and incidents for his plot and the conduct of it. There can be no doubt that *Euphues Golden Legacie*, by Thomas Lodge, first published in 1590, was carefully gone through by the poet, and it is not improbable that he had also in his hands the *Cook's Tale of Gamelyn*, falsely ascribed to Chaucer, which furnished Lodge with so much. Still in this case, as in others, we must not rashly conclude that we possess all the sources. We have only negative proof that Shakespeare was the first to dramatize Lodge's *Rosalind*, and in those days of originality we shall make a great mistake if in eagerness to elevate Shakespeare we disable the inventive resources of his predecessors and contemporaries. Hence we tread but on uncertain ground when in comparing novel and play we too broadly assume that the improvements in the latter are necessarily more than adoptions from another source, an intermediate mind. Still duly guarded the value of comparison remains; the glory of Shakespeare rests in any case not on the taste or judgment of particular alterations, but on the completeness with

which among multitudes of alternatives he has gone right where he might so easily have been tempted wrong; and in the comparison of the finished work with the remoter rudiment, however many links of intermediate development are lost, the attention is invariably guided to the spirit in which irregularities were corrected, relief supplied, and crudity or coarseness refined or suppressed. In some details the play deserts Lodge for the tale of Gamelyn. It is not known that this tale had been printed so early but it may have been nevertheless, and if not Shakespeare may have found it in a MS. form as well as Lodge, or if he did not it is just such a tale as may have been already introduced to the stage over and over again.

The tale of Gamelyn was written for an audience that sympathized highly with manly or rather muscular prowess, and was glad to find their favoured champion with a plausible excuse for exerting a heaviness of hand that even in the excused cases is not unfrequently mere brutality. To such an audience it was a preparation for enjoyment for heirs and elder brothers, justices, sheriffs, and jurors, abbots, and grey friars to be fairly placed so far in the wrong as to justify—so they thought, any outrage from younger brothers and outlaws. The spirit of Gamelyn rises like that of Orlando against the ill-treatment from his brother in contravention of his father's will, and we trace Orlando in his reply to an insult:—

“Then saide to him Gamelyn
 The childe that was ying,
 Christ his cursè mote he havin
 That clepeth me gadling (vagabond).
 I am no worse gadling than thee
 Pardee ne no worse wight,
 But born I was of a lady
 And gotten of a knight.”

“I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain who says such a father begot villains thou hast railed on thyself.”

Gamelyn is pacified for a time by a promise, but on his return from a wrestling match where he has approved his vigour he is shut out; he forces the door with his foot, overtakes the flying porter, breaks his neck and taking him by one arm flings him into a well; he then makes a wild festivity, but at last is bound by his brother to a post in the hall and kept without food. Adam le Dispenser, an old servant, relieves him and at a concerted signal releases him, and after cruelly maltreating the tyrannical brother and the scoffing abbots and priors his guests, they break away together to the forest. Old Adam's reflections on arrival are manifestly the origin of those of the equally disinterested Touchstone:—“Well now I am in Arden, when I was at home I was in a better place, but travellers must be content.”

AS YOU LIKE IT.

“Gamelyn into the wild wood
Ystalked is full still,
And Adam le Dispencer it
Yliked but right ill.

“Tho Adam swore to Gamelyn,
And that by Saint Richere;
Now I say that it is merry
To ben a dispencer.

“That much liefer me werein
The keys for to bear,
Than walkin in this wild wood
My clothes for to tear.”

Weary and in want of food they encounter the outlaws and their captain, or as he is called their crowned king, who gives them liberal entertainment. Within three weeks the master of the outlaws quits the forest—his peace being made, and Gamelyn takes his place, and by the aid of the band rescues at the assizes his second brother from the elder, whom he hangs by the neck with the whole court, sheriff, judge, and a corrupted jury. Thus ends the tale; he makes his peace with the king who appoints him “chief justice and rider of all his free forest,” pardons and gives places to the outlaws:—

“And Sir Otè his brother dear
Ymade him hath his heir,
And sithin wedded Gamelyn
A wife both good and fair.

They lividin together wele
Whilis that Christis wolde,
And sithin that was Gamelyn
Ygraven under molde.

“And so shalle we alle here,
May there no man yflee;
God bringin us unto the joy
That ever shall ybe.”

This story of wild not to say savage justice was greatly softened and humanized in the *Rosalynd* of Thomas Lodge, who combined with it an entirely new series of incidents; whether by adaptation or from his own pure invention may remain uncertain, but at least with very happy effect and great refinement of taste. The author himself appears from glimpses of his biography to have combined accomplishment, enterprise and originality in a manner that is characteristic of the period that includes the reign of Elizabeth and the Commonwealth before the hardness of professional type took an obstinate set. He studied at Oxford in 1573, became an actor and dramatic author, then appears to have entered the army and accompanied Captains Clarke and Cavendish

in their expeditions; at a later date he writes himself "of Lincoln's Inn Gentleman," and before his death, probably about 1625, we find him translating from both Greek and Latin, and practising as a physician. In dedicating his *Rosalynde* to Lord Hunsdon, as "the work of a soldier and a scholar," he gives this account of it: "Having with Captain Clarke made a voyage to the islands of Terceiras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour I writ this book; rough as hatcht in the storms of the ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perilous seas." It occupies some 120 octavo pages in Mr. Collier's reprint, and notwithstanding its length may still be read through by a generation less tolerant of prolixity than that which welcomed the *Arcadia* and the *Faery Queen*, with pleasure and entertainment from beginning to end. He not seldom goes astray in sentimentality and not seldom—yet for his age and class not so very often either, in pedantry, but unaffected liveliness and pregnant fancy predominate and give refreshing charm to his page.

The *Rosader of Lodge* is like *Gamelyn*, a stalwart younger brother who wakes up betimes to a sense of his injuries; during a temporary reconciliation he allows himself to be excited by his brother to take part in a wrestling match with a champion who has been bribed to kill him in the struggle. Both tales have this incident, but in the earlier the heir only wishes what in the later he takes overt means to bring about. In this point Shakespeare followed *Lodge*, but in another he preferred the ballad which describes the pitiable distress of the father of two sons killed by the challenger, whom *Lodge* describes as a man of courageous resolution taking up the bodies of his sons without outward show of discontent.

There is great ingenuity in the manner in which *Lodge* connects his additions with the old tale; the king of the outlaws he makes a banished king indeed, and King of France,—Shakespeare restricts him to a dukedom in deference to the modest limits of the story. It is then at the court of the usurping king that the wrestling takes place, and there *Rosader* sees *Rosalynde* who, after his victory, "took from her neck a jewel and sent it by a page to the young gentleman." The usurping *Torismond* then banishes *Rosalynde*, "for, quoth he to himself, her face is so full of favour that it pleads pity in the eye of every man," and to his interceding daughter *Alinda*, he replies—"In liking *Rosalynde* thou hatchest up a bird to peck out thy own eyes;" and when she still perseveres he banishes her also, and she cheerfully accompanies and encourages her friend. How much better in detail this is managed in the play is evident; the assumed names of *Aliena* and *Ganimede* are the same, but there is no hint of *Touchstone* here, or of *Jaques* afterwards. *Saladyne*, the brother of *Rosader*, is banished by the king on the pretext of his injustice to his brother, but in reality in order to the confiscation of his

lands. Shakespeare preserves the latter motive, but adds others. Saladyne's repentance comes when he is still in prison; he afterwards appears in the forest, and passes through the same perils of life and love as in the play. There in the forest also we find Rosalynde availing herself of her disguise to intermeddle with complicating effect in the love passages of Phebe and Sylvius (Montanus), and to amuse and interest her own lover Rosader. We have the same masquerading courtship, and the same mock-marriage, much prattle and banter, and sonnet writing, and love song, and at last the rediscovery of the lively princess in completion of the same set of compacts that unite the couples in the drama. Enter now Fernandine, the third of the brothers, on the same message as the brother Jaques, to announce the approach of the usurper, but with this difference that in the novel he actually advances in arms, and the conclusion and happy restoration of the banished king is the result of a battle in which his enemy is conquered and slain. This catastrophe has the great inconvenience of involving the distress of the affectionate Aliena, who is worthy of more tender treatment and receives it by the arrangement in the play.

These are the chief differences and agreements in the course of the incidents, but on almost every page we meet with words and sentences that have borne fruit in the drama, or else are remarkable from directing attention to the suppression in the play of the feelings they bring forward.

One very remarkable difference is that Shakespeare has kept so distinctly in the background any filial manifestations on the part of his heroine. Her father is banished, and she is in truth silent—silent that is for her, and a little sorrowful at court, and yet it appears pretty clearly that her depression arises not so much from the anguish of personal concern for her father's fate as from the general incongruity of her position with the lively tendencies of her nature, and especially from lack of the leading interest of love. It is even Celia who suggests in answer to her question, "Why, whither shall we go?"—"To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden," and when they are there we hear little of the search from either, and there is no haste whatever in discovering themselves. In fact, when Rosalind encounters her father in the forest and he questions her, she reports as a satisfactory consequence of a page's answer that he "let her go." It seems however that she must have been young when the usurpation occurred; Celia says that at that time she was too young to value her, which at least gives us this impression, and as Shakespeare, unlike Lodge, keeps the Duke in ignorance of his daughter's banishment, he guards her from the imputation of indifference to his affectionate anxiety, and we are left at our ease in the temporary suspense which was an indispensable condition of the chief interest on which the character and delightfulness of the play was to depend.

The story of Lodge suggests the effectiveness of a broad contrast between the passions of the court and courtiers and the cheerful carelessness of the woodland, but the contrast, as he sets it forth, has a disposition to be harsh as well as broad, which is a sin in a composition where the prevailing character after all is to be playfulness and reflectiveness. Shakespeare omits entirely a grating episode of an attempt by "certain rascals, that lived by prowling in the forest, in fear of the provost-marshal, to steal away the fair shepherdess Aliena," and give her to the vicious king for a present, and so purchase their pardons. In Lodge's episode Saladyne comes to aid and rescue, and his passion follows in due course, which in the play springs up on far milder provocation, and appears to be a mere result of the natural influences of woodland scenery and simplicity of life. So the last incident of the novel the battle with the usurper and his slaughter, is also set aside, and again the mere approach to the glades of Arden, and the pure influences of its breezes, seem to have sufficed, with slight aid from ghostly suggestion, to reclaim the humorous Frederick. These changes preserve the tranquil harmony of the forest and shepherd life and scenery, in which moral dispositions appear to bear the creative impress of the locality, as markedly as the shading trees and jumping herd of stags full of the pasture. Looking attentively, we may see in the earlier scenes how unerringly Shakespeare adjusted the conditions that gave possibility to the conclusion he aimed after. In both the unnatural brothers, Duke Frederick and Oliver, we perceive hints that their aberrations arose less from the deadness of the sympathies, than from their irritability,—less from hatred of better harmonized minds, than from uneasiness and fretfulness under the sense of their own unamiableness. Thus Oliver, searching his mind for a motive of antipathy to Orlando, can only come at last to the fact that he is "of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised." The rough and envious disposition of the Duke, again, is excited by the favour and affection that accompany Rosalind,—

"Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake."

And the motives that govern him appear again in those he suggests to his daughter, when he banishes her cousin:—

"Thou art a fool, she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
When she is gone."

This is the spirit which the banished duke has in his mind, when he refers to the "envious court," and that old Adam justly characterizes:—

"Why are you virtuous, why do people love you?
..... Your virtues, gentle master,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
 O, what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it."

So at last it was exasperation at finding himself deserted by the excellent, one after another, that spurred Duke Frederick on to his expedition; he addressed his mighty power, provoked by "hearing how that every day men of great worth resorted to this forest."

But the envy of virtue implies a certain recognition of its excellence, and this, under favourable circumstances, may bring forth its natural fruit of admiration. The motive is given by Lodge in passages already quoted, but only incidentally, while in Shakespeare it is a governing idea. Oliver grasps at his brother's legacy, as the Duke gives good leave to the exiles to roam, while their lands and revenues enrich him; still neither can be easy to forfeit, and to know it is deservedly, the honest favour and admiration of the world. The Duke breaks out in gusty violence in loss of all self-command, Oliver is more sullen, but both are haunted by a consciousness that their struggle is with a power too strong for them; they do not believe in the might of the wickedness they practise, and by that very fact they are reclaimable.

That Duke Frederick is not constitutionally cruel, is indicated in his endeavour to stay the wrestling, "in pity of the challenger's youth," first by personal dissuasion of Orlando, then by suggesting to the princesses to use their influence, while he stands considerately aside, and then by restricting the encounter to one fall; and thus, tyrant as he is, he is in sympathy with the assembled crowd, who so deeply compassionate the bereaved father. Again, he is better than his class in his care of the gasping and disabled prizier—"How dost thou, Charles?" and "bear him away." Ambition and avarice control his better nature, which regains its elasticity, however, when he is brought under the genial influences of a clearer air and an altered scene. Certain it is that such a change has a healthy moral, as well as physical influence; it is one of the rescuing energies of nature, and if in actual nature it has not always the permanent vigour that is desirable, and loses its force when we return again into the circle of old local influences and associations, the more delightful is it for a time to revel in a fiction which exhibits one of the most beautiful resources of nature, operating with a vitality that brings aid to faltering virtue and corrects the flaws of fortune, and turns the odds of the great combat of life to the side of the excellent and the admirable.

In the meantime the usurper pays the penalties of a falsely assumed position; his very lords characterize him justly when they speak in an under tone, and warn away from the range of his passion those whom he is fitfully incensed against. His very daughter disowns the ill-bought advancement he would provide for her, and slips from his side to accompany in peril and privation a victim of his jealousy. Thus in every form of loyalty, compassion, duty, and affection, whether spirited, tender, sentimental, or gro-

tesque, the better spirits fly by natural attraction to a more congenial centre, and in all happy companionship. The lords, Amiens, Jaques, and the pages, tender free duty to an exiled master; Celia proffers companionship to her banished cousin without ostentation, and it is accepted without set acknowledgment, because in the same sympathetic spirit in which it was made; Old Adam with limping gait, but with the best heart he may, goes on with his young master; while Touchstone follows his mistress as devotedly as the best, perhaps the most devotedly of all, for he is the only one of them all who, as he is carried along by the current of his attachment, has still the faculty of contemplating his wanderings philosophically, of appreciating his sacrifices, whether in friendship or marriage, correctly, without making them one whit less willingly. Perhaps Jaques, in his parody of Amiens' song, approaches the critical vein of Touchstone pretty closely, but he is inferior in that mixed vein of self-observation and self-knowledge, which approximates Touchstone at one time to Mr. Pepys, and at another to Michel de Montaigne.

Jaques and Touchstone are the two figures that serve chiefly to blend and harmonize the two masses of light and shade, of court and country life, of which the play consists, on which its great effectiveness depends. In the anecdotes, reflections, and declamations of the pair, we have the very corruptions of affected or vicious society, brought into immediate contrast with woodland habits, with far more force than in the remoter descriptions of the Duke and his sociable attendants. Both are characters with which nothing under the greenwood tree could be supposed to be congenial, both are the creatures of highly sophisticated society, and both, accordingly, talk largely in a vein that takes no colour from the locality they are in; and Jaques in his panegyric of Motley, and comparison of life to the stage, speaks as he might in an ante-room, where Touchstone's illustrations of the punctilios of a challenge would be equally in place. When Jaques comments on the stricken deer, he does so to gird at the dishonesties of civil and crowded life, at the same time without drawing any exception in favour of country nature, which, in his eyes, furnishes but too fit a type of the wickednesses of the world elsewhere. Touchstone recognizes the analogies of court and country life with as quick an apprehension, but with an aptness to find amusement in them, and while he contemplates with shrewd observation all the coarseness and unhandsonenesses of the life of a shepherd, he gives way, sympathetically at least, to the local influences with wondrous alacrity; and in the alliance of Touchstone and Audrey, we see the grossest exposition of the hold that wild uncultured nature, whether in scenery or society, can assert over the most sophisticated mind—the most illustrative preparation for the love of Oliver for Celia, and for the altered and subjugated temper of the converted Duke.

Jaques assuredly is wonderfully imagined; his recurring title is the melancholy Jaques, but his melancholy, as he intimates himself, is the most wondrously original. We hear that he has been a libertine, and he has seen too much of the worse side of the world and of mankind, and is not too hopeful of the world in any form; he gives a sour and saturnine picture of its people and their proceedings, and even of the course of nature's dispensations. His faith has received too severe a shock, for it to be harmonized and braced again even by the influences of the forest of Arden. But, perhaps, his restoration is merely proceeding. He can already so far compassionate, as to weep while he makes satirical application of the sorrows of the sobbing deer; he can so far sympathize as to mightily enjoy the satire of Touchstone, and to come in merrily after the excitement, and in high intellectual exaltation. Again we find "him merry, hearing of a song." In his advances to Orlando first, and afterwards to Rosalind, he seems to have a certain craving for sympathy, and to seek it among the young, but he gets no encouragement; and with these cheerful souls his despondency and censoriousness seem the habits of either a fool or a cipher, or a very abominable fellow. We may not unnaturally think that they do him injustice, the banished Duke found more matter in him than that; but those of his temperament may never hope to fare better from the young, the lovely, and who are moreover lovers. Still I would fain put in a good word for the humorist, who, whether from his own fierce though now exhausted passions, or from the world's cold manners and hard treatment, has conceived a disgust for society as it is for the most part to be met with, will never venture deep into its treacherous waters, but is content to skirt the margin, within reach of retirement at any time, and the more crowded company of his own thoughts. Much of this temper remains with him to the last, but we see that, if little disposed still for cheerful sociability, at least the venom has left the wound that he bears with him, when the tenor of his parting speech evinces his recognition and belief of the practical reality in the Duke of patience and virtue deserving the happiest restoration, in Orlando of love and true faith, when he wishes good speed with a sympathy that is unaffected to the marriage blessings of Oliver and Silvius, and reserves his only barbed shaft for Touchstone, his companion, and ally, and fellow-satirist, and in more than one respect a representative of himself.

Rosalind, however, is the most interesting character in the play, as Shakespeare indeed seems to have recognized the principle, that the central place in comedy was of right assignable not to a hero but a heroine. His comedy is to his tragedy a fourth proportional with the sexes, male and feminine, that comprise mankind. Certainly we must say that of all his heroines, after Portia, Rosalind is the most highly gifted. Her character includes and harmonizes, perhaps, a greater number of essential qualities

than even Portia. She is intelligent, reflective, serious, when there is need and occasion; she is witty, and could if it so pleased her, but it does so rarely, be satirical; she is playful, mimetic, airy, sportive, and adventurous; her tongue is apt for terse expressions, and her fancy ministers the smartest sayings and the most fantastic imaginations; she is capable of feeling, and, still more rare, of appreciating friendship, and she loves with truth and, what gives truth its charm, with zest. Perhaps the quality which some of her rivals may boast, and which in her is chiefly subdued or in abeyance, is imagination of the more poetic spirit and of the higher vein; in this respect she yields to Viola, for to vie with her would have been to forfeit the distinctiveness of her character, which depends on predominating fancy.

To appreciate the force and value of the delineation of her character in the play, we must look back through the long but never lagging ever buoyant scenes, which are informed with her spirit and liveliness, and with that alone, for in them we can scarcely note a trace of action, of advancing plot, proceeding story. Lodge writes his tale with an expansive fulness natural to a man who has long days before him, and intends to make his book last out to the length of his voyage. Something of the same feeling is transfused into the play. The exiles, expelled or refugee, have left tyranny in possession of its ill-got gains, and are away to the greenwood to pass the time innocently and cheerfully withal, until nature works round her remedy by proper curative energy, and things come right of themselves. These are processes that will not be precipitated, and there is time, therefore, for playful mystifications, and make-believes, and delays; and then, when the crisis declares its own approach, all the revelations are made conveniently and with more sportive effectiveness at once. In this interval Rosalind has room and scope for her vivacity, and we are presented with the varied aspects of her rich and nimble nature without haste or interference.

The songs with which the forest scenes are interspersed, enhance the expression of careless and unrebuked idleness; and the short scenes, in which they are three times introduced, have a further purpose above that of being mere stop-gaps, to account for lapse of time before a later re-appearance of Rosalind or Orlando. This purpose they serve in addition, for it is note-worthy how seldom Shakespeare avails himself of the privilege of opening consecutive scenes, which imply a lapse of considerable interval, in the presence of the same character. Such a case occurs in the first act of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where one scene closes with Sir Hugh Evans retiring to join Falstaff at the pip-pins and cheese of Mr. Page, and the next opens with Sir John at his quarters at the Garter Inn, in a committee of ways and means with mine host. This exception, however, rather confirms the principle, for though no change of scene took place, the stage

had been twice empty before the knight re-appears, and Master Slender's episodical whims and punctilios had given prolixity to the interim. In a representation of *As You Like It*, such as we may at least imagine it, these changes of scene would give excellent opportunity of varying the silvan picture, and thus giving the impression of the free range and dispersed haunts of the gentle foresters. The play, it may be remarked, is altogether an out-door play; not one scene has place, or need have place, under a roof. Even in the first act we only catch a glimpse of the manor-house of Sir Roland de Bois, through the thick and laden boughs of the orchard, and at the court, the chief scene of the wrestling match takes place of necessity on a lawn near the palace; and in the one or two instances where no hint is furnished either way, we mentally remain under the open sky, and come no nearer to the palace apartments than the broader garden walks and stately terraces. The introduction of palm-trees, serpents, and lions into the forest of Arden, lifts the material scene just so much nearer to the region of romance, as the good and the gifted, and even the grotesque and satirical, the simple and the rustic beings who people it are beyond the strain of every day encounter. Dr. Johnson, in his comments on the play, refers it to the ladies to explain or excuse the facility with which Rosalind and Celia give away their hearts. It was scarcely worth the while for the Doctor to go out of his way to suggest an incongruity; there is none to our imagination when we are absorbed in the spirit of the play, and I have yet to learn that lovers are treated so leniently as to threaten a mischief, just at present, by the examples gaining ground. The dissatisfied may solace themselves with the coquettishness of Phebe, and take note at the same time of the course and the end of it. Phebe, in her pride or indifference, groups with the old inhospitable carlot of whom we catch a glimpse, the moral anti-types of the glistening serpent and the hungry beast of prey. These are the tyrants of the woodland, as Duke Frederick of the court. The old carlot vanishes, but Phebe, like Frederick and like Oliver, is reclaimed by the touch of natural affection, by that knowing "what 'tis to pity and be pitied," that enforcement of gentleness, that is indicated over and over again throughout the play, as the germ and promise of recovered humanity, the purifier no less of the vices and vile passions than of the foibles of the heart.

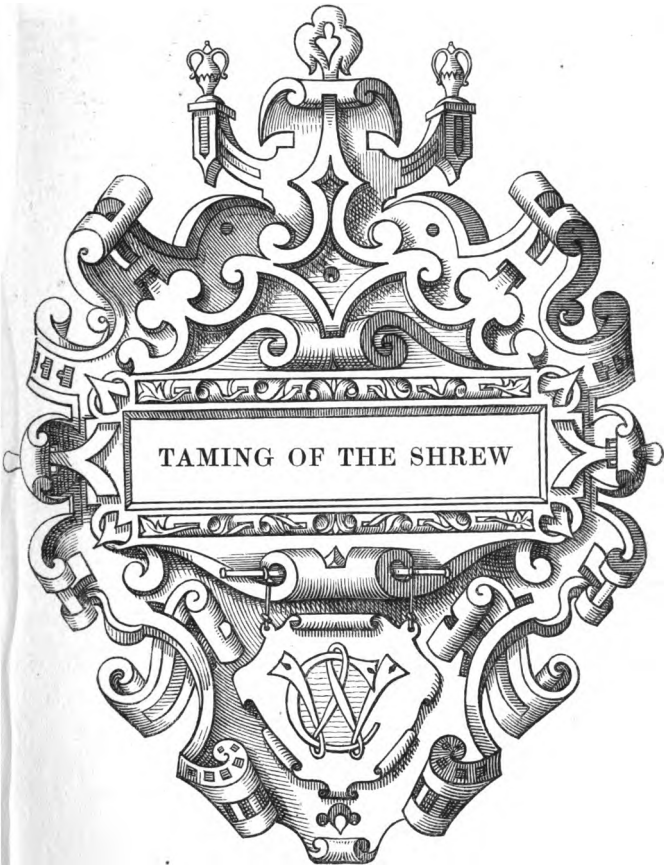
That *As You Like It* was written after 1598, is inferred not only from its omission by Meres, and from the allusion to the Diana of the fount, but also from the quotation of a line from the *Hero and Leander* of Marlowe, first printed in that year. That this was a posthumous work gives additional emphasis to the allusion to the author:

"Dead Shepherd, now I know thy saw of might,
'He never lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight.'"

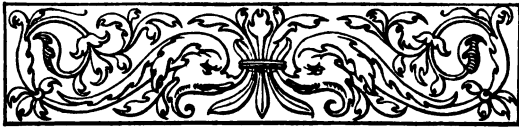
We should approach still closer to the exact date, within the interval between this year and 1600, when it was (apparently) entered at the Stationers' Company, could we ascribe, as I think we may, any force to the conjecture of Tieck, that the character of Jaques bears traces of that of Asper, Ben Jonson's portrait of himself in his play of *Every Man in his Humour*, first acted in 1599. To complete these personal associations comes in the tradition reported by Oldys, that a younger brother of Shakespeare recalled, in his old age, having seen his brother Will act a part in one of his own comedies, which from the description, must have been that of Old Adam.

W. W. LL.





TAMING OF THE SHREW



TAMING OF THE SHREW.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

HERE is an old anonymous play extant with the same title, first printed in 1594, which (as in the case of King John and Henry V.) Shakespeare rewrote, "adopting the order of the scenes, and inserting little more than a few lines which he thought worth preserving, or was in too much haste to alter." Malone, with great probability, suspects the old play to have been the production of George Peele or Robert Greene. Pope ascribed it to Shakespeare, and his opinion was current for many years, until a more exact examination of the original piece (which is of extreme rarity)* undeceived those who were better versed in the literature of the time of Elizabeth than the poet. It is remarkable that the Induction, as it is called, has not been continued by Shakespeare so as to complete the story of Sly, or at least it has not come down to us; and Pope therefore supplied the deficiencies in this play from the elder performance; they have been degraded from their station in the text, as in some places incompatible with the fable and *Dramatis Personæ* of Shakespeare; the reader will, however, be pleased to find them subjoined to the notes. The origin of this amusing fiction may probably be traced to the sleeper awakened of the Arabian Nights; but similar stories are told of Philip the good Duke of Burgundy, and of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. The Spaniard Jo. Lud. Vives relates it in a letter to the Duc de Beiar, printed in a rare and interesting volume of his letters published at Antwerp in 1556, which contains also some curious particulars relating to the divorce of Queen Katherine by King Henry VIII. Marco Polo relates something similar of the Ismaelian Prince Alo-eddin, or chief of the mountainous region, whom he calls, in common with other writers

* There was a second edition of the anonymous play in 1596, and a third in 1607; the curious reader may consult it, in "Six old Plays upon which Shakespeare founded, &c." published by Steevens in 1779.

of his time, "*the old man of the mountain.*" Warton refers to a collection of short comic stories in prose, set forth by maister Richard Edwards, master of her majesties revels in 1570 (which he had seen in the collection of Collins the poet), for the immediate source of the fable of the old drama. The incidents related by Heuterus in his *Rerum Burgund.* lib. iv. are also to be found in Goulart's Admirable and Memorable Histories, translated by E. Grimeston, 4to. 1607. The story of Charles V. is related by Sir Richard Barclay, in A Discourse on the Felicitie of Man, printed in 1598; but the frolic, as Mr. Holt White observes, seems better suited to the gaiety of the gallant Francis, or the revelry of our own boisterous Henry.

Of the story of the Taming of the Shrew no immediate English source has been pointed out. Mr. Douce has referred to a novel in the *Piacevoli Notti* of Straparola, notte 8, fav. 2, and to *El Conde Lucanor*, by Don Juan Manuel, Prince of Castile, who died in 1362, as containing similar stories. He observes that the character of Petruchio bears some resemblance to that of *Pisardo* in Straparola's novel, notte 8, fav. 7.

Schlegel remarks that this play "has the air of an Italian comedy;" and indeed the love intrigue of Lucentio is derived from the *Suppositi* of Ariosto, through the translation of George Gascoigne. Johnson has observed the skilful combination of the two plots, by which such a variety and succession of comic incident is ensured without running into perplexity. Petruchio is a bold and happy sketch of a humorist, in which Schlegel thinks the character and peculiarities of an Englishman are visible. It affords another example of Shakespeare's deep insight into human character, that in the last scene the meek and mild Bianca shows she is not without a spice of self will. The play inculcates a fine moral lesson, which is not always taken as it should be.

Every one, who has a true relish for genuine humour, must regret that we are deprived of Shakespeare's continuation of this Interlude of Sly, "who is indeed of kin to Sancho Panza." We think with a late elegant writer, "the character of Sly, and the remarks with which he accompanies the play, as good as the play itself."

It appears to have been one of Shakespeare's early productions, and is supposed by Malone to have been produced in 1594; but from the silence of Meres, in his enumeration of Shakespeare's dramas, in 1598, it was probably not written before that year. It was first printed in the folio of 1623.

CHARACTERS IN THE INDUCTION

To the Original Play of *The Taming of a Shrew*, entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and printed in quarto in 1607.

A Lord, &c.

SLY.

A Tapster.

Page, Players, Huntsmen, &c.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALPHONSUS, *a Merchant of Athens.*

JEROBEL, *Duke of Cestus.*

AURELIUS, *his Son,* } *Suitors to the Daughters of Al-*
FERANDO, } *phonsus.*
POLIDOR, }

VALERIA, *Servant to Aurelius.*

SANDER, *Servant to Ferando.*

PHYLOTUS, *a Merchant who personates the Duke.*

KATE, }
EMELIA, } *Daughters to Alphonsus.*
PHYLEMA, }

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants to Ferando and Alphonsus.

SCENE, Athens; and sometimes Ferando's Country House.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Lord.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a drunken Tinker.* } *Persons in the*
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and } *Induction.*
other Servants attending on the Lord. }

BAPTISTA, *a rich Gentleman of Padua.*

VINCENTIO, *an old Gentleman of Pisa.*

LUCENTIO, *Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*

PETRUCHIO, *a Gentleman of Verona, a Suitor to Katharina.*

GREMIO, } *Suitors to Bianca.*

HORTENSIO, }

TRANIO, } *Servants to Lucentio.*

BIONDELLO, }

GRUMIO, } *Servants to Petruchio.*

CURTIS, }

PEDANT, *an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.*

KATHARINA, *the Shrew,* } *Daughters to Baptista.*

BIANCA, *her Sister,* }

Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE, *sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.*



TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I. *Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

Enter Hostess and SLY.

Sly.

I'LL pheese¹ you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slys are no rogues: Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pal-labris*²; let the world slide: *Sessa*³!

¹ So again in *Troilus and Cressida*, Ajax says of Achilles:—
“I'll pheese his pride.” And in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*:—

“Come, will you quarrel? I'll feize you, sirrah.”

Mr. Gifford says, “This word does not mean to *drive*, but to *beat*, to *chastise*, to *humble*, &c. in which sense (in the west of England) it may be heard every day.” This is conformable to Skinner's interpretation of “*Fease* or *Feag*, Virgils *cædere*, *Flagellare*.” It appears formerly to have sometimes been used in the sense of *to drive away*, as in Stanyhurst's Translation of Virgil:—“*Feaze away the drone bees*.” And again:—

“We are toused, and from Italy *feazed*.”

Thus in Baret's *Alvearie*, 1573:—“A *feese*, or *race*; *Procurus*.” I find it in Ray's *Proverbs*, ed. 1737, p. 269, as communicated to him by a Somersetshire man:—“*I'll vease thee*, that is, *hunt, drive thee*.”

² *Pocas palabras*, Span. few words.

³ *Cessa*, Ital. be quiet.

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, S. Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee⁴.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the head-borough⁵. [*Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from Hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Trash Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd⁶,
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach⁷.

⁴ This line and the scrap of Spanish is used in burlesque from an old play called Hieronymo, or the Spanish Tragedy. Mr. Dyce has adduced many similar passages, where "Go by, Jeronimo," occurs in ridicule of the old play; there is additional humour in Sly making a saint of Jeronimo.

⁵ The mention of *head-borough* brings *third-borough* into Sly's mind, an officer, whose authority equals that of a constable.

⁶ "*Emboss'd*," says Philips in his *World of Words*, "is a term in hunting, when a deer is so hard chased that she foams at the mouth; it comes from the Spanish *Desembocar*, and is metaphorically used for any kind of weariness." The etymology is erroneous. Skinner has pointed out its most probable derivation from the Italian word *Ambascia* or *Ambastia*, which signifies "difficulty of breathing coming from excessive fatigue;" and which is also used metaphorically, like the English word, for weariness. *Emboss'd* is used in both these senses by Shakespeare and Spenser, as well as in the more common and still usual one of swelling with protuberances. Thus an *emboss'd* stag is a *distress'd* stag foaming and panting for breath, like the *brach* or *hound* Merriman in the text.

⁷ *Brach* originally signified a particular species of dog used for the chase. It was a long eared dog, hunting by the scent. The etymology of the word has not been clearly pointed out; it is from the Gothic *rache*, hence the Saxon *ræc*, and the English *rache* or *ratche*. In the Book of St. Alban's, among "the names of divers manere houndes," we have "*raches*;" and among "the com-

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hunt.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hunt.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth
he breathe?

2 *Hunt.* He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd
with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes;

panyes of bestys," &c. "a kenel of *rachys*." And again:—
"all other bestes that huntyd shall be,

Shall be sought and found with *ratches* so free."

Skelton also, in his Interlude of Magnificence, printed in the reign
of Henry VIII.—

"Here is a leyshe of *ratches* for to renne a hare."

Hence *brache* and *brach*. A similar name for a hound is found
in most European languages. It came at length to be used in
England for a *bitch*, probably from similarity of sound, and this
was a very general acceptation of the word in Shakespeare's time,
as appears from Baret's Dictionary:—"a *brache* or *biche*, Cani-
cula; Petite Chiennne." The reason is assigned in *The Gentle-
man's Recreation*, 8vo. p. 27:—"A *brach* is a *mannerly* name for
all hound *bitches*" The old copy has *Brach* Merriman, by error
for *Trash*, i.e. keep him back.

Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hunt.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hunt.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,

And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:

Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,

And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:

Procure me musick ready when he wakes,

To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound:

And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,

And, with a low submissive reverence,

Say,—What is it your honour will command?

Let one attend him with a silver bason,

Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper;

And say,—Will't please your Lordship cool your hands?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,

And ask him what apparel he will wear;

Another tell him of his hounds and horse,

And that his lady mourns at his disease:

Persuade him that he hath been lunatick;

And when he says he is, say that he dreams,

For he is nothing but a mighty lord.

This do, and do it kindly⁸, gentle sirs;

It will be pastime passing excellent,

If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hunt.* My lord, I warrant you, we will play our part,

As he shall think, by our true diligence,

He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;

And each one to his office when he wakes.—

[*Some bear out SLY. A trumpet sounds.*

⁸ *Kindly, i. e. naturally.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds :—

[*Exit* Servant.]

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter a Servant.

How now, who is it ?

Serv. An it please your honour,
Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near :—

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 Play. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night ?

2 Play. So please your lordship to accept our duty⁹ ?

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son ;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well :
I have forgot your name ; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 Play. I think 'twas Soto that your honour means¹⁰.

Lord. 'Tis very true ;—thou didst it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time ;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night :
But I am doubtful of your modesties ;
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,

⁹ It was in old times customary for players to travel in companies, and offer their service at great houses.

¹⁰ The old copy prefixes the name of *Sincklo* to this line, who was an actor in the same company with Shakespeare. *Soto* is a character in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman Pleas'd* ; he is a *farmer's eldest son*, but he does not woo any gentlewoman.

And so offend him : for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 Play. Fear not, my lord ; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antick in the world ¹¹.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery ¹²,
And give them friendly welcome every one :
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exeunt Servant and Players.*

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page

[*To a Servant.*

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady :
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—madam, do him obeisance,
Tell him from me (as he will win my love),
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords by them accomplish'd :
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy :
And say,—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love ?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,—
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd

¹¹ In the old play the dialogue is thus continued :—

San. [*To the other.*] Go get a dishclout to make cleyne your shoes, and Ile speak for the properties. [*Exit Player.*] My lord, we must have a shoulder of mutton for a property, and a little vinegre to make our divell roar."

Upon which Steevens remarks, "The shoulder of mutton might indeed be necessary for the dinner of Petruchio, but there is no devil in this piece, or in the original on which Shakespeare formed it ; neither was it yet determined what comedy should be represented."

¹² Pope, to indulge his pique against actors, remarks, in his Preface to Shakespeare, that "the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage ; they were led into the buttery, not placed at the lord's table, or the lady's toilette."

To see her noble lord restored to health,
 Who, for this seven years, hath esteemed him¹³
 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar :
 And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
 To rain a shower of commanded tears,
 An onion will do well for such a shift :
 Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
 Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
 See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst ;
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions.—

[*Exit* Servant.]

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman :
 I long to hear him call the drunkard husband ;
 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
 When they do homage to this simple peasant !
 I'll in to counsel them : haply, my presence
 May well abate the over-merry spleen,
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.*

*SLY is discovered in a rich night gown, with Attendants ; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord, dressed like a Servant*¹.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 Serv. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack ?

2 Serv. Will't please your honour taste of these conserves ?

¹³ *Him* is used for *himself*, as in Chapman's *Banquet of Sense*, 1595 :—

“ The sense wherewith he feels *him* deified.”

¹ From the original stage-direction in the first folio, “ Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants,” &c. it appears that *Sly* and the other persons mentioned in the *Induction* were intended to be exhibited here, and during the representation of the comedy, in a balcony above the stage.

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me—honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear: for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over leather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour! O, that a mighty man of such descent, Of such possessions, and so high esteem, Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot², if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale³, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught⁴: Here's—

1 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

² *Wilnecotte*, is a village in Warwickshire, near Stratford, with which Shakespeare was doubtless well acquainted. There is a village also called *Barton on the heath* in Warwickshire.

³ *Sheer-ale* has puzzled the commentators; and as none of the conjectures offered appear to me satisfactory, I shall add one of my own. Maundy Thursday, the day preceding Good-Friday, was anciently called *Sheer-Thursday*, and as it was a day of great comfort to the poor from the doles or distribution of clothes, meat, and drink, made by the rich, so *Sheer-ale* may have been ale which the tinker had drunk on that day, at his own charge, or rather at that of his landlady, in addition to the portion he had received as alms. But after all *sheer-ale* may mean nothing more than *ale unmixed, mere-ale* or *pure ale*. The word *sheer* is still used for *mere, pure*. We have "*stark beer*" for stout and strong beer, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

⁴ i. e. *distraught, distracted*.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is⁵ that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth ;

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams :

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have musick? hark! Apollo plays, [*Musick.*

And twenty caged nightingales do sing :

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say, thou wilt walk ; we will bestrew the ground :

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar

Above the morning lark : Or wilt thou hunt ?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt course ; thy greyhounds are
as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee
straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook ;

And Cytherea all in sedges hid ;

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee *Io*, as she was a maid ;

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,

As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or *Daphne* roaming through a thorny wood :

⁵ The folio transposes *it is*, and reads *is it*. *Shuns* in the next line has been altered to *shun*, but *kindred* is used by Shakespeare as a collective noun.

Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds :
 And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
 So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord :
 Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
 Than any woman in this waning age.

1 Serv. And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
 Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
 She was the fairest creature in the world ;
 And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord ; and have I such a lady ;
 Or do I dream ? or have I dream'd till now ?
 I do not sleep ; I see, I hear, I speak ;
 I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things :—
 Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed ;
 And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—
 Well, bring our lady hither to our sight ;
 And once again, a pot o'the smallest ale.

2 Serv. Will't please your mightiness to wash your
 hands ;

[*Servants present a ewer, bason, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd !
 O, that once more you knew but what you are !
 These fifteen years you have been in a dream ;
 Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years ! by my fay⁶, a goodly nap.
 But did I never speak of all that time ?

1 Serv. O, yes, my lord ; but very idle words :—
 For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
 Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door ;
 And rail upon the hostess of the house ;
 And say, you would present her at the leet⁷,

⁶ According to some old authorities, Sly here uses a very lady-like imprecation. "Ecastor," says Cooper, "*by my fay*, used only of women." It is merely a contraction of *by my faith*."

⁷ That is, at the *Court Leet*, where it was usual to present such

Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts :
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Serv. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such
maid,

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece⁸,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell ;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee ; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a Lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord ?

Sly. Marry, I fare well ? for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife ?

Page. Here, noble lord ; What is thy will with her ?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—hus-
band ?

My men should call me—lord ; I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and hus-
band ;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well :—What must I call her ?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam ?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else : so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept about⁹ some fifteen year or more.

matters, as appears from Kitchen on Courts :—" Also if tiplers sell
by cups and dishes, or measures sealed or not sealed, is inquirable."

⁸ Blackstone proposes to read, " old John Naps o' the Green." The addition seems to have been a common one. In Henry IV. Part II. we have Peter Bullcalf of the Green, and Clement Perkes o' the Hill.

⁹ The folio reads, " About some fiftene yeare or more." Recent editions change *or* to *and*.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me ;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much ;—Servants, leave me and her
alone.—

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two ;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set :
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed :
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long.
But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again ; I
will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amend-
ment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet ;
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will let them play it : Is not a com-
monty a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick ?

Page. No, my good lord ; it is more pleasing stuff.


Sly. What, household stuff ?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't : Come, madam wife, sit by
my side, and let the world slip ; we shall ne'er be
younger. [*They sit down.*]

ACT I.

SCENE I. Padua. *A public Place.**Flourish. Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.**Lucentio.*

RANIO, since—for the great desire I had
 To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
 I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
 The pleasant garden of great Italy;
 And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
 With his good will, and thy good company,
 My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
 Here let us breathe, and haply institute
 A course of learning, and ingenious¹ studies.
 Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
 Gave me my being; and my father first,
 A merchant of great traffic through the world,
 Vincentio² come of the Bentivolii.
 Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
 It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd³,
 To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
 And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
 Virtue, and that part of philosophy
 Will I apply⁴, that treats of happiness
 By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.
 Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
 And am to Padua come: as he that leaves

¹ *Ingenious* and *ingenuous* were very commonly confounded by old writers.

² The old copy has *Vincentio's come*, &c.

³ *To serve all hopes conceiv'd*, i. e. *to fulfil the expectations of his friends*.

⁴ *Apply* for *ply* is frequently used by old writers. Thus Baret:—"With diligent endeavour to *applie* their studies." And in Turberville's *Tragic Tales*:—"How she her wheele *applyde*."

A shallow plash⁵, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonate*⁶, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself.

Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.

Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray ;

Or so devote to Aristotle's ethicks⁷,

As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd :

Balke⁸ logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetorick in your common talk :

Musick and poesy use to quicken you ;

The mathematicks, and the metaphysicks,

Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you :

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en :—

In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.

If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,

⁵ *Small piece of water.*

⁶ *Pardon me.*

⁷ The old copy reads "Aristotle's checks." Blackstone suggests that we should read *ethicks*, and the sense seems to require it, I have therefore admitted it into the text. I leave this note as it was printed in my former edition in 1826. An ingenious defence of the old reading is given by a correspondent in *Notes and Queries*, Vol. vii. p. 496.

⁸ *Balke logic.* Thus the old copy ; all recent editions, except Mr. Knight's, have *Talk*, which was substituted by Rowe without necessity. Spenser uses *balke* in the same sense in the *F. Q.* b. iii. c. 2, st. 12 :—

"But to occasion him no further talke,
To feed her humour with his pleasing style,
Her list in *stryfull termes* with him to *balke*."

Bishop Cooper, in his *Latin Dictionary*, renders the *versus ructari* of Horace, by—

"To *bealke* verses."

The recurrence of *talk* at the end of the next line, renders it improbable that the poet wrote *Talk logic*. The word possibly here signifies what was more recently meant by *to chop logic*.

We could at once put us in readiness ;
 And take a lodging fit to entertain
 Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
 But stay awhile : What company is this ?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

*Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO,
 and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand
 aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
 For how I firmly am resolv'd you know ;
 That is—not to bestow my youngest daughter,
 Before I have a husband for the elder :
 If either of you both love Katharina,
 Because I know you well, and love you well,
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather : She's too rough for me :—
 There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife ?

Kath. I pray you, sir, [*To BAP.*] is it your will
 To make a stale⁹ of me amongst these mates ?

Hor. Mates, maid ! how mean you that ? no mates
 for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear ;
 I wis, it is not half way to her heart :
 But if it were, doubt not her care should be
 To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
 And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us !

She means, "Do you intend to make a *mockery* of me among these companions ?" A *stale* was a *stalking-horse*, i. e. the *mock figure of a horse used in stalking game*. But the expression seems to have a quibbling allusion to the chess term of *stale-mate*. So in Bacon's Twelfth Essay :—"They stand like a *stale* at chess, where it is no *mate*, but yet the game cannot stir." Shakespeare sometimes uses *stale* for a *decoy*, as in the second scene of the third act of this play. "Make me not your *stale*," occurs in the same sense in *The Comedy of Errors*, i. e. "make me not a mock or laughing stock."

III.

O

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward;

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good What I have said,—Bianca, get you in: And let it not displease thee, good Bianca; For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat¹⁰! 'tis best Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.— Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe: My books and instruments shall be my company; On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange¹¹? Sorry am I that our good will effects Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew¹² her up, Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell, And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:— Go in, Bianca. [*Exit* BIANCA.] And for I know, she taketh most delight In musick, instruments, and poetry, Schoolmasters will I keep within my house, Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,

¹⁰ *Peat*, i. e. *pet*, probably from *petite*, Fr.

¹¹ *So strange*, i. e. *so odd*, *so different from others in your conduct*.

¹² *To mew up*, was *to confine*, or *shut up close*, as it was the custom to confine hawks while they *mew'd* or *moulted*. V. note on K. Richard III. Act i. Sc. 1.

Or signior Gremio, you,—know any such,
 Prefer¹³ them hither; for to cunning¹⁴ men
 I will be very kind, and liberal
 To mine own children in good bringing up;
 And so farewell, Katharina, you may stay:
 For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*]

Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too; may I not?
 What! shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
 I knew not what to take and what to leave? Ha!

[*Exit.*]

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts¹⁵
 are so good, here's none will hold you. Their¹⁶ love
 is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails
 together, and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on
 both sides. Farewell.—Yet, for the love I bear my
 sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man
 to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish¹⁷
 him to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: but a word, I pray.
 Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd
 parle, know now, upon advice¹⁸, it toucheth us both,—
 that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress,
 and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and
 effect one thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

¹³ *Prefer*, i. e. *recommend*. In the second scene of this act Gremio says, "And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife."

¹⁴ *Cunning* has not yet lost the original signification of *knowing*, *learned*, that it bears in the translation of the Bible.

¹⁵ *Gifts*, i. e. *endowments*.

¹⁶ It seems that we should read—*Your* love. *y'* in old writing stood either for *their* or *your*. If *their* love be right, it must mean—the goodwill of Baptista and Bianca towards us.

¹⁷ *I will wish him*, i. e. *I will recommend him*.

¹⁸ *Advice* here signifies *consideration*, *reflection*.

Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained,—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole¹⁹! He that runs fastest, gets the ring²⁰. How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO.*]

Tra. [*Advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible

That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;

¹⁹ *Happy man be his dole.* A proverbial expression. *Dole* is *lot, portion*. The phrase is of very common occurrence. We have a similar expression in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge*:—

“Then happy man be his *fortune!*”

²⁰ In The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn, the prizes of a wrestling match are a *ram* and also a *ring*. A ring, therefore, appears to have been a usual prize in manly sports; like the champion's belt of our pugilists.

But see! while idly I stood looking on,
 I found the effect of love in idleness :
 And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
 That art to me as secret, and as dear,
 As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
 Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
 If I achieve not this young modest girl :
 Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst ;
 Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now ;
 Affection is not rated²¹ from the heart :
 If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—
*Redime te captum quam queas minimo*²².

Luc. Gramercies, lad ; go forward : this contents ;
 The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly²³ on the maid,
 Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
 Such as the daughter²⁴ of Agenor had,
 That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
 When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more ? mark'd you not, how her
 sister

Began to scold ; and raise up such a storm,
 That mortal ears might hardly endure the din ?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
 And with her breath she did perfume the air ;
 Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his
 trance,—

I pray, awake, sir ; If you love the maid,

²¹ *Is not rated*, i. e. *is not driven out by chiding*.

²² This line is quoted as it appears in Lilly's Grammar, and not as it is in Terence. See Farmer's Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare.

²³ *Longly*, i. e. *longingly*.

²⁴ *Daughter of Agenor*, i. e. *Europa*.

Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands :

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home :
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because he²⁵ will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he !
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her ?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir ; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid :
That's your device.

Luc. It is : May it be done ?

Tra. Not possible : For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son ?
Keep house, and ply his book ; welcome his friends ;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them ?

Luc. Basta²⁶ ; content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house ;
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man, or master : then it follows thus :—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port²⁷, and servants, as I should :

²⁵ The old copy reads "*she* will not." Rowe altered it to "*she shall* not," which reading has been since followed. The father secludes Bianca until he has disposed of Katharina, because he will not be annoyed by suitors for Bianca's hand. *Will* could hardly be a mistake for *shall* ; but *he* and *she* are easily and often confounded.

²⁶ *Basta*, i. e. *it is enough*, Ital.

²⁷ *Port* is *figure, show, appearance*.

I will some other be; some Florentine,
 Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
 'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
 Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
 When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
 But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]
 In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
 And I am tied to be obedient;
 (For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he;
 Although, I think, 'twas in another sense;) I
 am content to be Lucentio,
 Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves.
 And let me be a slave, t'achieve that maid
 Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where
 are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?
 Or you stol'n his? or both? pray what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,
 And therefore frame your manners to the time.
 Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
 Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
 And I for my escape have put on his;
 For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
 I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried:
 Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
 While I make way from hence to save my life:
 You understand me?

Bion. I, sir, ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
 Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him : 'Would, I were so too !

Tra. So would²⁸ I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,—

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.

But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's—I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies :

When I am alone, why then I am Tranio ;

But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go :—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute :—

To make one among these wooers : If thou ask me why,—

Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt*²⁹.

1 Serv. *My lord, you nod ; you do not mind the play.*

Sly. *Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely : Comes there any more of it ?*

Page. *My lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady : 'Would, 'twere done !* [They sit and mark.

SCENE II. *The same. Before Hortensio's House.*

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua ; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,

²⁸ The old copy has *could*.

²⁹ Here in the old copy we have, "The presenters above speak ;" meaning Sly, &c. who were placed in a balcony raised at the back of the stage. After the words "would 'twere done," the marginal direction is *They sit and mark*.

Hortensio ; and, I trow, this is his house :—

Here, sirrah Grumio ; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir ! whom should I knock ? is there any man has rebused your worship ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir ? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir¹ ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate, And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome : I should knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be ?

'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it ; I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.*]

Gru. Help, masters^a, help ! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you ; sirrah, villain !

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now ? what's the matter ?—My old friend Grumio ! and my good friend Petruchio !—How do you all at Verona ?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray ?
Con tutto il cuore ben trovato, may I say.

¹ Malone remarks that Grumio's pretensions to wit have a strong resemblance to Dromio's, in *The Comedy of Errors* ; and the two plays were probably written at no great distance of time from each other. I have elsewhere had occasion to observe that the idiom, "Knock me here," is familiar to the French language. Thus Molière, in *The Tartuffe*, Act iii. Sc. 2 :—

"Ah ! mon dieu ! je vous prie,

Avant que de parler, prenez-moi ce mouchoir."

Dumarsais, in his *Principes de Grammaire*, p. 388, thinks the same expletive form of speech is to be found in *The Heautontimorumenos* of Terence, Act i. Sc. 4 :—

"Fac me ut sciam."

^a The old copies have *mistris*. The word having been probably contractedly written M.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato, signor mio Petruchio*².

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges³ in Latin.—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir: He bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two and thirty,—a pip out⁴?

Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain—Good Hortensio, I bade the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens! Spake you not these words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here, Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?* And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

² Gascoigne in his *Supposes* has spelt this name correctly *Petrucio*, but Shakespeare wrote it as it appears in the text, in order to teach the actors how to pronounce it. So Decker writes *Infeliche* for *Infelice*.

³ Grumio mistakes the *Italian* spoken for *Latin*. Tyrwhitt suggested that we should read "what *be* leges in Latin;" "'Tis no matter what is *law* if this be not a lawful cause," &c. It has been objected that as Grumio's native language was *Italian*, he could not possibly mistake it for *Latin*. This is true, but it is not certain that Shakespeare's attention was awake to the circumstance, as his *Italians* speak English throughout the play, with the exception of a few colloquial phrases.

⁴ *Two and thirty,—a pip out*. The allusion is to the old game of *Bone-ace* or *one-and-thirty*. A *pip* is a spot upon a card. The old copy has it *peepe*. The same allusion is found in Massinger's *Fatal Dowry*, Act ii. Sc. 2:—"You think, because you served my lady's mother [you] are *thirty-two* years old, which is a *pip out*, you know." There is a secondary allusion (in which the joke lies) to a popular mode of inflicting punishment upon certain offenders. For a curious illustration of which the reader may consult Florio's *Ital. Dict.* iii. v. *Trentuno*.

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience ; I am Grumio's pledge :
Why this ? a heavy chance 'twixt him and you ;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona ?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the
world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few⁵,—
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me :—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd ;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may :
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill favour'd wife ?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel :
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich :—But thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio ; 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice : and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance),
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love⁶,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,

⁵ The old copy points this line thus :—

“ Where small experience grows but in a few.”

In a few means the same as *in short*, or *in few words*.

⁶ This allusion is to a story told by Gower in the first book of his *Confessio Amantis*. *Florent* is the name of a knight who bound himself to marry a deformed hag provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended. This story may have been taken from the *Gesta Romanorum* : Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's Tale* is of a similar kind.

She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatick seas ;
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is : Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby⁷ ; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses⁸ : why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in, I will continue that I broach'd in jest. I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous ; Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman ; Her only fault (and that is faults enough), Is,—that she is intolerable curst⁹, And shrewd, and froward ; so beyond all measure, That, were my state far worsè than it is, I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace ; thou know'st not gold's effect :

⁷ An *aglet* was not only a *tag of a point*, but a *brooch* or “*jewel in one's cap*,” as Baret explains it. An *aglet-baby*, therefore, was a *diminutive figure embossed on an aglet or jewel*.

It may be remarked that *aglet* was also another name for a *spangle*, as may be seen in Florio's *Ital. Dict.* in the word *tremola* ; who also distinguishes the tags of points as *long aglets*, in the word *Puntale*. This will explain a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen*, Act iii. Sc. 4 :—

“The little *stars* and all, that look like *aglets*,”
i. e. *spangles*. And another in Jeronimo, 1605 :—

“And all those *stars* that gaze upon her face
Are *aglets* on her sleeve-pins and her train.”

In the passage from Spenser, cited by Mr. Dyce, *aygulets* must obviously have been *spangles*.

⁸ The *fifty diseases of a horse* seems to be proverbial, of which, probably, the text is only an exaggeration.

⁹ *Curst*, i. e. *cross*, *froward*, *petulant*.

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough ;
 For I will board her, though she chide as loud
 As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
 An affable and courteous gentleman :
 Her name is Katharina Minola,
 Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her ;
 And he knew my deceased father well :
 I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her ;
 And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
 To give you over at this first encounter,
 Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour
 lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do,
 she would think scolding would do little good upon
 him : She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves
 or so : why, that's nothing ; an he begin once, he'll
 rail in his rope-tricks¹⁰. I'll tell you what, sir,—an
 she stand¹¹ him but a little, he will throw a figure in
 her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall
 have no more eyes to see withal than a cat¹² : You
 know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee ;
 For in Baptista's keep¹³ my treasure is :

¹⁰ *Rope-tricks*, i. e. *roguish tricks*. *Ropery* is used by Shakespeare in *Romeo and Juliet* for roguery. A *rope-ripe* is one for whom the gallows groans, according to Cotgrave. So in Bullein's Dialogue, ed. 1578 :—" Oh Lorde, it is sportation to hear the clowting beetles to rowle in their *rope-ripe* terms." The pun upon *figure* in the next sentence, shows that Grumio intended also to play on the resemblance of *rope-tricks* for *rhetorick*.

¹¹ *Withstand*.

¹² To endeavour to explain this would certainly be lost labour. Mr. Boswell justly remarks " that nothing is more common in ludicrous or playful discourse than to use a comparison where no resemblance is intended."

¹³ *Keep* here means *care, keeping, custody*.

He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
 His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca ;
 And her withholds from me, and other more
 Suitors to her, and rivals in my love :
 Supposing it a thing impossible,
 (For those defects I have before rehears'd),
 That ever Katharina will be woo'd ;
 Therefore this order¹⁴ hath Baptista ta'en ;—
 That none shall have access unto Bianca,
 Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst !

A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace ;
 And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
 To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
 Well seen¹⁵ in musick, to instruct Bianca :
 That so I may by this device, at least,
 Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
 And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Enter GREMIO ; with him LUCENTIO disguised, with
 books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery ! See, to beguile the old
 folks, how the young folks lay their heads together !
 Master, master, look about you : Who goes there ?
 ha !

Hor. Peace, Grumio ; it is the rival of my love :—
 Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous !

[*They retire.*]

Gre. O, very well ; I have perus'd the note.

¹⁴ To *take order* is to *take measures*. So in Othello:—

“Honest Iago hath ta'en order for it.”

¹⁵ To be *well seen* in any art was to be *well skilled* in it. So
 Spenser's Faerie Queene, b. iv. c. 2:—

“*Well seene* in every science that mote be.”

Hark you, sir ; I'll have them very fairly bound :
 All books of love, see that at any hand¹⁶ ;
 And see you read no other lectures to her :
 You understand me ;—Over and beside
 Signior Baptista's liberality,
 I'll mend it with a largess :—Take your papers¹⁷ too,
 And let me have them very well perfum'd ;
 For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
 To whom they go to. What will you read to her ?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
 As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)
 As firmly as yourself were still in place :
 Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words
 Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning ; what a thing it is !

Gru. O this woodcock ! what an ass it is !

Pet. Peace, sirrah !

Hor. Grumio, mum !—God save you, signior Gremio !

Gre. And you're well met, signior Hortensio. Trow you,

Whither I am going ?—To Baptista Minola.
 I promis'd to enquire carefully
 About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca :
 And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
 On this young man ; for learning and behaviour,
 Fit for her turn ; well read in poetry
 And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well : and I have met a gentleman,
 Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
 A fine musician to instruct our mistress ;
 So shall I no whit be behind in duty
 To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

¹⁶ *At any hand*, i. e. *at any rate*.

¹⁷ The old copies have *paper* for *papers*, and in the last line but three below *one* for *me*.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love :

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine ;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well :

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults ?

Pet. I know, she is an irksome brawling scold ;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No ! say'st me so, friend ? What countryman ?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's¹⁸ son :
My father dead, my fortune lives for me ;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
strange :

But, if you have a stomach, to't o'God's name,
You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild cat ?

Pet. Will I live ?

Gru. Will he woo her ? ay, or I'll hang her. [*Aside.*]

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent ?

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears ?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,

¹⁸ The old copies read, "*Butonio's son.*"

That gives not half so great a blow to the¹⁹ ear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
'Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs²⁰.

Gru. For he fears none. [*Aside.*]

Gre. Hortensio, hark!

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will; provided that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

[*Aside.*]

Enter TRANIO, bravely apparell'd; and BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters:—is't
[*Aside to TRANIO*] he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir; You mean not her to——²¹

Tra. Perhaps him and her, sir; What have you to
do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir; at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir:—Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

¹⁹ The old copies have to *hear*. The correction is by Hanmer. A few lines lower they have *yours* for *ours*.

²⁰ *Fright boys with bug-bears.* So in *Cymbeline*:—
“The mortal *bugs* o' the field.”

²¹ In the old copies the line finishes with a dash after *to*, and an abrupt sentence may have been intended; but as the lines are rhymed we cannot be wrong in inserting *woo*, which is required by the following speech as well as the metre.

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if without more words, you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,—
That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two;
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth;—
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors:
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the elder sister first be wed:

The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me among the rest ;
And if you break the ice, and do this feat²²,—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive ;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding²³.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack : in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive²⁴ this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health ;
And do as adversaries²⁵ do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion ! Fellows²⁶, let's
be gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so ;—
Petruccio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [Exeunt.]

²² The old copy has *seeke*. Rowe made the necessary correction.

²³ *Beholding*. See note on Measure for Measure, Act iv. Sc. 3. This old use of the active participle has been treated as a corruption and unnecessarily altered to *beholden*.

²⁴ To *contrive* is to *wear out*, to *pass away*, from *contrivi*, the preterite of *contero*, one of the disused Latinisms. So in Damon and Pithias, 1571 :—

“ In travelling countries, we three have *contrived*
Full many a year.”

²⁵ *Adversaries*, of course, here signifies *contending barristers*, or *counsellors* ; not their clients.

²⁶ *Fellows* means *companions*, and not fellow-servants, as Malone supposed. “ One that helpeth, aideth ; or taketh part, that is, *companion* or *fellow*. Socius, *compaignon*, *complice*, *allie*.”—Baret.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in Baptista's House.**Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.**Bianca.*

GOOD sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your-
self,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me ;
That I disdain : but for these other gawds¹,
Unbind my hands, I'll put them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat ;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best : see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest ; Is't not Hortensio ?

Bian. If you affect² him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more ;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so ?
Nay, then you jest ; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while :
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*]

¹ *Gawds*, i. e. *toys, trifling ornaments*. The old copy reads *goods*. The correction is by Theobald. In the next line *pull* is printed for *put*.

² *Love*.

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside:—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hilding³ of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after* BIANCA.]

Bap. What, in my sight!—Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit* BIANCA.]

Kath. What! will you not suffer me? Nay, now
I see

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell⁴.
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[*Exit* KATHARINA.]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a Musician; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a Lute and Books.

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, gentlemen!

³ A *hilding* from *hyl'dan*, to crouch, signified a *base low wretch*: it is applied to Katharina for the coarseness of her behaviour.

⁴ *Lead apes in hell*. The origin of this very old proverbial phrase is not known. Steevens suggests that it might have been considered an act of posthumous retribution for women who refused to bear children, to be condemned to the care of apes in leading strings after death.

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave.—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That,—hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard,
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

[*Presenting* HORTENSIO.]

Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake:

But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well^a: you are welcome for his sake.

^a Perhaps we should read, "I *knew* him well," but Baptista may be supposed not to know that Petruchio's father is dead. See note on p. 168.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too :
*Backare*⁵ ! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio ; I would fain
be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir ; but you will curse your
wooing.—

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it.
To express the like kindness myself, that have been
more kindly beholding to you than any, I^a freely give
unto you this young scholar [*presenting* LUCENTIO],
that hath been long studying at Rheims ; as cunning
in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in
musick and mathematicks : his name is Cambio ; pray,
accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio : welcome,
good Cambio.—But, gentle sir [*to* TRANIO], methinks
you walk like a stranger ; May I be so bold to know
the cause of your coming ?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own ;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister :
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,

⁵ *Backare*, a cant word meaning *go back*, in allusion to a proverbial saying, "*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow." Probably made in ridicule of some ignorant fellow who affected a knowledge of Latin without having it, and produced his *Latinized English* instead.

^a The folio omits *I*, and just above has *neighbours* instead of *neighbour*.

And this small packet of Greek and Latin books⁶ :
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa, by report
I know him well⁷ : you are very welcome, sir.—
Take you [*to HOR.*] the lute, and you [*to LUC.*] the
set of books,

You shall go see your pupils presently.

Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead

These gentlemen to my daughters: and tell them both,
These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO,
and BIONDELLO.*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd;
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands:
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And for that dowry, I'll assure her of

⁶ In the reign of Elizabeth the young ladies of quality were usually instructed in the learned languages, if any pains were bestowed upon their minds at all. The queen herself, Lady Jane Grey, and her sisters, &c. are trite instances.

⁷ This must be understood as meaning, *I know well who he is.* So, before, Baptista says the same of Petruchio's father, who is supposed to have died before the commencement of the play.

Her widowhood⁸,—be it that she survive me,—
 In all my lands and leases whatsoever :
 Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
 That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
 That is,—her love ; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing : for I tell you, father,
 I am as peremptory as she proud-minded ;
 And where two raging fires meet together,
 They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :
 Though little fire grows great with little wind,
 Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all :
 So I to her, and so she yields to me ;
 For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed !
 But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof ; as mountains are for winds,
 That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.

Bap. How now ! my friend, why dost thou look so
 pale ?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician ?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier ;
 Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the lute ?

Hor. Why, no ; for she hath broke the lute to me.
 I did but tell her, she mistook her frets⁹,
 And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering ;
 When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets, call you these? quoth she : *I'll fume with them :*
 And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
 And through the instrument my pate made way ;

⁸ i. e. *Her provision or jointure as a widow.*

⁹ *Frets* are the points at which a string is to be stopped, formerly marked on the neck of such instruments as the lute or guitar.

And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute :
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack ; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench !
I love her ten times more than e'er I did :
O, how I long to have some chat with her !

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited :
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter ;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us ;
Or, shall I send my daughter Kate to you ?

Pet. I pray you do ; I will attend her here,—

[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, and
HORTENSIO.

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail ; Why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :
Say, that she frown ; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew¹⁰ :
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word ;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence :
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week :
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married :
But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate ; for that's your name, I hear.

¹⁰ So Milton in *L'Allegro* :—

“ There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh blown roses wash'd in dew.”

It is from the old play of the *Taming of a Shrew* :—

“ As glorious as the morning washt with dew.”

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard¹¹
of hearing ;

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith ; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates¹² : and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation ;—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd ! in good time : let him that mov'd
you hither,

Remove you hence : I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable ?

Kath. A joint-stool¹³.

Pet. Thou hast hit it : come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such load¹⁴, sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee :
For knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch ;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be ? should buz.

¹¹ This is a quibble upon *heard*, which was then pronounced *hard*.

¹² *Cates* are *provisions* in general, but especially dainty food.

¹³ *A joint stool*, a proverbial expression occurring in Ruy's Proverbs, and in Lyly's Mother Bombie ; it is also used by the fool in King Lear :—

“Cry your mercy ; I took you for a *joint stool*.”

¹⁴ The old copy reads *Iade* instead of *load*. Petruchio's answer shows the word *load* is the true reading. The word *sir* is from the second folio.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard¹⁵.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try.

[*Striking him.*]

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven¹⁶.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

¹⁵ *As he takes a buzzard*, this kind of expression seems also to have been proverbial. So in *The Three Lords of London*, 1590:—

“Hast no more skill

“*Than take a falcon for a buzzard.*”

¹⁶ *A craven*, i. e. a cowardly degenerate cock.

Pet. Why here's no crab ; and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face ?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate : in sooth you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry ; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit ; I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar ;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous ;

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers :

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will ;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp ?

O slanderous world ! Kate, like the hazel-twig,

Is straight, and slender ; and as brown in hue

As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk : thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st, command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait ?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate ;

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful !

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech ?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother ! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise ?

Kath. Yes ; keep you warm¹⁷.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed :
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms :—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife ; your dowry 'greed on ;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn ;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well),
Thou must be married to no man but me :
For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate :
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate¹⁸
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father ; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now,
Signior Petruchio : How speed you with
My daughter ?

Pet. How but well, sir ? how but well ?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine ; in your
dumps ?

Kath. Call you me daughter ? now I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatick ;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

¹⁷ *Keep you warm.* This appears to allude to a proverb. So in *Much Ado about Nothing* :—

“That if he has *wit* enough to keep himself *warm.*”

An allusion of the same kind is in *Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady*. The proverbial phrase appears to have been, “If you are wise, keep yourself warm.”

¹⁸ Thus the first folio. The second folio reads :—“a wild *Kat* to a *Kate.*” The modern editors, “a wild *cat* ;” but the pun is obvious enough, and more amusing when less coarsely marked.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus :—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her ;
If she be curst, it is for policy :
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove ;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn ;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel¹⁹ ;
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity :
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio ! she says she'll see thee
hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding ? nay, then, good night
our part !

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen ; I choose her for myself ;
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you ?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me : O, the kindest Kate !—
She hung about my neck ; and kiss on kiss
She vied²⁰ so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices ! 'tis a world to see²¹,

¹⁹ The story of Griselda, so beautifully related by Chaucer, was taken by him from Boccaccio. It is thought to be older than the time of the Florentine, as it is to be found among the old *fabliaux*. The old Comedy had no doubt made the story very popular.

²⁰ *She vied.* So in the old play :—

“Redoubling kiss on kiss upon my cheeks.”

To *vie* was a term in the old vocabulary of gaming, for *to wager* the goodness of one hand against another. There was also *revie* and other variations. Mr. Gifford has clearly explained the terms in a note on Every Man in his Humour, Act iv. Sc. 1. Petruchio here appears to mean that Katharine played as for a wager with her kisses, *vieing* or *staking* kiss on kiss with him.

²¹ 'Tis a world to see. This phrase, which frequently occurs in old writers, is equivalent to, *it is worth a world, or a matter of admiration to see.*

How tame, when men and women are alone,
 A meacock²² wretch can make the curstest shrew.—
 Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—
 Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
 I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your
 hands;

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
 I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace:—
 We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
 And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt PET. and KATH. severally.*]

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
 And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
 'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in²³ the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
 But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;—
 Now is the day we long have looked for;
 I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
 Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.
 Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.

²² *A meacock*, i. e. a tame dastardly creature, particularly an over-mild husband. "A mecocke or pezzant, that hath his head under his wives girdle, or that lets his wife be his maister."—*Junius's Nomenclator*, by Fleming, 1585, p. 532.

²³ The old copy has *me* for *in*.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen ; I'll compound this strife :

'Tis deeds must win the prize ; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have my Bianca's love—

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her ?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold ;
Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands ;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry :
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints²⁴,
Costly apparel, tents²⁵, and canopies.
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter²⁶ and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping : then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in.—Sir, list to me :
I am my father's heir, and only son :

²⁴ *Counterpoints*, i. e. *coverings for beds* ; now called *counterpanes*. Anciently composed of patch-work, and so contrived that every *pane* or partition of them was contrasted with a different colour. Hence the change of the last syllable to *pane*. From Baret it appears that both terms were then in use.

²⁵ *Tents* were *hangings, tentes*, French ; probably, so named from the *tenters* upon which they were hung, *tenture de tapisserie* signified a *suit of hangings*. The following passage shows that a *canopy* was sometimes a *tester*, " a canopy properly that hangeth aboute beddes to keepe away gnattes, sometimes a tent or pavilion, some have used it for a *testorne* to hange over a bed."—*Baret in voce*.

²⁶ *Pewter* was considered as such costly furniture, that we find in the Northumberland household book *vessels of pewter* were hired by the year.

I am my father's heir, and only son :
 If I may have your daughter to my wife,
 I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
 Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
 Old Signior Gremio has in Padua ;
 Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
 Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
 What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio ?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land !
 My land amounts not to so much in all :
 That she shall have ; besides an argosy²⁷,
 That now is lying in Marseilles'²⁸ road :—
 What, have I chok'd you with an argosy ?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
 Than three great argosies ; besides two galliasses²⁹,
 And twelve tight galleys : these I will assure her,
 And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more ;
 And she can have no more than all I have ;—
 If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
 By your firm promise ; Gremio is out-vied³⁰.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best ;
 And, let your father make her the assurance,
 She is your own ; else, you must pardon me :
 If you should die before him, where's her dower ?

Tra. That's but a cavil ; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old ?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
 I am thus resolv'd :—On Sunday next, you know,

²⁷ *Argosy*, i. e. a large vessel either for merchandise or war.

²⁸ It is spelt *Marcellus* in the old copy, and must be pronounced as a trisyllable.

²⁹ A *galiass*, *galeazza*, Ital. was a great or double galley. The masts were three, and the number of seats for rowers thirty-two.

³⁰ *Outvied*. The origin of this term is also from *gaming*. When one man *vied* upon another, he was said to be *outvied*.

My daughter Katharine is to be married :
 Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
 Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;
 If not, to Signior Gremio :
 And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not ;
 Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
 To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
 Set foot under thy table : Tut ! a toy !
 An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide !
 Yet I have faced it with a card of ten³¹.
 'Tis in my head to do my master good :—
 I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
 Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio ;
 And that's a wonder : fathers, commonly,
 Do get their children ; but, in this case of wooing,
 A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
 [*Exit*³².

³¹ *Faced it with a card of ten.* This phrase, which often occurs in old writers, was most probably derived from some game at cards, wherein the standing boldly upon a *ten* was often successful. *To face it* meant, as it still does, to bully, to attack by impudence of face. Whether a *card of ten* was properly a *cooling card* has not yet been ascertained, but they are united in the following passage from Lyly's *Euphues*. "And all lovers, he only excepted, are *cooled with a card of ten.*"

³² After this Mr. Pope introduced the following speeches of the *presenters* as they are called ; from the old play :—

Slic. When will the fool come again ?

Sim. Anon, my lord.

Slic. Give's some more drink here ; where's the tapster ?

Here, Sim, eat some of these things.

Sim. I do, my lord.

Slic. Here, Sim, I drink to thee.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in Baptista's House.**Enter* LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.*Lucentio.*

BIDDLER, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
 Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
 Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
 The patroness of heavenly harmony:
 Then give me leave to have prerogative;
 And when in musick we have spent an hour,
 Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
 To know the cause why musick was ordain'd!
 Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
 After his studies, or his usual pain?
 Then give me leave to read philosophy,
 And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
 To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
 I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
 I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
 But learn my lessons as I please myself.
 And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—
 Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
 His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[*To* BIANCA.—*HORTENSIO retires.*

Luc. That will be never!—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:—

*Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis*¹.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before²;—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear.— [Hortensio plays.

O fye! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is³!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax⁴,—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

¹ Ovid. Epist. Penelope Ulyssi, v. 33.

² This species of humour, in which Latin is translated into English of a perfectly different meaning, is to be found in two plays of Middleton, *The Witch*, and *The Chaste Maid of Cheapside*; and in other writers.

³ There is some confusion in the appropriation of the speeches in the old copy. This and the two following lines are erroneously given to Lucentio.

⁴ This is only said to deceive Hortensio, who is supposed to be listening. The pedigree of Ajax, however, is properly made out.

But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you :—
 Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
 That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk [to LUCENTIO], and give
 me leave awhile ;

My lessons make no musick in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
 And watch withal ; for, but I be deceiv'd,
 Our fine musician groweth amorous. [Aside.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
 To learn the order of my fingering,
 I must begin with rudiments of art :
 To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
 More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
 Than hath been taught by any of my trade :
 And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [Reads.] Gamut I am, the ground of all accord.

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion ;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C faut, that loves with all affection ;

D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I ;

E la mi, show pity, or I die.

Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not :
 Old fashions please me best ; I am not so nice⁵,
 To change true rules for odd inventions⁶.

⁵ The equivocal use of the word *nice* by our ancestors has caused some confusion among the commentators ; from Baret it appears to have been synonymous with *tender*, *delicate*, *effeminate*. Others explain it *whimsical*, *fantastic*." Tooke thought that *Nice*, and *Nesh* (soft) were both from the A. S. *hneyc*. Chaucer's use of *Nice* seems to point at the old Fr. *Nice*. *Niais*, *silly*, *weak*, *simple*, which suits the sense here and in the following passages :—

" The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge,

Of dear import," &c.—*Rom. and Jul.* Act v. Sc. 2.

Again :—

" Bid him bethink how *nice* the quarrel was."

⁶ The first folio reads *charge* instead of *change*, and *odd* instead

Enter a Servant.

*Serv*⁷. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up ;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both ; I must be gone. [*Exeunt* BIANCA and Servant.]

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*]

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant ;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love :—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale⁸,
Seize thee that list : If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Before Baptista's House.*

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA,
BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and Attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [*to* TRANIO,] this is the
'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law :
What will be said ? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage ?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours ?

Kath. No shame but mine : I must, forsooth, be
forc'd

of old. The first was corrected in the second folio, and the last by Theobald.

⁷ The prefix is *Nicke* in the old copies, probably designating Nicholas Tooley the player.

⁸ *Stale* here may mean every *common* object, as *stale* was applied to *common* women. See note on Act i. Sc. 1, p. 145.

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
 Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen¹;
 Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
 I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
 Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
 And, to be noted for a merry man,
 He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
 Make friends invite, yes², and proclaim the banns;
 Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
 Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
 And say,—*Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;
 Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
 Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
 Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him
 though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by BIANCA and others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
 For such an injury would vex a very saint,
 Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bio. Master, master! news, old news³, and such
 news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's
 coming?

Bap. Is he come?

¹ *Spleen*, i. e. *humour, caprice, inconstancy.*

² The word *yes* is from the second folio. Malone inserted *them.*

³ The words *old news* were added by Rowe, and necessarily, as appears by the reply of Baptista. *Old*, in its hyperbolic sense, as "*old turning the key,*" &c. occurs elsewhere in Shakespeare.

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt and chapeless; with two broken points⁴: His horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampas, infected with the fashions⁵, full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives⁶, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er legged before; and with a half-cheeked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of

⁴ *Chapeless*; with two broken points. *Chapeless* is without a *chape*, i. e. a catch or hook to the scabbard. *Points* were tagged laces used in fastening different parts of the dress: two broken points would therefore add to the slovenly appearance of Petruchio. Shakespeare puns upon the word in *K. Henry IV. P. I.*—

“*Fals.* Their points being broken—

Pr. Down fell their hose.”

And again in *Twelfth Night, Act i. Sc. 5.*

⁵ *The fashions*, i. e. *the farcy*; called *fashions* in the west of England.

⁶ *Fives*, i. e. *vives*; a distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles. Below we have *waid* instead of *swayed*, in the old copies. *Mose in the chine* appears from Markham to be the *glan- ders*, or a consequence of it.

velure⁷, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with pack-thread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock⁸ on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies*⁹ pricked in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion!—

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many¹⁰.

⁷ *Velvet.*

⁸ *Stocking.*

⁹ Warburton's supposition, that Shakespeare ridicules some popular chap book of this title, by making Petruchio prick it up in his footboy's hat instead of a feather, has been well supported by Steevens; he observes that "a penny book, containing forty short poems, would, properly managed, furnish no unapt plume of feathers for the hat of a humorist's servant."

¹⁰ This is most probably a scraw of some ballad.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fye! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress¹¹;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done
with words;

¹¹ i. e. to deviate from my promise.

To me she's married, not unto my clothes :
 Could I repair what she will wear in me,
 As I can change these poor accoutrements,
 'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
 But what a fool am I to chat with you,
 When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
 And seal the title with a lovely kiss !

[*Exeunt* PET. GRU. and BION.]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire :
 We will persuade him, be it possible,
 To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this. [*Exit.*]

Tra. But, sir, to her¹² love concerneth us to add
 Her father's liking : which to bring to pass,
 As I before imparted to your worship,
 I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
 It skills¹³ not much ; we'll fit him to our turn,—
 And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa ;
 And make assurance, here in Padua,
 Of greater sums than I have promised,
 So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
 And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
 Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
 'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage ;
 Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
 I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,

¹² The old copy reads, "But, sir, love concerneth us to add Her father's liking." The emendation is Mr. Tyrwhitt's. *It*, the nominative case to the verb *concerneth*, is here understood.

¹³ *It skills not*, i. e. *it matters not much, it is of no importance.* Thus in the old phrase book, Hormanni *Vulgaria*, 1519,—"*It maketh little matter, or it skilleth not whether thou come or not.*" Shakespeare has the phrase again in *Twelfth Night*, Act v. Sc. 1, p. 391 :—"It skills not much where they are delivered." See also *K. Henry VI. Part II. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

And watch our vantage in this business :
 We'll overreach the greybeard, Gremio,
 The narrow-prying father, Minola
 The quaint¹⁴ musician, amorous Licio ;
 All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio ! came you from the church ?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home ?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you ? 'tis a groom, indeed,
 A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she ? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut ! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio : When the priest
 Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he ; and swore so loud,
 That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book :
 And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
 The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
 That down fell priest and book, and book and priest :
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any list*.

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again ?

Gre. Trembled and shook ; for why, he stamp'd and
 swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

¹⁴ *Quaint* had formerly a more favourable meaning than *strange*, *awkward*, *fantastical*, and was used in commendation, as *neat*, *elegant*, *dainty*, *dexterous*. Thus in the third scene of the fourth act of this play :—

“ I never saw a better fashioned gown,

More *quaint*, more pleasing, nor more commendable.”

Where it seems to mean spruce, trim, neat, like the French *cointe*. We have “ *quaint* spirits” in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. And Prospero calls Ariel, “ my *quaint* Ariel.”

He calls for wine :—*A health*, quoth he ; as if
 He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
 After a storm :—*Quaff'd off the muscadel*¹⁵ ;
 And threw the sops all in the sexton's face ;
 Having no other reason,—
 But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
 And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
 This done, he took the bride about the neck ;
 And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
 That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
 I, seeing this, came thence for very shame ;
 And after me, I know, the rout is coming :
 Such a mad marriage never was before ;
 Hark, hark ! I hear the minstrels play¹⁶. [*Musick*.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and Train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your
 pains :
 I know you think to dine with me to-day,
 And have prepared great store of wedding cheer ;
 But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
 And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

¹⁵ The custom of having wine and sops distributed immediately after the marriage ceremony in the church is very ancient. It existed even among our Gothic ancestors, and is mentioned in the ordinances of the household of Henry VII. "For the Marriage of a Princess :"—"Then pottes of *Ipocrice* to be ready, and to bee put into cupps with *soppe*, and to be borne to the estates ; and to take a *soppe* and drinke." It was also practised at the marriage of Philip and Mary, in Winchester Cathedral ; and at the marriage of the Elector Palatine to the daughter of James I. in 1612-13. It appears to have been the custom at all marriages. In Jonson's *Magnetic Lady* it is called a *knitting cup* : In Middleton's *No Wit like a Woman's*, the *contracting cup*. The *kiss* was also part of the ancient marriage ceremony, as appears from a rubric in one of the Salisbury Missals.

¹⁶ This speech is printed as prose in the first folio, and reduced to irregular verse in the second.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night ?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come :—
Make it no wonder ; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife :
Dine with my father, drink a health to me ;
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay ?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse !

Gre. Ay, sir, they be ready ; the oats have eaten
the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green¹⁷ ;
For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself ;—
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee ; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to do ?—
Father, be quiet ; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir ; now it begins to work.

¹⁷ There is a familiar phrase of the same kind still in use, " Be off while your shoes are good."

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner :—
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command :
Obey the bride, you that attend on her :
Go to the feast, revel and domineer¹⁸,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves ;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;
I will be master of what is mine own.
She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing ;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare ;
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves ;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
Kate ;
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PET. KATH. and GRU.]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones !

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with
laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like !

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister ?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and
bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

¹⁸ *Domineer*, i. e. *bluster* or *swagger*. So in Tarleton's Jests: "T. having been *domineering* very late at night with two of his friends."

You know there wants no junkets¹⁹ at the feast.—
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place,
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, Gentlemen,
let's go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.*

Enter GRUMIO.

Grumio.

BYE, fye on all tired jades! on all mad mas-
ters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so
beaten? was ever man so rayed¹? was ever
man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and
they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not
I a little pot, and soon hot², my very lips might freeze
to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my
heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw
me:—But I, with blowing the fire, shall warm my-
self; for, considering the weather, a taller man than
I will take cold. Holla! hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st
slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater
a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

¹⁹ *Junkets*, i. e. *delicacies*.

¹ *Rayed*, i. e. *bewrayed*, *dirty*.

² *A little pot soon hot* is a common proverb.

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay : and therefore fire, fire ; cast on no water³.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported ?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost : but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast ; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself⁴, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool ! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches ? why, thy horn is a foot ; and so long am I⁵, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world ?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine ; and, therefore, fire : Do thy duty, and have thy duty ; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready : And, therefore, good Grumio, the news ?

Gru. Why, *Jack boy ! ho boy*⁶ ! and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching⁷ :—

Gru. Why, therefore, fire ; for I have caught ex-

³ There is an old popular catch of three parts in these words :—

“ Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth,

Fire, fire ;—Fire, fire,

Cast on some more water.”

⁴ Grumio calls himself *a beast*, and Curtis one also by inference in calling him *fellow* : this would not have been noticed but that one of the commentators once thought it necessary to alter *myself* in Grumio's speech to *thymself*. Grumio's sentence is proverbial :—

“ Wedding, and ill-wintering tame both man and beast.”

⁵ Curtis contemptuously alludes to Grumio's diminutive size ; and he in return calls Curtis a cuckold.

⁶ This is the beginning of an old round in three parts, the music is given in the *Variorum Shakespeare*.

⁷ *Conycatching*, i. e. *cheating* or *deceiving*.

treme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills⁸ fair without, the carpets laid⁹, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news.

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[Striking him.

Curt. This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not crossed me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemoiled¹⁰; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed—that never prayed before; how I

⁸ A quibble was no doubt intended. *Jack* and *jill* signify *two drinking vessels*, as well as *men* and *maid-servants*.

⁹ The carpets were *laid* over the *tables*. The floors, as appears from the present passage and others, were strewed with rushes.

¹⁰ *Bemoiled*, i. e. *bedraggled*, *bemired*.

cried ; how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst¹¹ ; how I lost my crupper ;—with many things of worthy memory ; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she¹².

Gru. Ay ; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this ?—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest ; let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats¹³ brushed, and their garters of an indifferent¹⁴ knit : let them curtsy with their left legs ; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready ?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho ! you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that ?

Gru. Thou, it seems ; that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

¹¹ *Burst*, i. e. *broken*.

¹² The term *shrew* was anciently applied to either sex, as appears from Chaucer's *Testamen. of Love*, fo. 300, Ed. Speght. 1598.

¹³ *Blue coats* were the usual habits of servants. Hence a *blue-bottle* was sometimes used as a term of reproach for a servant. A serving-man in Jonson's *Case is Altered* says—"Ever since I was of the *blue order*."

¹⁴ *Of an indifferent knit is tolerably knit, pretty good in quality.* Hamlet says—"I am myself *indifferent honest*," i. e. *tolerably honest*. The reader, who will be at the pains to refer to the *Varrorum Shakespeare*, may be amused with the discordant blunders of the most eminent commentators about this simple expression.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio!

Phil. How now, Grumio!

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad!

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you; what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready¹⁵: How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not——Cock's passion, silence!——I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?——

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!——

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?——

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i'the heel;

¹⁵ *All things is ready.* The false concord here was no doubt intentional, it suits well with the character.

There was no link¹⁶ to colour Peter's hat,
 And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing :
 There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory ;
 The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly ;
 Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

*Where is the life that late I led—*¹⁷ [Sings.
 Where are those—— ? Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
 Soud, soud, soud, soud¹⁸ !

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
 Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains ; When ?

*It was the friar of orders grey*¹⁹, [Sings.
As he forth walked on his way :—

Out, you rogue ! you pluck my foot awry :
 Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—
 [Sings him.

Be merry, Kate :—Some water, here ; what, ho !

Enter Servant with water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus ?—Sirrah, get you hence,
 And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither :—

[*Exit Servant.*

¹⁶ Greene, in his *Mihil Mumchance*, says—"This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dunghills, instead of newe, blackt over with the *smoake of an olde link.*"

¹⁷ This ballad was well suited to Petruchio, as appears by the *answer* in a *Handeful of Pleasant Delites*, 1584 ; which is called "Dame Beautie's reple to the lover late at libertie, and now complaineth him to be her captive," intituled "*Where is the life that late I led ?*"

¹⁸ *Soud.* A word coined by Shakespeare to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued.

¹⁹ Dr. Percy has constructed his beautiful ballad, "The Friar of Orders Gray," from the various fragments and hints dispersed through Shakespeare's plays, with a few supplemental stanzas.

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water!

[*A bason is presented to him.*]

Come, Kate, and wash²⁰, and welcome heartily.—

[*To the Servant.*]

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

[*Strikes him.*]

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetleheaded, flap-ear'd knave! Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach. Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?—What's this? Mutton?

1 Serv.

Ay.

Pet.

Who brought it?

1 Serv.

I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:

What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*]

You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet; The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away; And I expressly am forbid to touch it, For it engenders choler, planteth anger; And better 'twere that both of us did fast,— Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—

²⁰ It was the custom in ancient times to wash the hands immediately before dinner and supper, and afterwards. As our ancestors eat with their fingers, we cannot wonder at such repeated ablutions.

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
 Be patient ; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
 And, for this night, we'll fast for company :—
 Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt* PET. KATH. and CURT.]

Nath. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he ?

Curt. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her :
 And rails, and swears, and rates ; that she, poor soul,
 Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak ;
 And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
 Away, away ! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
 And 'tis my hope to end successfully :
 My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty ;
 And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd²¹,
 For then she never looks upon her lure.
 Another way I have to man my haggard²²,
 To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
 That is,—to watch her, as we watch these kites
 That bate²³, and beat, and will not be obedient.

²¹ Shakespeare delights in allusions to Falconry, the following allegory comprises most of its terms. A hawk *full fed* was untractable, and refused the lure. In Watson's Sonnets, 47 :—

“ No lure will cause her stoop, she bears *full gorge*.”

The lure was a thing stuffed to look like the game the hawk was to pursue ; its use was to tempt him back after he had flown.

²² A *haggard* is a *wild hawk*, to *man* her is to *tame* her. To *watch* or *wake* a hawk was one part of the process of taming.

²³ To *bate* is to flutter the wings as preparing for flight ; *batter l'ale*, Italian.

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;
 Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not ;
 As with the meat, some undeserved fault
 I'll find about the making of the bed ;
 And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
 This way the coverlet, another way the sheets :—
 Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend²⁴
 That all is done in reverend care of her ;
 And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night :
 And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
 And with the clamour keep her still awake.
 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness²⁵ ;
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
 He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
 Now let him speak ; 'tis charity to shew. [Exit.

SCENE II. Padua. *Before Baptista's House.*

Enter TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca
 Doth fancy any other but Lucentio ?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
 Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[*They stand aside.*

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read ?

Bian. What, master, read you ? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess the Art to Love.

²⁴ *Intend* is used for *pretend*. As again in K. Richard III.—

“ *Intending* deep suspicion.”

²⁵ A play by Thomas Heywood, entitled, *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, is mentioned in Henslowe's Diary, under the date of February 1602-3. It was printed in 1607.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.
[*They retire.*]

Hor. [*Coming forward.*] Quick proceeders, marry!
Now, tell me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none¹ in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;—
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion²:
Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior Lu-
centio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her³ withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
Never to marry with her though she would entreat:
Fye on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite for-
sworn!

For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,

¹ Old copies, "Lov'd me." Rowe corrected it.

² *Cullion.* "*Coghione, a cughion, a gull, a meacock,*" says Florio.
It is equivalent to a great booby.

³ The old copy has *them*. The emendation is made in the third folio.

I will be married to a wealthy widow,
 Ere three days pass ; which hath as long loved me,
 As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard :
 And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—
 Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
 Shall win my love :—and so I take my leave,
 In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit HORTENSIO.*—*LUCENTIO and BIANCA*
advance.

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
 As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case !
 Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love ;
 And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest ; But have you both for-
 sworn me ?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. 'Faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
 That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy !

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school ! what, is there such a
 place ?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master :
 That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
 To tame a shrew, and charm⁴ her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long

⁴ So in K. Henry VI. Part III.—

“Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.”

In Psalm lviii. we read of the *charmer*, who *charms* wisely, in order to quell the fury of the adder. “To teach her tricks *eleven and twenty long* :” here is also an allusion to the game of one-and-thirty. See note on Act i. Sc. 2, p. 154.

That I'm dog-weary ; but at last I spied
An ancient angel⁵ coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello ?

Bion. Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant⁶,
I know not what ; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio ?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio ;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.

⁵ For *angel*, Theobald, and after him Hanmer and Warburton, read *engle* ; which Hanmer calls a *gull*, deriving it from *engluer*, French, to catch with bird-lime ; but without sufficient reason. Mr. Gifford, in a note on Jonson's *Poetaster*, is decidedly in favour of *enghle*, and supports it by referring to Gascoigne's *Supposes*, from which Shakespeare took this part of his plot. " There Erostrato, the Biondello of Shakespeare, looks out for a person to gull by an idle story, judges from appearances that he has found him, and is not deceived :—' At the foot of the hill I met a gentleman, and as methought by his habits and his looks he should be none of the wisest.' " Again, " this gentleman being, as I guessed at the first, a man of small sapientia." And Dulippo (the Lucenatio of Shakespeare), as soon as he spies him coming, exclaims, " Is this he ? go meet him : by my troth, HE LOOKS LIKE A GOOD SOUL, he that fisheth for him might be sure to catch a codshead." Act ii. Sc. 1. " These are the passages," says Mr. Gifford, " which our great poet had in view ; and these, I trust, are more than sufficient to explain why Biondello concludes at first sight, that this ' ancient piece of formality ' will serve his turn." This is very true, and yet it is not necessary to change the reading of the old copy, which is undoubtedly correct. *An ancient angel* then was neither more nor less than the *good soul* of Gascoigne ; or as Cotgrave (often the best commentator on Shakespeare) explains it, " AN OLD ANGEL, by metaphor, a fellow of th' old sound honest and worthie stamp, un angelot à gros escaille." One who, being honest himself, suspects no guile in others, and is therefore easily duped. I am quite of Mr. Nares's opinion, that *enghle* is only a different spelling of *ingle*, which is often used for a *favourite*, and originally meant one of the most detestable kind.

⁶ i. e. a merchant, or a schoolmaster.

Take in⁷ your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO and BIANCA.]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.

Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:

But then up farther; and as far as Rome;

And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!

And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua

To come to Padua: Know you not the cause?

Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke

(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)

Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.

'Tis marvel; but that you are but newly come,

You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;

For I have bills for money by exchange

From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,

This will I do, and this I will advise you;—

First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;

Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;

A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,

⁷ Old copy. "Take me your love."

In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one. [Aside.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake ;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd ;—
Look, that you take upon you as you should ;
You understand me, sir ;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city :
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O ! sir, I do ; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand ;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance^s of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here :
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you :
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A Room in Petruchio's House.*

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no ; forsooth ; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears :

What, did he marry me to famish me ?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

^s *To pass assurance of a dower, i. e. to agree upon a settlement of dower ;* Dotem firmare. Deeds are by law-writers called the common *assurances* of the realm, because thereby each man's property is *assured* to him. So in a subsequent scene :—they are busied about a counterfeit *assurance*.

Upon entreaty, have a present alms ;
 If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :
 But I,—who never knew how to entreat,
 Nor never needed that I should entreat,
 Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep :
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed :
 And that which spites me more than all these wants,
 He does it under name of perfect love ;
 As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,
 'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
 I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast ;
 I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot ?

Kath. 'Tis passing good ; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too cholerick a meat :—

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd ?

Kath. I like it well ; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell ; I fear, 'tis cholerick.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard ?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little¹.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not ; you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

[Beats him.]

¹ This is agreeable to the doctrine of the times. In *The Glasse of Humours*, no date, p. 60, it is said, " But note here, that the first diet is not only in avoiding superfluity of meats and surfeits of drinks, but also in eschewing such as are obnoxious, and least agreeable with our happy temperate state ; as for a cholerick man to abstain from all salt, scorched, dry meats, from mustard, and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours." Petruccio before objects to the over-roasted mutton.

That feed'st me with the very name of meat :
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery !
Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Enter PETRUCHIO with a dish of meat ; and
HORTENSIO.*

Pet. How fares my Kate ? What, sweeting, all
amort² ?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer ?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love ; thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee :

[*Sets the dish on a table.*

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word ? Nay then, thou lov'st it not ;
And all my pains is sorted to no 'proof³ :—
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks ;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fye ! you are to blame !
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—

[*Aside.*

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart !
Kate, eat apace :—And now, my honey love,

² *All amort*, i. e. *all sunk and dispirited*. This gallicism is frequent in many of the old plays.

³ *All my pains is sorted to no 'proof*, i. e. *all my labour is fated to have no approval*. We should read *proof* with a mark of elision for *approval* ; *sort* is used in the sense of *sorter*, French, to issue, to terminate. "It sorted not" is frequently used by writers of that period for, It did not end so, or It did not answer. Shakespeare uses *sort* for *lot*, *chance*, more than once.

Will we return unto thy father's house ;
 And revel it as bravely as the best,
 With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
 With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things ;
 With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
 With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
 What, hast thou din'd ? The tailor stays thy leisure,
 To deck thy body with his ruffling* treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments ;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir ?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer ;
 A velvet dish ;—fye, fye ! 'tis lewd and filthy :
 Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnutshell,
 A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap ;
 Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger ; this doth fit the time,
 And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
 And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak ;
 And speak I will ; I am no child, no babe :
 Your betters have endur'd me say my mind ;
 And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
 My tongue will tell the anger of my heart ;
 Or else my heart, concealing it, will break :

* To *ruffle*, in Shakespeare's time, signified to *flaunt*, to *strut*, to *swagger*. In Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, Act iii. Sc. ult. Amorphus says :—

“Lady, I cannot *ruffle* it in blue and yellow.”

Ruffling treasure was therefore obviously the *flaunting finery* which Petruchio had just enumerated. In the poet's time women's apparel was usually made by men.

And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true ; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin⁵, a bauble, a silken pie :
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap ;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown ? why, ay :—Come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God ! what masking-stuff is here ?
What's this ? a sleeve ? 'tis like a demi-cannon :
What ! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart ?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer⁶ in a barber's shop :—
Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this ?

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

[*Aside.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did ; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir :
I'll none of it ; hence ! make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint⁷, more pleasing, nor more commendable ;
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true ; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance ! Thou liest, thou thread,

⁵ A *coffin* was the culinary term for the raised crust of a pie or custard.

⁶ These censers resembled our brasiers in shape, they had pierced convex covers.

⁷ *Quaint* was used as a term of commendation by our ancestors. See note on Act iii. Sc. 2, p. 189.

Thou thimble,
 Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
 Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou :—
 Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread !
 Away ! thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant ;
 Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
 As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st !
 I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd ; the gown is made
 Just as my master had direction :

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made ?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut ?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things⁸.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me ; thou hast braved⁹ many men ;
 brave not me ; I will neither be faced nor braved. I
 say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown ;
 but I did not bid him cut it to pieces¹⁰ : *ergo*, thou
 liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown :*

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown,¹¹
 sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with
 a bottom of brown thread : I said, a gown.

⁸ *Faced many things*, i. e. *turned up many garments with facings*.

⁹ Grumio quibbles upon to *brave*, to *make fine*, as he does upon *facing*.

¹⁰ Mr. Douce remarks that this scene appears to have been originally borrowed from a story of Sir Philip Caultrop and John Drakes, a silly shoemaker of Norwich, related in Camden's *Remains* and Leigh's *Accedence of Armorie*.

¹¹ *Loose-bodied gown*. This being a very customary dress with women of abandoned character, was probably not much in repute.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. With a small compassed cape ;

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. With a trunk sleeve ;—

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i'the bill, sir ; error i'the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again ; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say ; an I had thee in place where, thou should'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight : take thou the bill¹², give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio ! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'the right, sir ; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life : Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use !

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that ?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for : Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use !
O, fye, fye, fye !

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid :—

[*Aside.*

Go, take it hence ; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow. Take no unkindness of his hasty words :
Away, I say ; commend me to thy master.

[*Exeunt Tailor and Haberdasher.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate ; we will unto your father's,

¹² A quibble is intended between the written *bill* and the *bill* or weapon of a foot-soldier.

Even in these honest mean habiliments ;
 Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor ;
 For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
 So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
 What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
 Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
 Or is the adder better than the eel,
 Because his painted skin contents the eye ?
 O, no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse
 For this poor furniture, and mean array.
 If thou account'st¹³ it shame, lay it on me :
 And therefore, frolick ; we will hence forthwith,
 To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
 Go, call my men, and let us straight to him ;
 And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
 There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
 Let's see ; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
 And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two ;
 And 'twill be supper time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse :
 Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
 You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let't alone :
 I will not go to-day ; and ere I do,
 It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun.
 [*Exeunt*¹⁴.]

¹³ The old copy has *accounted'st*.

¹⁴ After this *exeunt* the characters, before whom the play is supposed to be exhibited, were introduced, from the old play, by Mr. Pope in his edition :—

“*Lord.* Who's within there? [*Enter Servants.*] Asleep again !
 Go take him easily up, and put him in his own apparel again.
 But see you wake him not in any case.

Serv. It shall be done, my lord ; come help to bear him hence.
 [*They bear off SLY.*”]

Johnson thought the fifth act should begin here.

SCENE IV. Padua. *Before BAPTISTA'S House.*

Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like
VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house; Please it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and, but¹ I be deceived, Signior Baptista may remember me. Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where We were lodgers at the Pegasus².

Tra. 'Tis well:
And hold your own, in any case, with such Austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello, Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you; Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice; And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall³ fellow; hold thee that to drink. Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.—

¹ *But* is here used in its exceptive sense of *be-out*, without.

² Shakespeare has here taken a sign out of London, and hung it up in Padua. The *Pegasus* is the arms of the Middle Temple, and is a very popular sign. This line is given to Tranio in the folios.

³ *A tall fellow*, i. e. *a high fellow*; *a brave boy*, as we now say. Vide note on *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Sc. 4, p. 220.

*Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO*⁴.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met :—

Sir, [*to the Pedant.*]

This is the gentleman I told you of ;
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son !—

Sir, by your leave : having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself :
And,—for the good report I hear of you ;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd ; and,—if you please to like
No worse than I, upon some agreement,
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd ;
For curious⁵ I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say :—
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections :
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass⁶ my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done :
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know
best,

⁴ The old stage-direction adds :—*Pedant booted and bare-headed.*

⁵ i. e. *scrupulous*.

⁶ *Assure*, or *convey* ; a law term.

We be affied⁷; and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, Old Gremio is hearkening still;
And, happily⁸, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight:
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:—
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart⁹!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, Pedant, and BAPTISTA.]

Bion. Cambio.—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind,
to expound the meaning or moral¹⁰ of his signs
and tokens.

⁷ *Affied*, i. e. *betrotted*.

⁸ *Happily*, in Shakespeare's time, signified *peradventure*, as well as fortunately; we now write it *haply*.

⁹ This line is erroneously given to Biondello in the folios.

¹⁰ *Moral*, i. e. *the secret purpose*.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him ?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then ?—

Bion. The old priest at St. Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this ?

Bion. I cannot tell ; except while¹¹ they are busied about a counterfeit assurance, take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*¹². To the church ;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses :

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [*Going.*]

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello ?

Bion. I cannot tarry : I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit ; and so may you, sir ; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*]

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented :

She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt ?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her ;
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit*¹³.]

¹¹ The first folio reads *expect*, the second folio *except*. The word *while* is supplied in Mr. Collier's corrected second folio.

¹² These were the words of the old exclusive privilege for *imprinting* a book. A quibble is meant.

¹³ Here, in the old play, the Tinker speaks again :—

"*Stie.* Sim, must they be married now ?

Lord. Ay, my lord.

Enter FERANDO and SANDER.

Stie. Look, Sim, the foole is come againe now."

SCENE V. *A publick Road.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward
our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house:—

Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—

Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:

And if you please to call it a rush candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know, it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:—

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;

And the moon changes, even as your mind.

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;

And so it shall be still¹, for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl should
run,

And not unluckily against the bias.—

But soft! company is coming here.

¹ The old copy has, "And so it shall be so." We should read, as Ritson suggests, "And so it shall be still, for Katharine," 1825.

Enter VINCENTIO, *in a travelling dress.*

Good-morrow, gentle mistress : Where away ?—

[*To* VINCENTIO.

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too²,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks !
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee :—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,

Whither away : or where³ is thy abode ?
Happy the parents of so fair a child ;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow⁴ !

Pet. Why, how now, Kate ! I hope thou art not mad ;
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd ;

² In the old play are two passages which Pope thought to be from the hand of Shakespeare, and which are well worth preserving :—

“ Faire lovely maiden, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious sardonyx or purple rocks
Of amethysts, or glistening hyacinth—
—Sweete Kate, entertaine this lovely woman.—

Kath. Fair lovely lady, bright and chrystalline,
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird ;
As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,
And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks.
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
Inhabitable, like the burning zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.”

³ First folio and quarto have *whither* ; second and third folio *where*.

⁴ This is from the fourth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, by Golding, 1586, p. 56. Ovid borrowed his ideas from the sixth book of the *Odyssey*, 154, &c.

And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun⁵;
That every thing I look on seemeth green⁶:
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make
known

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir,—and you, my merry mistress,—
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd—Vincentio; my dwelling—Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.

And now by law as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married: Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,

⁵ It may be a genuine stage tradition that the actress, in delivering this line, is wont to cast a look of enquiry towards Petruchio, as hesitating whether to say sun or moon.

⁶ Another proof of Shakespeare's accurate observation of natural phenomena. When one has been long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with green. The reason is assigned by writers upon optics.

Like pleasant travellers to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PET. KATH. and VIN.]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Padua. *Before Lucentio's House.*

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA; *GREMIO walking on the other side.*

Biondello.

SOFTLY and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master¹ as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUC. BIAN. and BION.]

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house, My father's bears more toward the market-place; Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

¹ The old editions read *mistress*. The emendation is Theobald's, who rightly observes that, by *master*, Biondello means his pretended master, Tranio.

Vin. You shall not choose, but drink before you go ;
I think, I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock
louder.

Enter Pedant above at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down
the gate ?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir ?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound
or two, to make merry withal ?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself ; he
shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was well beloved in
Padua.—Do you hear, sir ?—to leave frivolous circum-
stances,—I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio, that his
father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to
speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest ; his father is come from Pisa²,
and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father ?

Ped. Ay, sir ; so his mother says, if I may believe
her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman ! [*To VINCENT.*]
why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another
man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain ; I believe 'a means
to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together :
God send 'em good shipping !— But who is here ?

² The old copy reads from *Padua*. Tyrwhitt suggested the
necessary correction.

mine old master, Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp.

[*Seeing* BIONDELLO.]

Bion. I hope, I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue: What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [Beats BIONDELLO.]

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [Exit.]

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

[Exit, from the window.]

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [They retire.]

Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat³!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the

³ *A copatain hat, i. e. a sugar-loaf hat, a coppid-tanke hat; galerus accuminatus.*—*Junius Nomenclator*, 1585. This kind of hat is twice mentioned by Gascoigne. Vide *Hearbes*, p. 154:—

"A *coptant* hat made on a Flemish block."

Again in his epilogue, p. 216:—

"With *high-copt* hats and feathers flaunt-a flaunt."

"Upon their heads they ware felt hats *copple-tanked* a quarter of an ell high or more."—*Comines, by Danet*. Mr. Collier says, "It is not known what kind of hat was intended!" Surely it is sufficiently obvious.

good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman: Why, sir, what concerns⁴ it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O, villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer⁵: [*Enter one with an Officer.*] carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

⁴ The first folio has *cernes*. *Concerns* is the reading of the second folio.

⁵ Here, in the original play, the Tinker speaks again:—

Slie. I say, weele have no sending to prison.

Lord. My lord, this is but the play; they're but in jest.

Slie. I tell thee, Sim, weele have no sending To prison, that's flat; why, Sim, am I not Don Christo Vari? Therefore, I say, they shall not goe to prison.

Lord. No more they shall not, my lord: They be runne away.

Slie. Are they run away, Sim? that's well: Then gi's some more drinke, and let them play againe.

Lord. Here, my lord."

Gre. Stay, officer ; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio ; I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catched⁶ in this business ; I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard ; to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused :—
O monstrous villain !

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO, and BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is ; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*]

Vin. Lives my sweet son ?

[*BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant run out.*]

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*]

Bap. How hast thou offended ?

Where is Lucentio ?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,

Right son to the right Vincentio ;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne⁷.

⁶ *Coney-patched*, i. e. *deceived, cheated.*

⁷ This is probably an allusion to Gascoigne's comedy, entitled *Supposes*, from which several of the incidents are borrowed. Gascoigne's original was Ariosto's *I Suppositi*. The word *supposes* was often used, as it is in the text, by Shakespeare's cotemporaries ; one instance, from Drayton's epistle of King John to Matilda, may suffice :—

“ And tell me those are shadows and *supposes*.”

To *blear* the eye anciently signified to *deceive, to cheat*. The reader

Gre. Here's packing⁸, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio, That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love Made me exchange my state with Tranio, While he did bear my countenance in the town; And happily I have arriv'd at the last Unto the wished haven of my bliss:— What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to; Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? [*To LUCENTIO.*] Have you married my daughter without asking my goodwill?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: But I will in, to be revenged for this villainy. [*Exit.*]

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

[*Exit.*]

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt LUC. and BIAN.*]

Gre. My cake is dough⁹: But I'll in among the rest:

Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*]

will remember Milton's

“Spells

Of power to cheat the eye with *blear* illusion.”

⁸ *Packing*, i. e. *plottings*, *underhand contrivances*.

⁹ *My cake is dough*. An obsolete proverb, repeated on the loss of hope or expectation. A cake which comes out of the oven in the state of dough disappoints by being a failure and uneatable. Gremio had before said, Act i. Sc. 2:—“Our cake is dough on both sides,” which refers to the ancient baking of cakes at the embers, when it may have been only ordinary ill luck to have a cake burnt on one side and dough on the other.

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA *advance.*

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir; God forbid:—but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again:—Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate; Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Lucentio's House.*

A Banquet set out.

Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the Pedant,* LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, *and* Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, *and others, attending.*

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done¹,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with selfsame kindness welcome thine:—
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house;
My banquet² is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, sit down;

¹ The old copy reads *come*, the emendation is Rowe's. Mr. Collier and the corrector of his second folio suggest *gone*.

² The *banquet* here, as in other places of Shakespeare, was a refection similar to our modern *dessert*, consisting of cakes, sweet-meats, fruits, &c. According to Baret, "banketting dishes brought at the end of meales, were junkettes, tartes, marchpanes." Yet

For now we sit to chat, as well as eat. [*They sit at table.*

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruccio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be afraid³.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense; I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round:—

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew, Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe⁴:

And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

from the same authority it appears that a *banquet* and a *feast* were also then synonymous, and the word is often used by Shakespeare in that sense also.

³ We have here an instance of the use of *fear* in its active and passive sense.

⁴ As this was meant for a rhyming couplet, it should be observed that *shrew* was pronounced *shrow*. See also the finale, where it rhymes to *so*.

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer :—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to HORTENSIO.*

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt? a hasty witted body

Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun, Have at you for a bitter⁵ jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush, And then pursue me as you draw your bow :— You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow.*

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, Signior Tranio, This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not; Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound, Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift⁶ simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself; 'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird⁷, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess; And, as the jest did glance away from me, 'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

⁵ The old copy reads *better*. The emendation is Capell's.

⁶ *A good swift simile*. Besides the original sense of speedy in motion, *swift* signified *witty, quick witted*. So in *As You Like It*, the Duke says of the clown, "He is very *swift* and sententious."

⁷ *A gird is a cut, a sarcasm, a stroke of satire.*

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no ; and therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife ;
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content :—What is the wager ?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns !

I'll venture so much of my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match ; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin ?

Luc. That will I. Go,
Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves ; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now ! what news ?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How ! she is busy, and she cannot come !
Is that an answer ?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too :
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit BIONDELLO.*

Pet. O, ho ! entreat her !

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now where's my wife ?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand ;
She will not come ; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse ; she will not come ! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd !

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress ;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRUMIO.

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What ?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidam⁸, here comes Katharina !

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me ?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife ?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go fetch them hither ; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands .
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit* KATHARINA.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is ; I wonder what it bodes .

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy ;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio !
The wager thou hast won ; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns ;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet ;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

⁸ Haligdom A. S. a sacred oath, probably signifying *by my holiness or honesty.*

Re-enter KATHARINA, *with* BIANCA, *and* Widow.

See, where she comes ; and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not ;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[KATHARINA *pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass !

Bian. Fye ! what a foolish duty call you this ?

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too :
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me a hundred crowns⁹ since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong
women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking ; we will have
no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say ; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall ;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fye, fye ! unknit that threat'ning unkind
brow ;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor :
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads ;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds ;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

⁹ The old copies have *hath cost me five hundred*. Pope corrected it to a hundred.

Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,
 And for thy maintenance : commits his body
 To painful labour, both by sea and land ;
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
 Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;—
 Too little payment for so great a debt.
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
 Even such a woman oweth to her husband :
 And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
 And, not obedient to his honest will,
 What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?—
 I am asham'd, that women are so simple
 To offer war, where they should kneel for peace ;
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world ;
 But that our soft conditions¹⁰ and our hearts,
 Should well agree with our external parts ?
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms !
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
 My heart as great ; my reason, haply, more,
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown :
 But now, I see, our lances are but straws ;
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
 Then vail your stomachs¹¹, for it is no boot ;
 And place your hands below your husband's foot :
 In token of which duty, if he please,

¹⁰ *Soft conditions*, that is, the gentle qualities of our minds.

¹¹ *Vail your stomachs*, abate your pride, your spirit ; it is no boot, i. e. it is profitless, it is no advantage. Thus in King Richard II. Act i. Sc. 1 :—

“ Norfolk, throw down ; we bid ; there is no boot.”

My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed:—

We three are married, but you two are sped¹².

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white¹³;

[*To* LUCENTIO.

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATH.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [*Exeunt*¹⁴.

¹² *You two are sped*, i. e. *the fate of you both is decided*; for you both have wives who exhibit early proofs of disobedience.

¹³ *The white* was the central part of the mark or butt in archery. Here is also a play upon the name of *Bianca*, which is *white* in Italian.

¹⁴ The old play continues thus:—

“*Enter two servants, bearing SLIE in his own apparel, and leaving him on the stage. Then enter a Tapster.*

Tapster. Now that the darksome night is overpast,

And dawning day appears in christall skie,

Now must I haste abroad: but soft! who's this?

What, Slie? O wondrous? hath he laine heere all night!

Ile wake him; I thinke he's starved by this,

But that his belly was so stuff't with ale:

What now, Slie? awake for shame.

Slie. [Awaking.] Sim, give's more wine.—What, all the players gone?—Am I not a lord?

Tap. A lord, with a murrain?—Come, art thou drunk still?

Slie. Who's this? Tapster!—Oh I have had the bravest dream that ever thou heard'st in all thy life.

Tap. Yea, marry, but thou hadst best get thee home, for your wife will curse you for dreaming here all night.

Slie. Will she? I know how to *tame a shrew*. I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out of the best dream that ever I had; but I'll to my wife, and tame her too, if she anger me.”



CRITICAL ESSAY ON THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

NO contemporary notice of this play has been recovered and no impression of it anterior to the first folio. The omission of it in the enumeration of Francis Meres proves that that list was incomplete, for it contains the titles of plays that we may be certain on critical grounds were written after this.

The play occupies a very subordinate position among the comedies of Shakespeare, but there are points of great interest connected with it, chiefly dependent on the curious relation it bears to a comedy still extant, the work of another hand. The first edition of this, under the title of *The pleasant conceited History called the Taming of a Shrew*, was printed in 1594, and there were two later in 1596 and 1607. The entries in the Stationers' books furnish no ground for supposing that any edition of Shakespeare's work was ever printed, although in the entry for the folio of 1623 it is not recited in the list of those "not formerly entered to other men." The connection between this play and Shakespeare's is of the closest kind, and there is not the slightest ground for supposing that any intermediate modification had taken place. This is important, because the comedy of Shakespeare abounds in verses of the doggerel measure which are not borrowed from the play that he worked upon, and in this case therefore, as in others—as for instance in the *Comedy of Errors*, we are precluded from ascribing the doggerel portions to another author as a matter of course, and must accept them as even characteristics of the poet's manner at a certain period. This doubtless, from the plays to which the remark applies, was an early period and to that we must assign *The Taming of the Shrew*. The fact, however, of the play as it now stands having been in the main an early production would not preclude the possibility that it may bear the traces of revision at a much later date. Indeed, considering what we know so absolutely of the successive corrections to which Shakespeare subjected his dramas, I have sometimes thought that when his first editors speak of having

received his papers without a blot, they must be referring to revised copies preparing by the author himself for the publication which his friends and fellows regret that he did not live to superintend. In the present instance however this conjecture applies less than in some others, and I suspect that we have the play much as it was first brought forward.

The date of the earliest edition of the old play does not give us a fixed limit for the *rifacimento*, as it is impossible to say how much earlier it may not have been played and in the hands of the players. Shakespeare's own productions are examples how long a play may have been popular on the stage before it was printed, and hundreds were never printed at all. In the meantime there is proof that at one period the same play was not, at least in many cases, confined to a single company, and also that nothing was more frequent than to bring out old plays with recent changes and additions very frequently by other hands than those of the original author.

Mr. Knight has advanced the opinion that the original Taming of a Shrew was the work of Robert Greene and the passages adduced in comparison of style give strong confirmation. Six of Greene's dramas, one of them written in connexion with Lodge, have been identified and collected. He died in poverty in 1592, and in a posthumous pamphlet published by a fellow author, Chettle, he reflected on Shakespeare in terms that have been construed as a charge of literary plagiarism, and that are at least interesting illustrations of the position and character of the poet at this time, which could not be very far from the production of *The Taming of the Shrew*. As Greene's pamphlet and death date in 1592 and the first edition of his supposed play two years later, the adaptation of it by Shakespeare, if alluded to in the passage to be quoted, would imply that it came to his hands as hinted above by some channel independent of the press.

In the Groat's worth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance then, Greene thus addresses his brother dramatists, Marlowe, Peele and Lodge. "Base minded men all three of ye, if by my misery you be not warned; for unto none of you like me sought those burs to cleave; those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths; those antics garnished in our colours. Is it not strange that I to whom they have all been beholding—is it not like that you to whom they have all been beholding—shall (were ye in that case I am now) be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his *tiger's heart, wrapt in a player's hide* supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is in his own conceit, the only *Shake-scene* in a country. Oh that I might intreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses; and let these apes imitate your past excellence and never more

acquaint them with your admired inventions. I know the best husband of you all will never prove an usurer, and the kindness of them all will never prove a kind nurse; yet whilst you may seek you better masters: for it is pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasures of such rude grooms."

Much of this complaint is of the staple of all authors, dramatic or others, dissatisfied with the division of the profits of combined exertion between themselves and speculative managers or book-sellers; somewhat more is expressive of jealousy at the success of a rival who by rapid advancement and untiring versatility has secured both player's profit and poet's glory, and has thus reduced the usual suppliers of the stage to still more galling dependence; but there is even more in it, and it is impossible not to perceive that the assumption of stolen plumes is brought into such connexion with the poetical displays of the actor author as to imply piratical encroachment. This is the impression they conveyed to the author of Greene's *Funerals*, 1594, who seems to have this very passage in his mind in the lines:—

"Nay more, the men that so eclipsed his fame

Purloined his plumes, can they deny the same?"

Sooth to say, it is no impossibility that Shakespeare in the full exercise of his talents for business as well as poetry, may have had no more consideration for those by whose very deficiencies he rose than men usually have who are engrossed in the successful pursuit of fortune; still the general spirit of this pamphlet is so bad—a *scald trivial lying pamphlet* it was called by Nashe, a friend of the writer, that we may disregard the base charges and be simply thankful to learn that at this date Shakespeare was on a par at least with the most renowned playwrights of the day, while Marlowe was still living, as well as an actor of repute, and that with no lack of self-reliance and originality he had made extensive use of the productions of others not necessarily illicitly, but with a success that provoked some irritation.

Other testimony that indeed is pleasanter and perhaps as important is given in the apology of Chettle which followed the imputation within three months in *Kind-heart's Dream*. We gather from this, without difficulty, that Shakespeare felt natural offence, and appears to have taken the frankest means of asserting his self-respect by personal communication. "With neither of them," says Chettle, "that take offence was I acquainted; and with one of them [this appears to be Marlowe] I care not if I never be; the other whom at that time I did not so much spare, as since I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might have used my own discretion (especially in such a case, the author being dead) that I did not I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil, than he excellent in the quality [that is of an actor] he professes; besides divers of wor-

ship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art."

In 1592 Shakespeare was 28, but already three years earlier he was a sharer in the Blackfriar's company; in the following year he dedicated his poem of *Venus and Adonis* to Lord Southampton in terms that are sufficient to evince his acceptance with "divers of worship," and in the year preceding a passage is found in a poem of Spenser, *The Tears of the Muses*, that will suit none but Shakespeare and show plainly what proofs he had at that time given of his poetic and creative power; he is:—

"The man whom nature's self hath made
To mock herself and truth to imitate—
With kindly counter under mimic shade,
Our pleasant Willy."

He is,—

"That same gentle spirit from whose pen
Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow."

On all these grounds I entertain little doubt that *The Taming of the Shrew* dates at least before the year 1592.

It is observable that if *The Taming of a Shrew* were really Greene's he was himself not quite clear from the transgression he imputes, for his play contains a number of passages evidently taken from Marlowe's *Faustus* and *Tamburlaine*, and these minor borrowings are much more of the nature of stealing than an avowed adaptation on a large scale where there can be no pretence of disavowing or concealing an obligation.

Shakespeare then took up the earlier play, captivated apparently by the excellence of a fundamental idea, and rewrote it from beginning to end. As regards the story and conduct of the piece he retained and expanded the Induction; in the play proper he followed the scenes and incidents in the course of Katharina and Petruchio very exactly; but in the wooings of Bianca he made very extensive changes for which he derived the motives from *The Supposes*, a play translated from the *Suppositi* of Ariosto, by Gascoigne, and acted at Gray's Inn in 1566. From this source he also took the names of Petruchio and Licio.

With respect to the execution of the play, so entirely is it recast that even in the scenes of which the matter is closest to the original there are but few lines transferred literally. Still we must do justice to the earlier writer and incomparably superior as the adapted scenes undoubtedly are in every respect, the best scenes of the new play are precisely those that correspond most closely with the older production, and manifestly owe their excellence largely if not to its example to its inspiration.

We lose Sly at the end of the first scene of the play, and it has been doubted whether the rest of the character has not been lost, but there was an inherent weakness in the attachment of the part, and it seems most probable that Shakespeare felt this and was

content to let it drop off, though not to spare it altogether. The story of a drunkard bewildered out of his identity is found among the Tales of the Thousand and One Arabian Nights', however it came there. Nearer at hand in time and place it is told as a freak of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, in Goulart's Admirable and memorable Histories translated by E. Grimestone in 1607, but said to have appeared in English as early as 1570, a collection of stories by Richard Edwards, and likely enough to have been transferred to the stage many times no longer to be traced. The remarkable point in this version is that as part of the routine of a ducal day and verging to its conclusion, *they play* before the artisan, a *pleasant comedy*. It is after this that a banquet with store of precious wine sends him soon back into his drunken sleep. There certainly was something witty and ingenious in the notion of bringing the drunkard on the stage, representing him as deceived in his own person by Lords turned players, and then as the spectator of a play which again was contrived not without reference to his position and made him look on at an intrigue like that of which he was the subject, to laugh and be amused at a plot to outface a bully and persuade a lady out of her own nature and character, and at a scheme to personate a Duke that breaks down by the accidental confronting of the false and the real. But the primary play will not bear the weight of the secondary; new wine is put into old bottles too weak to retain it, and thus the entire perspective of the piece is taken in reverse, foreground and background change places and when this has occurred the less important cannot be too soon covered up and forgotten. That this was Shakespeare's intention appears I think from the last words addressed and given to Sly; after a single scene he is already as might be expected falling asleep; he "nods and does not mind the play"—'tis a very excellent piece of work he says, "would 'twere done." This seems notice early and plain enough that he was not to burden the stage to the end, and that literature and not "Ipocras" was to be guilty of his second deep sleep. The absence of stage direction for his ultimate removal is no difficulty, for it would be still more requisite if he remained to the last. The end of his existence has been already fully attained when he has been passed through all the stages of astonishment, perplexity and hesitation, until he rests fully at ease in his new conviction, a perfected counterfoil to the converted Katharina.

The players themselves do not escape a touch of satire in the old play; the stage direction on their appearance bespeaks the narrow appliances of a company travelling; "Enter two of the players with packs at their backs and a boy"—and the low comedian has an earnest purpose when he puts in the word:—

"And I'll speak for the properties: My Lord, we must
Have a shoulder of mutton for a property."

Audiences such as they were when the groundling element that Shakespeare contemned predominated, have also their mirror set before them. Sly's anxiety when the play is proposed, is to enquire "Is there not a fool in the play?" and it is evidently with relief that he exclaims in the progress of the play, "Look, Sim, the fool is come again now." There is indeed much appearance in the construction of these old plays, that the alternation of scenes of strongly contrasted style was partly a necessity in order to gratify the various tastes of a mixed audience in turn, before Shakespeare found the way to blend them with such refined art that the alteration was an enhancement of effect and enjoyment to the most refined. There is much humour again in the indignation of Sly and the difficulty with which he is pacified, when at a crisis of the play two of the characters are in peril of prison:—

Sly. I say, we'll have no sending to prison.

Lord. My lord, this is but the play, they're but in jest.

Sly. I tell thee, Sim, we'll have no sending

To prison, that's flat; why, Sim, am not I Don Christo Vari? Therefore, I say, they shall not go to prison.

Lord. No more they shall not, my lord, they be run away.

Sly. Are they run away, Sim? that's well

Then gi's some more drink, and let them play again."

Spoken like one whose ancles had been erewhile sore with the stocks.

Sly's transformation in belief which is developed so naturally by Shakespeare, is very inartificially managed in the old Induction, where he believes that he is a Lord at once on the strength of a single assurance and his fine apparel. The versified portion of Shakespeare's Induction has great merit; but it is, nevertheless, unequal and betrays at times a weakness and uncertainty of hand unknown in his better works. There are lines that get their complement of syllables, or regular accentuation, by charitable indulgence; "Prose strained to verse, verse loitering into prose." Thus "It would seem strange unto him when he waked"—and "Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters"—and "Full of rose-water and bestrewed with flowers." The best passages of the Induction however stand for and go far to attain the rhythm of the Two Gentlemen of Verona. In the following quotation the lively spirit and the tremulous faltering are in immediate opposition:—

"2 *Servt.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook

And Cytherea all in sedges hid,

Which seem to move and wanton with the breath
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done."

The scene of the old play is at Athens; but Shakespeare, in adapting an Italian play for the underplot, transferred the scene to an Italian seat of learning, Padua, with which the entire action is in far better harmony. The accuracy with which he has caught and transferred the local manners was, probably, simply due to the intuition with which, in so many other cases, a few true characteristics enabled him to follow forth all their conditions and consequences. In the decrepit lover Gremio, he has reproduced the proper pantaloon of the Italian stage, and the very term is once applied to him, while Grumio is a representation of the more boisterous buffoon.

Looking over the play at large it must be thought that the leading subject is scarcely of a calibre to correspond with the length of it, and, as in the *Comedy of Errors*, not only is blank verse bestowed on matter scarcely worthy, but the theme (at least as it is treated) seems more akin to farce than comedy. Part of this weakness is no doubt due to the comparative tameness and disparity of the underplot. This, the wooing of Bianca by lovers in disguise and masquerading servants, is a characterless tale of intrigue, and however successfully its incidents may be interwoven with those of Petruchio's enterprise, this does not overcome the essential discordance in tone and spirit. The tale of Katharine and Petruchio stands in unsupported isolation, bold spirited, lively and exciting in itself, and requiring doubtless some more sober relief, but a relief not dependent on tameness or mere difference of incident, but with contrasted geniality of characterization that would not only relieve but refresh. A masterpiece of such combination is the *Comedy of Much Ado about Nothing*, but for this the time was not yet.

The contrast of the passive Hero with the vivacious Beatrice is set forth in a manner to interest as well as amuse us; but there is something more of the epigrammatic than the comic in the smartly invented antithesis of the termagant Katharina, who accepts pretty readily the husband provided for her and becomes a submissive wife, and the meek submissive Bianca, who with all her tranquillity of spirit helps herself to the husband that suits her own fancy, and has her own will when she is married. There is also something uncomfortable and ungallant in the direction of the chief current of ridicule upon the weakness of the sex. The realm of Comedy, to be agreeable, must be ruled by the milder laws of the drawing-room, and be subject to the same constitutional allowances, with whatever irony tempered, of the infallibility of the fair.

Apart, however, from considerations of plan and principle, nothing can be better in its way than the execution of the whole story of the Taming. The general outline and also the tone of execution are in the old play; but it is after all but an arid channel compared with the overwhelming flow of humour and

language that breaks along in a perfect outburst of exuberant invention. When the play commences, Katharina appears instated in the character of a shrew, rough, peevish, petulant, irritable, and therefore, however she obtained the character, in a false position which aggravates itself. Her younger and milder mannered sister is beset with suitors, and upon her she vents her petulance in terms which show how far her continued single state reacts upon the testiness that already deprives her of suitors, and the mischief reproduces itself. To such a state of things Petruchio was born to put an end; there is thus much sympathy between the two at starting, that well provided married state is their common object with secondary interest in the individual to be chosen. The simple difficulty to be apprehended of cross purposes, and repulsion at first encounter, is happily obviated by positive determination to take and admit of nothing other than as desired; and accordingly, after a scene of the strangest pertinacity, in which Petruchio mingles a fair proportion of flattery with banter and defiance, he makes such progress that my lady takes refuge in the sulks, and with protesting grumbings and compliant gestures she gives her hand when he asks it for the ceremonious betrothal, nay without protesting or resisting so far gives a parting kiss when he asks it that he takes it without ceremony and then she withdraws silent, but by that very token not ill satisfied.

We may guess how far the pair are suited when we find her still more disappointed than piqued when he is unheard of on the day fixed for marriage. He arrives at last, and rough as he is and rudely accoutred she marries him notwithstanding, and no declared and obstinate opposition do we hear of until they are surely tied. Then for the first time resistance openly appears; she will stay for the bridal dinner will he or not, and now the true conflict and the taming begins. The moral of the contest proves merely this, that with equal spirit and determination on either side, the balance of physical power, of muscular strength, of capability of watching, of fasting, of enduring fatigue, so far preponderate on the side of the husband that the weaker sex has no chance in a protracted opposition and must ultimately be wearied and tired out. The matter however does not rest there; if we might apply the moral of the tale generally, Shakespeare would be an authority to back the adage:—

“A spaniel, a woman, and walnut tree,

The more you beat them the better they be.”

Katharina at last does not remain in mere compelled obedience; her very spirit is subdued to the quality of natural subordination. With spaniel-like subservience she now turns on Hortensio's widow, when she hints that Petruchio is not absolute, and at last delivers a homily with no hint of insincerity, on the law of nature as illustrative of feminine subjugation:—

“ Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts.”

If this be the truth one may venture to ask whether it be quite the whole truth; whether in the terms of the treaty by which the matrimonial conflict gives place to capitulation and alliance, the weaker sex does not come less favourably off than nature would sanction, in consequence of unfair advantage of law and custom. Be this however as it may, there is still more to be said, and without it the history of Katharina and Petruchio is as incomplete as the anamorphosis of Christopher Sly. In that particular phase of the battle of life, the married state, there are other powers and influences employed than can be met by any power of fasting, watching, and fatigue. The play furnishes no hint or adumbration of the process and result in which the weaker character tells upon the stronger in the wedded state, the complying upon the obstinate, the mild upon the self-willed, the submissive upon the self-confident or, let it be whispered, the teasing upon the terrifying, until, as frequently for good as for ill, tastes and habits, associations and even most definite purposes are modified and revolutionized, and now the hour of dinner, and now religious belief or at least religious behaviour take new adjustments; until the minds and manners of the partners are as palpably blended in themselves with variable balance either way, as in their offspring. Thus the exhibition in this play of the rights and the powers of man remains onesided, and therefore unsatisfactory—an anecdote and not a proper action, not to be completed however on such a scheme as Fletcher's *Tamer Tamed*, by marrying Petruchio to a second wife who could wield his own weapons. It is just possible that the confession and consciousness of the requirement of a sequel may be contained in the last lines of the unbalanced composition we have considered:—

“ *Hortensio*. Now go thy ways, thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

Lucentio. 'Tis a wonder by your leave she will be tamed so.”

At any rate Sir John Harrington, Queen Elizabeth's “witty god-son,” with the old play before him in 1596, was not convinced that the tale was at an end when he noted in his *Metamorphosis of Ajax*:—“Read the book of *Taming a Shrew*, which hath made a number of us so perfect that now every one can rule a shrew in our country, save he that hath her.”

W. W. LL.



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS
WELL



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE fable of All's Well that Ends Well is derived from the story of Gilletta of Narbonne in the Decamerone of Boccaccio. It came to Shakespeare through the medium of Painter's Palace of Pleasure: and is to be found in the first volume, which was printed as early as 1566. The comic parts of the plot, and the characters of the Countess, Lafeu, &c. are of the poet's own creation, and in the conduct of the fable he has found it expedient to depart from his original more than it is his usual custom to do. The character of Helena is beautifully drawn; she is an heroic and patient sufferer of adverse fortune like Griselda, and placed in circumstances of almost equal difficulty. Her romantic passion for Bertram, with whom she had been brought up as a sister; her grief at his departure for the court, which she expresses in some exquisitely impassioned lines, and the retiring anxious modesty with which she confides her passion to the Countess, are in the poet's sweetest style of writing. Nor are the succeeding parts of her conduct touched with a less delicate and masterly hand. Placed in extraordinary and embarrassing circumstances there is a propriety and delicacy in all her actions, which is consistent with the guileless innocence of her heart.

The King is properly made an instrument in the denouement of the plot of the play, and this is a most striking and judicious deviation from the novel: his gratitude and esteem for Helen are consistent and honourable to him as a man and a monarch.

Johnson has expressed his dislike of the character of Bertram, and most fair readers have manifested their abhorrence of him, and have thought with Johnson that he ought not to have gone unpunished, for the sake not only of poetical but of *moral* justice. Schlegel has remarked that "Shakespeare never attempts to mitigate the impression of his unfeeling pride and giddy dissipation.

He intended merely to give us a military portrait; and paints the true way of the world, according to which the injustice of men towards women is not considered in a very serious light, if they only maintain what is called the *honour* of the family." The fact is, that the construction of his plot prevented him. Helen was to be rewarded for her heroic and persevering affection, and any more serious punishment than the temporary shame and remorse that awaits Bertram would have been inconsistent with comedy. It should also be remembered that he was constrained to marry Helen against his will. Shakespeare was a good-natured moralist; and, like his own creation old *Lafeu*, though he was delighted to strip off the mask of pretension, he thought that punishment might be carried too far. Who that has been diverted with the truly comic scenes in which Parolles is made to appear in his true character could have wished him to have been otherwise dismissed?—

"Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat."

It has been remarked that "the style of the whole play is more conspicuous for sententiousness than imagery:" and that "the glowing colours of fancy could not have been introduced into such a subject." May not the period of life at which it was produced have something to do with this? Malone places the date of its composition in 1606, and observes that a beautiful speech of the sick king has much the air of that moral and judicious reflection that accompanies an advanced period of life:—

"Let me not live

After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain: whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions."

It appears probable that the original title of this play was *Love's Labours Wonne*: at least a piece under that title is mentioned by Meres in his *Wits Treasury*, 1598; but if this was the play referred to, what becomes of Malone's hypothesis relating to the date of its composition?

It was first printed in the folio of 1623.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King of France.

Duke of Florence.

BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.

LAFEU *, *an old Lord.*

PAROLLES *, *a follower of Bertram.*

Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.

Steward, } *Servants to the Countess of Rousillon.*
Clown, }

A Page.

Countess of Rousillon, *Mother to Bertram.*

HELENA, *a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess.*

An old Widow of Florence.

DIANA, *Daughter to the Widow.*

VIOLENTA, } *Neighbours and Friends to the Widow.*
MARIANA, }

Lords, *attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers,
&c. French and Florentine.*

SCENE, *partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.*

* Steevens says that we should write *Lefeu* and *Paroles*.



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, the Countess of Rousillon, HELENA, and LAFEU, all in black.

Countess.



N delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward¹, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; —you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam;

¹ The heirs of great fortunes were formerly the king's *wards*. This prerogative was a branch of the feudal law. The custom, it seems, prevailed in Normandy, but not in the part of France where the scene is laid.

under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope ; and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father (O, that *had!* how sad a passage² 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty ; had it stretched so far, 'twould³ have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living ! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam ?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so : Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam ; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly : he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of ?

Laf. A fistula, my lord⁴.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon ?

² In the *Heautontimorumenos* of Terence, which had been translated in Shakespeare's time, is the following passage :—

“ *Filium unicum adolescentulum*
Habeo. Ah quid dixi *Habere* me ? imo
habui, Chreme,
Nunc habeam incertum est.”

In *Wily Beguiled*, a comedy, 1606 :—

“ She is not mine, I have no daughter now.

That I should say *I had* thence comes the grief.”

The countess remembers her own loss, and hence her sympathy. *Passage is occurrence, circumstance.*

³ The old copy by mistake omits the 't before *would*, although there is space for it. I insert it, for otherwise we have no nominative to the verb.

⁴ In Painter's Novel the King's malady is said to be “ a swelling upon his breast, which, by reason of ill cure, was grown to be a fistula.”

Count. His sole child, my lord ; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises : her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer ; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities⁴, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too ; in her they are the better for their simpleness ; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season⁵ her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood⁶ from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more ; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have⁷.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too⁸.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Hel. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal⁹.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

⁴ We feel regret even in commending such qualities, joined with an evil disposition ; they are *traitors*, because they give the possessors power over others ; who, admiring such estimable qualities, are often betrayed by the malevolence of the possessors. Helena's virtues are the better because they are artless and open.

⁵ So in Chapman's version of the third Iliad :—

“Season'd her tears her joys to see,” &c.

⁶ *Takes all livelihood from her cheek*, i. e. *all appearance of life*.

⁷ This kind of phraseology was not peculiar to Shakespeare, though it appears uncouth to us : it is plain that he meant—“lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than have it.”

⁸ Helena's *affected* sorrow was for the death of her father ; her *real* grief related to Bertram and his departure.

⁹ This speech is given to the Countess in the folio. It evidently belongs to Helen, as Tieck suggested. Like her last it is enigmatical, and the next words of Lafeu, “How understand we that?” refer to it, and could not have gone unanswered if addressed to the Countess.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
 Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
 Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
 Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
 Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
 Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
 But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
 That thee may furnish¹⁰, and my prayers pluck down,
 Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
 'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
 Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
 That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram.

[*Exit* Countess.]

Ber. The best wishes, that can be forged in your thoughts [*To HELENA*], be servants to you¹¹! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father.

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM and LAFEU.]

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;
 And these great tears¹² grace his remembrance more
 Than those I shed for him. What was he like?

¹⁰ *That thee may furnish*, i. e. *that may help thee with more and better qualifications.*

¹¹ i. e. *may you be mistress of your wishes, and have power to bring them to effect.*

¹² That is, *Helen's own tears*, which were caused in reality by the departure of Bertram, though attributed by Lafeu and the Countess to the loss of her father, and which, from this misapprehension of theirs, *graced his memory more* than those she actually shed for him.

I have forgot him : my imagination
 Carries no favour in't, but Bertram's.
 I am undone ; there is no living, none,
 If Bertram be away. It were all one,
 That I should love a bright particular star,
 And think to wed it, he is so above me :
 In his bright radiance and collateral light
 Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
 The ambition in my love thus plagues itself :
 The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
 Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
 To see him every hour ; to sit and draw
 His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
 In our heart's table¹³ ; heart, too capable
 Of every line and trick of his sweet favour¹⁴ :
 But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
 Must sanctify his relicks. Who comes here ?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him : I love him for his sake ;
 And yet I know him a notorious liar,
 Think him a great way fool, solely¹⁵ a coward ;
 Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
 That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
 Look bleak i'the cold wind : withal, full oft we see
 Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly¹⁶.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch¹⁷.

¹³ Helena considers her heart as the *tablet* on which his resemblance was portrayed.

¹⁴ *Trick, &c.* i. e. every line and trace of his sweet countenance.

¹⁵ *Solely*, i. e. altogether, without any admixture of the opposite quality. A similar phrase occurs in *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :—

“ She being *only* wicked.”

¹⁶ *Cold* for *naked*, as *superfluous* for *overclothed*. This makes the propriety of the antithesis.

¹⁷ Perhaps there is an allusion here to the fantastic *Monarcho* mentioned in a note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i. Sc. 1.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain¹⁸ of soldier in you : let me ask you a question : Man is enemy to virginity ; how may we barricado it against him ?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails ; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak : unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none ; man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our virginity from underminers, and blowers up !—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men ?

Par. Virginity, being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up : marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase ; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found : by being ever kept, it is ever lost : 'tis too cold a companion ; away with't.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't ; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers ; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin : virginity murders itself¹⁹ ; and should be buried in

¹⁸ *Some stain of soldier*, that is, *some tincture, some little of the hue or colour of a soldier* ; as much as to say, *you that are a bit of a soldier*.

¹⁹ *He that hangs himself, and a virgin*, are in this circumstance alike, they are both *self-destroyers*.

highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited²⁰ sin in the canon. Keep it not: you cannot choose but lose by't. Out with't: within ten months it will make itself two²¹, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes²². 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear²³ not now: Your date²⁴ is better in your pie and your porridge, than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like

²⁰ *Forbidden.* *Inhibited* is elsewhere used by Shakespeare in the same sense.

²¹ The old copy reads, "*within ten years it will make itself two.*" A correction in my second folio reads, "*within ten months it will make itself two,*" which is countenanced by what follows, "and the principal itself not much the worse." Hanmer's reading "*within ten years it will make itself ten,*" has been hitherto adopted. Steevens proposed to read, *within two years it will make itself two.* *Out with it* is used equivocally. Applied to virginity, it means *give it away; part with it:* considered in another light, it signifies *put it out to interest,* it will produce you *two* for one.

²² Parolles plays upon the word *liking*, and says, *She must do ill for virginity to be so lost, must like him that likes not virginity.*

²³ The old copy reads *were*, Rowe corrected it. Shakespeare here, as in other places, uses the active for the passive. My corrected folio reads, "they wear not now."

²⁴ A quibble on *date*, which means *age*, and the well known *candied fruit* then much used in pies. The same quibble occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act i. Sc. 2.

one of our French withered pears ; it looks ill, it eats dryly ; marry, 'tis a withered pear ; it was formerly better ; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear : Will you any thing with it ?

Hel. Not my virginity yet²⁵.—

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear ;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster : with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms²⁶,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall :—God send him well !—
The court's a learning-place :—and he is one—

Par. What one, i'faith ?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity ?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt : that we, the poorer born,

²⁵ *Not my virginity yet.* The sequence of ideas in Helena's mind appears to be, *my virginity is not yet old and withered ; so far from it, that there shall your master have, &c.* The obscurity of the connection in her speech may simply express, that though she cannot quite control her feelings, she does not make Parolles a confidant, or speak so clearly as to make him one. Hanmer and Johnson suggest that some such clause as *You're for the court*, has been omitted. Malone conjectured that the omission is in Parolles's speech, and that he may have said, *I am now bound for the court*, and that something of the kind appears to be necessary to connect Helena's rhapsodical speech.

²⁶ *Pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms*, i. e. a number of pretty, fond, adopted appellations or Christian names, to which blind Cupid stands godfather. It is often used for baptism by old writers. See K. John, Act iv. Sc. 1 :—

“ By my christendom,
Were I out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long.”

Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think²⁷; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit Page.*

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety; But the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing²⁸, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so

²⁷ *And show what we alone must think, i. e. and show by realities what we now must only think.*

²⁸ This is a metaphor from Shakespeare's favourite source, Falconry. A bird of *good wing* was a bird of *swift and strong flight*. "If your valour will suffer you to go backward for advantage, and your fear, for the same reason, will make you run away, the composition is a virtue that will fly far and swiftly." Mason thinks we should read—*is like to wear well.*

thou wilt be capable²⁹ of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee ; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away : farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers ; when thou hast none, remember thy friends : get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee : so farewell. [Exit.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven : the fated sky
Gives us free scope ; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high ;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye³⁰ ?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things³¹.
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pains in sense ; and do suppose,
What hath been cannot be : Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love ?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.

[Exit.

²⁹ *Capable* and *susceptible* were synonymous in Shakespeare's time, as appears by the dictionaries. Helen says before :—

“ Heart too *capable*

Of every line and trick of his sweet favour.”

³⁰ She means, *why am I made to discern excellence, and left to long after it without the food of hope.*

³¹ *The mightiest space in fortune* here stands for *persons the most widely separated by fortune ; whom nature* (i. e. natural affection) *brings to join like likes* (i. e. equals), *and kiss like native things* (i. e. and unite like things formed by nature for each other). Or in other words, “ Nature often unites those whom fortune or inequality of rank has separated.”

SCENE II. Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the King of France, with Letters ; Lords and others attending.

King. The Florentines and Senoys¹ are by th' ears ;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible ; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid ; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes :
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here ?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1 Lord. It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face ;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts

¹ The citizens of the small republic of which Sienna was the capital. The *Sanesi*, as Boccaccio calls them, which Painter translates *Senois*, after the French method.

May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipl'd of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs² me
To talk of your good father: In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour³
So like a courtier: contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness: if they were,
His equal had awak'd them⁴; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks.
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled⁵: Such a man

² To *repair* in Shakespeare generally signifies to *renovate*. Thus, in *Cymbeline*:—

“O disloyal thing

That should'st *repair* my youth.”

³ That is, “cover petty faults with great merit:” *honour* does not stand for *dignity of rank or birth*, but *acquired reputation*. “This is an excellent observation,” says Johnson, “jocose follies, and slight offences, are only allowed by mankind in him that overpowers them by great qualities.”

⁴ *Nor* was sometimes used without reduplication. “He was so like a courtier, that there was in his dignity of manner nothing contemptuous, and in his keenness of wit nothing bitter. If *bitterness* or contemptuousness ever appeared, they had been *awakened* by some injury, not of man below him, but of his *equal*.”

⁵ We must understand with Malone, “he being humbled,” or “he humbled *himself*.”

Might be a copy to these younger times ;
Which, follow'd well, would démonstrate them now
But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb ;
So in approof⁶ lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would, I were with him ! He would always
say,
(Methinks I hear him now ; his plausible words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear)—*Let me not live,*—
This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—*let me not live,* quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain ; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments⁷ ; whose constancies
*Expire before their fashions :—*This he wish'd :
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 Lord. You are lov'd, sir ;
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died ?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet ;—
Lend me an arm ;—the rest have worn me out

⁶ *So in approof lives not his epitaph, i. e. the approbation of his worth lives not so much in his epitaph as in your royal speech.*

⁷ *Mere fathers of their garments, i. e. who have no other use of their faculties than to invent new modes of dress.*

With several applications :—nature and sickness
 Debate it at their leisure⁸. Welcome, count ;
 My son's no dearer.

Ber.

Thank your majesty.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

SCENE III. Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's
 Palace.*

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown¹.

Count. I will now hear : what say you of this gentlewoman ?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content², I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours ; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here ? Get you gone, sirrah : The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe ; 'tis my slowness, that I do not : for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir,

⁸ So in *Macbeth* :—

“Death and nature do contend about them.”

¹ The *Clown* in this comedy is a *domestic fool* of the same kind as *Touchstone*. Such fools were, in the poet's time, maintained in all great families to keep up merriment in the house. Cartwright, in his verses prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, censures such dialogues as this, and that between *Olivia* and the *Clown* in *Twelfth Night* :—

“Shakespeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies
 I'th' lady's questions, and the fool's replies,
 Old fashion'd wit, which walk'd from town to town
 In trunk-hose, which our fathers called the clown.”

² *To even your content*, i. e. to act up to your desires.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor ; though many of the rich are damned : But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world³, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar ?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case ?

Clo. In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage : and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body ; for, they say, bearns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it : I am driven on by the flesh ; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason ?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them ?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are ; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam ; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. Y' are shallow, madam ; e'en great friends ; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He, that ears my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop : if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge : He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood ; he, that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood ; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend : *ergo*, he

³ *To go to the world. i. e. to be married.*

that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage: for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam⁴ the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one, they may joll horns together, like any deer i'the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way⁵:

*For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind⁶.*

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. [*Singing.*] *Was this fair face the cause,
quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done⁷, done fond,
Was this king Priam's joy⁸.
With that she sighed as she stood,*

⁴ Malone conjectures that we should read, *Poisson the papist*, alluding to the custom of eating fish on fast days: as *Charbon* the puritan alludes to the fiery zeal of that sect. It is Shakespeare's custom to use significant names.

⁵ *The next way*, i. e. *the readiest way*.

⁶ *Kind*, i. e. *nature*.

⁷ *Fond done*, i. e. *foolishly done*.

⁸ The name of Helen brings to the Clown's memory this fragment of an old ballad; something has escaped him, it appears, for *Paris* "was king Priam's only joy," as Helen was Sir Paris's. According to two fragments quoted by the commentators.

*With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then ;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.*

Count. What, one good in ten ; you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam ; which is a purifying o' the song : 'Would, God would serve the world so all the year ! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson : One in ten, quoth a' ! an we might have a good woman born, but on⁹ every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well ; a man may draw his heart out, ere a' pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you ?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done !—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt ; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart¹⁰.—I am going, forsooth : the business is for Helen to come hither.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Count. Well, now.

⁹ The old copy reads *ore*. Malone substituted *or*. Mr. Collier's folio substitutes *one*.

¹⁰ The clown answers, with the licentious petulance allowed to the character, that "if a man does as a woman commands, it is likely he will do amiss ;" that he does not amiss, he makes the effect not of his lady's goodness, but of his own *honesty*, which, though not very nice or *puritanical*, will do no hurt, but, unlike the *puritans*, will comply with the injunctions of superiors ; and wear the "surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart ;" will obey commands, though not much pleased with a state of subjection. The surplice was a special abomination to the Puritans, whose preachers adopted the black gown—the Geneva Cassock. The ordinary costume of the Established Church represents a compromise. See Hooker's Eccles. Polity.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me! alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana¹¹, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransome afterward: This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt; Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit Steward.*]

Even so it was with me, when I was young:

If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn

¹¹ The old copies omit *Diana*, and *no*. Theobald inserted the words; he also added to be in the next line. Mr. Dyce has shown, from several instances of similar phraseology in cotemporary writers, that it was a superfluous addition. Thus in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, p. 188, ed. 1610:—

“If I in this his regall royall raigne
Without repulse should suffer him remaine.”

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong ;
 Our blood to us, this to our blood is born ;
 It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
 Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth :
 By our remembrances of days foregone,
 Such were our faults ;—oh¹², then we thought them
 none.

Enter HELENA.

Her eye is sick on't ; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam ?

Count. You know, Helen,
 I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother ;
 Why not a mother ? When I said, a mother,
 Methought you saw a serpent : What's in mother,
 That you start at it ? I say, I am your mother ;
 And put you in the catalogue of those
 That were enwomb'd mine : 'Tis often seen,
 Adoption strives with nature : and choice breeds
 A native slip to us from foreign seeds :
 You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
 Yet I express to you a mother's care :—
 God's mercy, maiden ! does it curd thy blood,
 To say, I am thy mother ? What's the matter,
 That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
 The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye¹³ ?
 Why ?—that you are my daughter ?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

¹² The old copy has "or then we thought them none." The emendation is Warburton's.

¹³ There is something exquisitely poetical in this expression. The poet has described the same appearance in his Rape of Lucrece :—

"And round about her tear-distained eye
 Blue circles stream'd like rainbows in the sky."

Hel. Pardon, madam ;
 The count Rousillon cannot be my brother :
 I am from humble, he from honour'd name ;
 No note upon my parents, his all noble :
 My master, my dear lord he is ; and I
 His servant live, and will his vassal die :
 He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother ?

Hel. You are my mother, madam ; 'Would, you were
 (So that my lord, your son, were not my brother,)
 Indeed, my mother !—or were you both our mothers,
 I care no more for¹⁴, than I do for heaven,
 So I were not his sister : Can't no other¹⁵,
 But, I your daughter, he must be my brother ?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law ;

God shield, you mean it not ! daughter, and mother,
 So strive upon your pulse : What, pale again ?
 My fear hath catch'd your fondness : Now I see
 The mystery of your loneliness¹⁶, and find
 Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross,
 You love my son ; invention is asham'd,
 Against the proclamation of thy passion,
 To say, thou dost not : therefore tell me true :
 But tell me then, 'tis so :—for, look, thy cheeks
 Confess it, th' one to th' other^a : and thine eyes
 See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
 That in their kind¹⁷ they speak it : only sin
 And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,

¹⁴ *I care no more for.* There is a designed ambiguity, i. e. *I care as much for : I wish it equally.*

¹⁵ *Can't no other,* i. e. *can it be no other way, but if I be your daughter, he must be my brother ?*

¹⁶ The old copy reads *loveliness*. The emendation is Theobald's. It has been proposed to read *lowliness*.

^a The folio has " 'ton tooth to th' other."

¹⁷ *That in their kind,* i. e. *in their language, according to their nature.*

That truth should be suspected : Speak, is't so ?
 If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue ;
 If it be not, forswear't : howe'er, I charge thee,
 As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
 To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me !

Count. Do you love my son ?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress !

Count. Love you my son ?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam ?

Count. Go not about ; my love hath in't a bond,
 Whereof the world takes note : come, come, disclose
 The state of your affection ; for your passions
 Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
 Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
 That before you, and next unto high heaven,
 I love your son :—
 My friends were poor, but honest ; so's my love :
 Be not offended ; for it hurts not him,
 That he is lov'd of me : I follow him not
 By any token of presumptuous suit ;
 Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him ;
 Yet never know how that desert should be.
 I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;
 Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve,
 I still pour in the waters of my love,
 And lack not to lose still¹⁸ : thus, Indian-like,

¹⁸ *Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve,
 I still pour in the waters of my love,
 And lack not to lose still.*

Johnson knew not what to make of the word *captious* in this passage, and was inclined to substitute *carious*. Farmer supposed *captious* to be a contraction of *capacious*. Malone believed that *captious* meant *recipient*, capable of *receiving*, and Mr. Collier, who sees no difficulty in the word, adopts his opinion. I cannot think it possible that "the great master of English," as he has

Religious in mine error, I adore
 The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
 But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
 Let not your hate encounter with my love,
 For loving where you do : but, if yourself,
 Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
 Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
 Wish chastly, and love dearly, that your Dian
 Was both herself and love¹⁹; O then, give pity
 To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
 But lend and give, where she is sure to lose ;
 That seeks not to find that her search implies,
 But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
 To go to Paris ?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore ? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth ; by grace itself, I swear.
 You know, my father left me some prescriptions
 Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading,
 And manifest experience, had collected
 For general sovereignty ; and that he will'd me
 In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,

been justly termed, would have used the word *captious*, applied figuratively to a sieve, for *capable of taking or receiving*. I have no doubt that Shakespeare used it in the sense of the Latin *captiosus* for *deceitful, fallacious*. Helen says, "I know I love in vain, strive against hope; yet in this *deceitful* and *unhoking* sieve, I still pour in the waters of my love, yet lack not (a supply) to lose still." The allusion is to Bertram, upon whom she pours out the stream of her affections, and who certainly does not *receive* the love she bestows upon him. The poet had in his mind the story of the Danaïdes, which has been thus moralized. "These virgins, who in the flower of their age pour water into pierced vessels which they can never fill, what is it but to be always bestowing our love on the ungrateful?"

¹⁹ Helena does not mean to speak of the Countess as wishing "that Dian was also goddess of love," but she supposes that the Countess once so blended chasteness and love in her wishes, that her Dian was actually identified with the goddess of her love.

As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
 More than they were in note²⁰: amongst the rest,
 There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
 To cure the desperate languishings, whereof
 The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
 For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
 Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
 Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
 Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
 If you should tender your supposed aid,
 He would receive it? He and his physicians
 Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him;
 They, that they cannot help: How shall they credit
 A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
 Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
 The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something hints²¹,
 More than my father's skill, which was the great'st
 Of his profession, that his good receipt
 Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
 By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your ho-
 nour

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
 The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
 By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and
 love,
 Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
 To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home,

²⁰ *Receipts* in which greater virtues were enclosed than appeared to observation.

²¹ The old copy reads, *in't*. The emendation is Hanmer's.

And pray God's blessing into²² thy attempt :
 Be gone to-morrow ; and be sure of this,
 What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*
Flourish.

Enter King, with young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war ; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants.

King.

BAREWELL, young lord¹, these warlike principles
 Do not throw from you :—and you, my lords,
 farewell :—

Share the advice betwixt you : if both gain, all
 The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
 And is enough for both.

1 Lord.

It is our hope, sir,

After well enter'd soldiers, to return
 And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my heart
 Will not confess he owes² the malady
 That doth my life besiege³. Farewell, young lords ;

²² *Into for unto.* A common form of expression with old writers. See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii. Sc. 3. The third folio reads *unto*.

¹ In this line the old copies have *lords*. The King refers to his advice to the *young lord* Bertram, to retain his warlike principles to a future time, and to the *lords*, for their conduct in their expedition ; both refers to two parties, not to two persons only.

² *Owes*, i. e. *possesses*.

³ i. e. as the common phrase runs, *I am still heart-whole* ; my spirits, by not sinking under my distemper, do not acknowledge its influence.

Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen : let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy⁴) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it ; when
The bravest questant⁵ shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud. I say, farewell.

2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty !

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them ;
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand : beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The King retires to a Couch.*

1 *Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind
us !

Par. 'Tis not his fault ; the spark——

2 *Lord.* O, 'tis brave wars !

Par. Most admirable : I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil⁶ with ;
Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away
bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,

⁴ I prefer Johnson's explanation of this passage to any that has been offered. " Let upper Italy, *where you are to exercise your valour*, see that you come to gain honour, to the *abatement*, that is, the *overthrow* of those who inherit but the fall of the last monarchy, or the Roman Empire." The King excepts to the unworthy Italians who inherit not the true " ancient Roman honour," but the degenerate spirit of the decline and fall, and are unfit umpires of worth and valour. 'Bated and abated are used elsewhere by Shakespeare in a kindred sense.

⁵ *Questant*, i. e. *seeker, inquirer*.

⁶ To be kept a coil, is to be vexed or troubled with a stir or noise.

But one to dance with⁷ ! By heaven, I'll steal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count

2 *Lord.* I am your accessory ; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body⁸.

1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles !

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals :—You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, his cicatrice, with an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek ; it was this very sword entrenched it : say to him, I live ; and observe his reports for me.

2 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices ! [*Exeunt Lords.*] What will you do ?

Ber. Stay ; the king—— [*Seeing him rise.*

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords : you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu : be more expressive to them ; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time⁹, there do muster true gait¹⁰ ; eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star ; and though the devil lead the measure¹¹, such are to be followed :

⁷ In Shakespeare's time it was usual for gentlemen to dance with swords on. They were light swords, made rather for show than use. Among the ornaments of a pistol of the reign of Elizabeth, in the Meyrick collection, is a figure dancing with such a sword by his side.

⁸ *I grow to you, and our parting is as it were to dissever or torture a body.*

⁹ They are the foremost in the fashion.

¹⁰ It seems to me that this passage has been wrongly pointed and improperly explained, *there do muster true gait* ; if addressed to Bertram, it means *there exercise yourself in the gait of fashion* ; eat, &c. But perhaps we should read *they* instead of *there*, or else insert *they* after *gait* ; either of these slight emendations would render this obscure passage perfectly intelligible.

¹¹ *The dance.*

after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [*Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES.*]

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [*Kneeling.*] for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee¹² thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man stands, that has brought his pardon.

I would, you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would, I had; so I had broke thy pate, And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, across¹³: But, my good lord, 'tis thus;

Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King.

No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox? Yes, but you will, my noble grapes, an if My royal fox could reach them. I have seen A medicine¹⁴, that's able to breathe life into a stone; Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary¹⁵, With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay, To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand, And write to her a love-line¹⁶.

¹²The old copy reads *see*, which cannot be right. In the Merchant of Venice the folio has printed *see* for *fee*.

¹³*Across.* This word, which is taken from breaking a spear across in chivalric exercises, is used elsewhere by Shakespeare where a pass of wit miscarries. See *As You Like It*, Act iii. Sc. 4, note 6.

¹⁴*Medicine* is here used by Lafeu ambiguously for a female physician.

¹⁵It has been before observed that the canary was a kind of lively dance.

¹⁶Malone thinks something has been omitted here: to com-

King. What her is this ?

Laf. Why, doctor she : My lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her,—now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession¹⁷,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness¹⁸ : Will you see her,
(For that is her demand,) and know her business ?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration ; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit LAFEU.*]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways :
This is his majesty, say your mind to him :
A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle¹⁹,
That dare leave two together ; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us ?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father ; in what he did profess, well found²⁰.

plete the sense the line should read :—

“ And *cause him* write to her a love line.”

¹⁷ By *profession* is meant *her declaration of the object of her coming.*

¹⁸ “ To acknowledge how much she has *astonished* me, would be to acknowledge more *weakness* than I am willing to do.”

¹⁹ *I am like Pandarus.* See Troilus and Cressida.

²⁰ *Of known and acknowledged excellence.*

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him ;
Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye²¹,
Safer than mine own two : more dear I have so :
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden ;
But may not be so credulous of cure,—
When our most learned doctors leave us ; and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate,—I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To émpiricks ; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains :
I will no more enforce mine office on you ;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful :
Thou thought'st to help me ; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live ;
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part ;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,

²¹ *A triple eye, i. e. a third eye.*

Since you set up your rest²² 'gainst remedy :
 He that of greatest works is finisher,
 Oft does them by the weakest minister :
 So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
 When judges have been babes²³. Great floods have
 flown

From simple sources²⁴ ; and great seas have dried,
 When miracles have by the greatest been denied²⁵.
 Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
 Where most it promises ; and oft it hits,
 Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits²⁶.

King. I must not hear thee ; fare thee well, kind
 maid ;

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid :
 Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd :
 It is not so with him that all things knows,
 As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows :
 But most it is presumption in us, when
 The help of heaven we count the act of men.
 Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent ;
 Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.

²² *Since you set up your rest*, i. e. *since you have determined or made up your mind* that there is no remedy. *Set up your rest* is a metaphorical expression derived from the game of *Primero*, at which it seems to have meant to *stand* upon the cards one held in his hand. It furnished many other proverbial expressions among the Italians, as may be seen under the word *resto* in the dictionaries. Florio is worth quoting: "*Restare*, to rest, &c. Also *to set up one's rest*, to make a *rest*, or play upon one's *rest* at *Primero*." In Spanish too "*Echar el resto*," *to set or lay up one's rest*, has the same origin and figurative meaning ; to adventure all, to be determined.

²³ An allusion to Daniel judging the two Elders.

²⁴ i. e. when Moses smote the rock in Horeb.

²⁵ This must refer to the children of Israel passing the Red Sea, when miracles had been denied by Pharaoh.

²⁶ The old copy has *shifts*, evidently an error. The emendation is made on the authority of an old MS. note found in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio by Mr. Collier.

I am not an impostor, that proclaim
 Myself against the level of mine aim²⁷ ;
 But know I think, and think I know most sure,
 My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
 Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The great'st grace lending grace²⁸,
 Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
 Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring ;
 Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
 Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp ;
 Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
 Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass ;
 What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
 Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
 What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
 A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
 Traduc'd by odious ballads ; my maiden's name
 Sear'd otherwise ; nay²⁹, worse of worst extended,
 With vilest torture let my life be ended³⁰.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth
 speak ;
 His powerful sound, within an organ weak :
 And what impossibility would slay
 In common sense, sense saves another way.

²⁷ I am not an impostor that *proclaim one thing and design another*, that proclaim a cure and aim at a fraud. I think what I speak.

²⁸ i. e. *the divine grace*, lending me grace or power to accomplish it. So in *Macbeth*: at the conclusion we have the *grace of grace*.

²⁹ The old copy has *ne*, which Mr. Knight changes to *no*. *Nay* seems to me required to give sense and emphasis to the passage.

³⁰ *Let me be stigmatized as a strumpet*, and, in addition (although that would not be worse, or a more *extended* evil than what I have mentioned, *the loss of my honour*, which is the worst that could happen), *let me die with torture*.

Thy life is dear ; for all, that life can rate
 Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate³¹ :
 Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue³², all
 That happiness and prime³³ can happy call :
 Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
 Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
 Sweet practiser, thy physick I will try ;
 That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property³⁴
 Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die ;
 And well deserved : Not helping, death's my fee ;
 But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even ?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven³⁵.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
 What husband in thy power I will command :
 Exempted be from me the arrogance
 To choose from forth the royal blood of France ;
 My low and humble name to propagate
 With any branch or impage of thy state³⁶ :

³¹ *Hath estimate*, i. e. may be counted among the gifts enjoyed by thee.

³² *Virtue* is not in the old copy, it was supplied by Warburton.

³³ *Prime* here signifies that *sprightly vigour* which usually accompanies us in the prime of life ; which old Montaigne calls, *cet estat plein de verdeur et de feste*, and which Florio translates, "that state, full of lust, of *prime*, and mirth." So in Hamlet:—

"A violet in the youth of *primy* nature."

³⁴ *Property* seems to be used here for *performance* or *achievement*, singular as it may seem. So in Hamlet, Horatio says of the Grave-digger:—

"Custom hath made it in him a *property* of easiness."

³⁵ The old copy reads "hopes'of *help*." The emendation is Thirlby's.

³⁶ The old copy reads "*image* of thy state." Warburton proposed *impage*, which Steevens rejects, saying unadvisedly "there is no such word." It is evident that Shakespeare formed it from "an *impe*, a scion, or young slip of a tree." To *impe* and *imping* were also in use, as was the whole verb among our ancestors.

But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand ; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd ;
So make the choice of thy own time ; for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must ;
Though, more to know, could not be more to trust ;
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho !—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's
Palace.*

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir ; I shall now put you to the
height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught :
I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court ! why, what place make you
special, when you put off that with such contempt ?
But to the court !

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any

The context evidently requires a word of this import. To say nothing of the incongruity of conjoining *branch* and *image*, the word *propagate*, in its old sense of increasing by grafting cuttings from an old stock, would never have been so incongruously followed as by that word. Shakespeare beautifully alludes to this art in the following passage of the *Winter's Tale* :—

“ You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler *scion* to the wildest *stock* ;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race.”

B B 2

manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg¹, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger², as a pancake for Shrove-tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: Ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

¹ To *make a leg* was the old phrase for *making a bow*, and hence for formal manners generally.

² *Tom* and *Tibb* were apparently common names for a *lad* and *lass*; the *rush ring* seems to have been a *kind of love token*, for plighting of troth among rustic lovers. In Greene's *Menaphon* the custom is alluded to, "Well, 'twas a goodly worlde when such simplicitie was used, sayes the olde women of our time, when a *ring of rush* would tie as much love together as a *gimmon (gimmel) of golde*."

Count. To be young again, if we could : I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier ?

Clo. O Lord, sir³,—There's a simple putting off ;—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, sir*, at your whipping, and *spare not me* ? Indeed, your *O Lord, sir*, is very sequent⁴ to your whipping ; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—*O Lord, sir* : I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, To entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir : to your business. Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back :
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son ;
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you : You understand me ?

³ A ridicule on this silly expletive of speech, then in vogue at court. Thus Clove and Orange, in Every Man in his Humour : " You conceive me, sir ?—O Lord, sir ! " Cleveland in one of his songs makes his Gentleman—

" Answer, O Lord, sir ! and talk play book oaths."

⁴ Properly follows.

Clo. Most fruitfully ; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III. Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past ; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless.¹ Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors ; ensconcing² ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear³.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists,—

Par. So I say ; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick⁴ fellows,—

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis ; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right : as 'twere, a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well ; so would I have said.

¹ "Shakespeare inspired, as it might seem with all knowledge, here uses the word *causeless* in its strict philosophical sense ;— cause being truly predicable only of *phenomena*, that is, things natural, and not *noumena*, or things supernatural."—*Coleridge, Lit. Rem.* ii. 121. *Modern*, is often used by the poet and his contemporaries for *common, ordinary*.

² *Sconce* being a term in fortification for a chief fortress. To *ensconce* literally signifies to *secure as in a fort*. So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* :—"I will *ensconce* me behind the arras." *Into* is used for *in*.

³ *Fear* means here an *object of fear*.

⁴ *Authentick* is *allowed, approved* ; and seems to have been the proper epithet for a physician regularly bred or licensed. The diploma of a licentiate still has *authentice licentiatius*.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed : if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—What do you call there?—

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it ; I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin⁵ is not lustier : 'fore me I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it ; and he is of a most facinorous⁶ spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence : which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be⁷—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, HELENA, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it ; you say well : Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick⁸, as the Dutchman says : I'll like a

⁵ The *Dauphin* was formerly so written, but it is doubtful whether *Lafeu* means to allude to the *Prince* or the fish. The old orthography is therefore continued. It should be remembered that *lusty* in its old acceptation meant *sprightly, quick, active, lively*, as well as *strong*. "The *lustiness* of youth" is a common expression in old writers. We have also in Baret "the *lustiest* and most busie time for husbandmen," i. e. the *most active*.

⁶ *Facinorous*, i. e. *wicked*.

⁷ Dr. Johnson thought this and some preceding speeches in the scene were erroneously given to Parolles instead of to Lafeu. This seems very probable, for the humour of the scene consists in Parolles's pretensions to knowledge and sentiments which he has not.

⁸ *Lustigh* is the Dutch for *active, pleasant, playful, sportive*. The *coranto* was a *lively dance*.

maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head :
Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du vinaigre!* is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side ;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye : this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice⁹
I have to use : thy frank election make ;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please !—marry, to each, but one¹⁰ !

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal¹¹, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well :
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid ; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid :—
Please it your majesty, I have done already :

⁹ They were *wards* as well as subjects.

¹⁰ i. e. *except one*, I wish a mistress to each of you with one exception, meaning Bertram : *but* in the sense of *be-out*.

¹¹ A *curtal* was the common phrase for a *docked horse* ; i. e. *I'd give my bay horse, &c. that my age were not greater than these boys'* ; " a broken mouth is a mouth which has lost part of its teeth.

The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
We blush, that thou shouldst choose ; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever ;
*We'll ne'er come there again*¹².

King. Make choice ; and, see,
 Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly ;
 And to imperial Love, that god most high,
 Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit ?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir, all the rest is mute¹³.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw
 ames-ace¹⁴ for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes¹⁵,
 Before I speak, too threateningly replies :
 Love make your fortunes twenty times above
 Her that so wishes, and her humble love !

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
 Which great love grant ! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her¹⁶ ? An they were sons
 of mine, I'd have them whipped ; or I would send
 them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

¹² "My blushes," says Helen, "thus whisper me—We blush that thou shouldst have the nomination of thy husband. However, choose him at thy peril ; but if thou be refused, let thy cheeks be for ever pale ; we will never revisit them again." *Be refused* means the same as *thou being refused* ; or, *be thou refused*. The *white death* is the *palleness of death*.

¹³ *All the rest is mute*, i. e. *I have no more to say to you*. So Hamlet, *the rest is silence*.

¹⁴ *Ames-ace*, i. e. *the lowest chance of the dice*.

¹⁵ Milton probably recollected this line when in his Arcades the Genius says :—

"Stay gentle swains, for though in this disguise,
 I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes."

¹⁶ The scene must be so regulated that Lafeu and Parolles talk at a distance, where they may see what passes between Helena and the Lords, but not hear it, so that they know not by whom the refusal is made.

Hel. Be not afraid [*To* 3 Lord] that I your hand should take ;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake :
Blessing upon your vows ! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed !

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her : sure, they are bastards to the English ; the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy father drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen ; I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you ; [*To* BERTRAM]
but I give

Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege ? I shall beseech your highness,

In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me ?

Ber. Yes, my good lord ;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising ? I know her well ;
She had her breeding at my father's charge :
A poor physician's daughter my wife !—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever !

King. 'Tis only title¹⁷ thou disdain'st in her, the
which

I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty: If she be
All that is virtuous (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter), thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions¹⁸ swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good, without a name; vileness is so¹⁹:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour; that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born²⁰,
And is not like the sire: Honours best thrive²¹,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave,
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she
Is her own dower: honour and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

¹⁷ i. e. *the want of title.*

¹⁸ *Additions, i. e. titles.* The old copy has *swells*, and two lines above *whence* for *when*.

¹⁹ *Good is good*, independent of any worldly distinction; and so *vileness* is ever *vile*, under any circumstances.

²⁰ *Honour's born, i. e. the child of honour.*

²¹ The first folio omits *best*; the second folio supplies it.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad ;

Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake ; which to defeat²², I must produce my power. Here, take her hand, Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift ; That dost in vile misprision shackle up My love, and her desert ; that canst not dream, We, poizing us in her defective scale, Shall weigh thee to the beam : that wilt not know, It is in us to plant thine honour, where We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt : Obey our will, which travails in thy good : Believe not thy disdain, but presently Do thine own fortunes that obedient right Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims ; Or I will throw thee from my care for ever Into the staggers²³ and the careless lapse Of youth and ignorance ; both my revenge and hate, Loosing upon thee in the name of justice, Without all terms of pity : Speak ; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord ; for I submit

²² The old copy has *defeat*, which was changed to *defend* by Theobald ; but Dr. Farmer well defends the old reading, and says :— “The *implication* or *cluse* of the sentence (as the grammarians say) here serves for the antecedent, ‘which *danger* to *defeat*.’” So in *Othello* :—

“She dying gave it me,
And bid me when my fate would have me wive
To give it her.”

i. e. to my wife, though not mentioned before but by implication.

²³ The commentators here kindly inform us that the *staggers* is a *violent disease in horses* ; but the word in the text has no relation, even *metaphorically*, to it. *The reeling and unsteady course of a drunken or sick man is meant*. Shakespeare has the same expression in *Cymbeline*, where Posthumus says :—

“Whence come these *staggers* on me?”

My fancy to your eyes : When I consider,
 What great creation, and what dole²⁴ of honour,
 Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late
 Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
 The praised of the king ; who, so ennobled,
 Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
 And tell her, she is thine : to whom I promise
 A counterpoize ; if not to thy estate,
 A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
 Smile upon this contract : whose ceremony
 Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
 And be perform'd to-night²⁵ : the solemn feast
 Shall more attend upon the coming space,
 Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
 Thy love's to me religious ; else, does err.

[*Exeunt King, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords,
 and Attendants*²⁶.

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur ? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir ?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his
 recantation.

²⁴ *Dole*, i. e. *portion*.

²⁵ *Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
 And be perform'd to-night.*

Shakespeare uses *expedient* and *expediently* in the sense of *expeditiously* : and *brief* in the sense of a *short note* or *intimation* concerning any business, and sometimes without the idea of writing. So in the last act of this play, "She told me in a sweet verbal *brief*," &c. The meaning therefore appears to be : "The ceremonial part of this contract shall *immediately* pass,—*shall follow close upon the troth now briefly plighted* between the parties, and be performed this night ; the solemn feast shall be delayed to a future time.

²⁶ The old copies have the following additional stage-direction : "Parolles and Lafeu stay behind commenting of this wedding."

Par. Recantation? My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay: Is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries²⁷, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs, and the bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up²⁸; and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

²⁷ For two ordinaries, i. e. while I sate twice with thee at dinner.

²⁸ To take up is to contradict, to call to account; as well as to pick off the ground.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it ; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge ; that I may say, in the default²⁹, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal : for doing I am past ; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave³⁰.

[*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me ; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord !—Well, I must be patient ; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of— I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married, there's news for you ; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs : He is my good lord : whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who ? God ?

²⁹ *In the default*, i. e. *at a need*.

³⁰ There is a conceit here hardly worth explaining, but that some of the commentators have misunderstood it :—*Doing I am past*, says Lafeu, *as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave ;*" i. e. *as I will pass by thee as fast as I am able* : and he immediately goes out.

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe³¹ themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller. You are more saucy with lords, and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission³². You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What's the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,

I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me!—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot. To the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is,

³¹ *To breathe*, i. e. *exercise*.

³² In the old copies *heraldry* and *commission* are transposed.

I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known : To the wars, my boy, to the wars !

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kickie-wickie³³ here at home ;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed : To other regions !
France is a stable : we, that dwell in't, jades ;
Therefore, to the war !

Ber. It shall be so ; I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled ; write to the king
That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house³⁴, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure ?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away : To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound ; there's noise in
it.—'Tis hard ;

A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd :
Therefore away, and leave her bravely ; go :

³³ Thus the old copy. Taylor the water poet has *kicksie-winsie* in the title to one of his poems implying his determination to *kick* and *wince* at his debtors. Alexander Brome, in one of his plays, uses it for an unruly jade, and hence probably its ludicrous application to signify a wife.

³⁴ *The dark house* is a house made gloomy by discontent. In Henry IV. Part I. we have :—

“ He's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife ;
Worse than a smoky house.”

The Spaniards have a similar proverb of very high antiquity :—

“ Tres cosas hechan un hombre de su casa,
El huma, la gotera, y la muger bocinglera.”

The old copy has *detected* wife. Rowe corrected it.

The king has done you wrong ; but, hush ! 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter HELENA and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly : Is she well ?

Clo. She is not well ; but yet she has her health ; she's very merry ; but yet she is not well : but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world ; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well ?

Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things ?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly ! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly !

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady !

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes¹.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on : and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave ! How does my old lady ?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man ; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have

¹ The old copies have *fortune* ; but the answer of Parolles indicates that it should be *fortunes*.

nothing, is to be a great part of your title ; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou art a knave ; that is, before me thou art a knave : this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir ? or were you taught to find me ? The search, sir, was profitable ; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter².

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed³.—

Madam, my lord will go away to-night ;

A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and rite of love,

Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge ;

But puts it off by⁴ a compell'd restraint ;

Whose want, and whose delay, is strewed with sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time,

To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy⁵,

And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel.

What's his will else ?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think

² In the old copy this is divided into two speeches, and the Clown made to speak twice running.

³ Perhaps the old saying, "Better fed than taught," is alluded to here as in a preceding scene, where the Clown says, "I will show myself *highly fed* and lowly taught."

⁴ The old copy reads, "to a compelled restraint."

⁵ The meaning appears to be, that the delay of the joys, and the expectation of them, would make them more delightful when they come. The *curbed time* means the time of restraint, *whose want* means *the want of which*.

May make it probable need⁶.

Hel. What more commands he ?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true. I took this lark for a bunting¹.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes. I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [*To BER.*] These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor ?

Par. Sir ?

Laf. O, I know him well. Ay, sir ; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

⁶ *May make it probable need*, i. e. a specious appearance of necessity.

¹ The bunting nearly resembles the sky-lark ; but has little or no song, which gives estimation to the sky-lark.

Ber. [*Aside to PAR.*] Is she gone to the king?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,—
End², ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end
of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses
a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should
be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you,
captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and
you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into
my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and
spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard³;
and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer ques-
tion for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at
his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this
of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the
soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter
of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and
know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have

² The old copies read *And*. Mr. Collier derived the emenda-
tion from Lord Ellesmere's folio.

³ It was a piece of foolery practised at city entertainments, when
an allowed fool or jester was in fashion, for him to jump into a
large deep custard set for the purpose, to cause laughter among
the "barren spectators." Ben Jonson mentions it as occurring
"in tail of a sheriff's dinner." *Devil is an Ass*, Act i. Sc. 1:—

"And take his *Almain leap into a custard*,
Shall make my lady mayoress and her sisters
Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders."

spoken better of you, than you have or will⁴ deserve at my hand ; but we must do good against evil.

[*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think not so.

Par. Why, do you know him?⁵

Ber. Yes, I do know him well ; and common
speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting : only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular : prepar'd I was not
For such a business ; therefore am I found
So much unsettled : This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home ;
And rather muse⁶, than ask, why I entreat you :
For my respects are better than they seem ;
And my appointments have in them a need,
Greater than shows itself at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother :

[*Giving a letter.*

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you ; so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel.

Sir, I can nothing say,

⁴ The first folio reads, "than you have or will to deserve."—
Perhaps the word *wit* was omitted ; the second folio omits *to*.

⁵ The old copy reads, "*I think so*," and "Why, do you not
know him?" But from the context it is evident that the word
not was misplaced by accident at press.

⁶ To *muse* is to *wonder*.

But that I am your most obedient servant.—

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. ———And ever shall

With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go :

My haste is very great : Farewell ; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say ?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe⁷ ;
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine ; and yet it is ;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have ?

Hel. Something ; and scarce so much :—nothing,
indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would : my lord—'faith,
yes ;—

Strangers and foes, do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men ?⁸

Hel. Monsieur, farewell. [*Exit HELENA.*

Ber. Go thou toward home ; where I will never
come,

Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum :—
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio !

[*Exeunt.*

⁷ *I owe, i. e. I own or possess.*

⁸ The words "Where are my other men?" form part of Helen's speech in the old copies, but they evidently belong to Bertram.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Florence. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.**Flourish.**Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; two French Lords, and others.**Duke.*

SO that, from point to point, now have you heard
 The fundamental reasons of this war;
 Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
 And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
 Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
 On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin
 France
 Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
 Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my lord,
 The reasons of our state I cannot yield¹,
 But like a common and an outward man²,
 That the great figure of a council frames
 By self-unable motion³: therefore dare not
 Say what I think of it; since I have found
 Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
 As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

¹ *I cannot yield, i. e. I cannot inform you of the reasons.*

² *An outward man, i. e. one not in the secret of affairs: so inward in a contrary sense.*

³ *By self-unable motion.* Warburton and Upton are of opinion that we should read, "By self-unable *notion*," and the context seems to favour this correction.

2 *Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our nature⁴,
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physick.

Duke. Welcome shall they be ;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well ;
When better fall, for your avails they fell.
To-morrow to the field. [Flourish. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's
Palace.*

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had
it, save, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a
very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you ?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing ;
mend the ruff¹, and sing ; ask questions, and sing ;
pick his teeth, and sing : I know a man that had this
trick of melancholy, sold² a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he
means to come. [Opening a Letter.

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court ;
our old ling and our Isbels o'the country are nothing
like your old ling and your Isbels o'the court : the
brains of my Cupid's knocked out ; and I begin to
love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here ?

⁴ *The younger of our nature.* This may mean, as we say at present, *our young fellows* ; but it is most probably a misprint for *nation*.

¹ The tops of the boots in Shakespeare's time turned down, and hung loosely over the leg. The folding part or top was the *ruff*. It was of softer leather than the boot, and often fringed.

² The old copy has *hold*. This is the reading of the third folio.

Clo. E'en that you have there.

[*Exit.*

Count. [*Reads.*] *I have sent you a daughter-in-law : she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her ; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear, I am run away ; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well ; rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king ;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire !

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter ?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort ; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed ?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does : the danger is in standing to't ; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more : for my part, I only hear, your son was run away.

[*Exit Clown.*

Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gent.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—

I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman³ me unto't :—Where is my son, I pray
you ?

2 *Gent.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence :

We met him thitherward ; for, thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam ; here's my passport.

[*Reads.*] *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger^a, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a then I write a never.*

This is a dreadful sentence !

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen ?

1 *Gent.* Ay, madam ;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer ;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine⁴,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety : He was my son ;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he ?

2 *Gent.* Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier ?

2 *Gent.* Such is his noble purpose : and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither ?

1 *Gent.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [*Reads.*] *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*

³ *Can woman me*, i. e. *affect me suddenly and deeply*, as our sex are usually affected.

^a i. e. obtain or get the ring which is upon my finger.

⁴ *All the griefs are thine*, i. e. *if thou keepest all thy sorrows to thyself* ; an elliptical expression for "all the griefs that are thine."

'Tis bitter!

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply,
which

His heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

1 *Gent.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 *Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gent.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have⁵.

Count. Y'are welcome, gentlemen,
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2 *Gent.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies⁶.

⁵ This passage as it stands is very obscure; perhaps something is omitted after *much*. Warburton interprets it, "That his vices stand him in stead of virtues." And Heath thought the meaning was:—"This fellow hath a deal too much of *that* which alone can *hold* or judge that he has much in him;" i. e. folly and ignorance. But possibly we should read:—

"Which *soils* him much to have."

⁶ In reply to the gentlemen's declaration that they are her servants, the Countess answers—no otherwise than as she returns the same offices of civility.

Will you draw near ?

[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*]

Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.

Nothing in France, until he has no wife !
 Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,
 Then hast thou all again. Poor lord ! is't I
 That chase thee from thy country, and expose
 Those tender limbs of thine to the event
 Of the none-sparing war ? and is it I
 That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
 Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
 Of smoky muskets ? O you leaden messengers,
 That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
 Fly with false aim ; move the still-piecing⁷ air,
 That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord !
 Whoever shoots at him, I set him there ;
 Whoever charges on his forward breast,
 I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it ;
 And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
 His death was so effected ; better 'twere,
 I met the ravin⁸ lion when he roar'd
 With sharp constraint of hunger ; better 'twere
 That all the miseries, which nature owes,
 Were mine at once : No, come thou home, Rousillon,
 Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
 As oft it loses all⁹. I will be gone :

⁷ The old copy reads, *still-peering*. The emendation *move the still-piecing* was proposed by Steevens and adopted by Malone: *peeing* is the old orthography of the word. Shakespeare has elsewhere *violent* swiftness and *violent* motion.

⁸ *The ravin lion*, i. e. *the ravenous, or ravening lion*. So in Macbeth we have :—

“ The ravin'd salt sea shark.”

And in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid of the Mill* :—

“ Amaranta

Was seiz'd on by a fierce and hungry bear ;

She was the ravin's prey.”

⁹ The sense is, “ From that place, where all the advantages

My being here it is, that holds thee hence :
 Shall I stay here to do't ? no, no, although
 The air of paradise did fan the house,
 And angels offic'd all : I will be gone ;
 That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
 To console thine ear. Come, night ; end, day !
 For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. Florence. *Before the Duke's Palace.*

Flourish.

*Enter the Duke of Florence, BERTRAM, PAROLLES,
 Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art ; and we,
 Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence,
 Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
 A charge too heavy for my strength ; but yet
 We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
 To the extreme edge of hazard¹.

Duke. Then go thou forth ;
 And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm²,
 As thy auspicious mistress !

Ber. This very day,
 Great Mars, I put myself into thy file :
 Make me but like my thoughts ; and I shall prove
 A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*]

that honour usually reaps from the danger it rushes upon, is only a scar in testimony of its bravery, as, on the other hand, it often is the cause of losing all, even life itself."

¹ So in Shakespeare's 116th Sonnet :—

"But bears it out even to the *edge* of doom."

And Milton's Par. Reg. b. 1 :—

"You see our danger on the *utmost edge*
 Of hazard."

² In K. Richard III. we have :—

"Fortune and victory sit on thy *helm*."

SCENE IV. Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her? Might you not know, she would do as she has done, By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. *I am Saint Jaques'*¹ *pilgrim, thither gone;*
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie;
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,
His name with zealous fervour sanctify.
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
*I, his despiteful Juno*²*, sent him forth*
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice³ so much,
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,

¹ At Orleans was a church dedicated to St. Jaques, to which pilgrims formerly used to resort to adore a part of the cross pretended to be found there. See Heylin's *France Painted to the Life*, 1656, p. 270—6.

² Alluding to the story of Hercules.

³ *Advice*, i. e. *discretion*, or *thought*.

Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
 Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
 Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
 And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
 Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
 To this unworthy husband of his wife;
 Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
 That he does weigh⁴ too light: my greatest grief,
 Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
 Despatch the most convenient messenger:—
 When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
 He will return; and hope I may, that she,
 Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
 Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
 Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
 To make distinction.—Provide this messenger:—
 My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
 Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Without the Walls of Florence.*
A Tucket¹ afar off.

*Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA,
 MARIANA, and other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city,
 we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most
 honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their great'st
 commander; and that with his own hand he slew the

⁴ *Weigh* here means to *value* or *esteem*. So in *Love's Labour's Lost*:—

“You *weigh* me not,—O, that's you care not for me.”

¹ A *tucket* was the sound of a trumpet.

duke's brother. We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions² for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under³: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wrack of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a Pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim; I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another: I'll question her.—

God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To St. Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmers⁴ lodge, I do beseech you?

² *Suggestions* are *temptations*. Thus in *Love's Labour's Lost*:—

“*Suggestions* are to others as to me.”

³ *They are not the things for which their names would make them pass.* To go under the name of so and so is a common expression.

⁴ *Pilgrims*; so called from a *staff* or *bough of palm* they were wont to carry, especially such as had visited the holy place at Jerusalem. Johnson has given Staveland's account of the difference between a *palmer* and a *pilgrim* in his Dictionary.

Wid. At the saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way ?

Wid. Ay, marry, is't.—Hark you ;
[*A march afar off.*

They come this way :—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd ;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself ?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France ?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The count Rousillon ; Know you such a one ?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him ;
His face I know not⁵.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for⁶ the king had married him
Against his liking : Think you it is so ?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth⁷ ; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

⁵ " Shall we say here that Shakespeare has unnecessarily made his loveliest character utter a lie ? Or shall we dare think that, where to deceive was necessary, he thought a pretended verbal verity a double crime, equally with the other a lie to the hearer, and at the same time an attempt to lie to one's own conscience." — *Coleridge Lit. Rem.* ii. 121.

⁶ *For*, here and in other places, signifies *cause*, which Tooke says is *always* its signification. See ΕΠΕΑ ΠΤΕΡΟΕΝΤΑ, vol. i. p. 364, &c.

⁷ *Mere the truth*, i. e. *the mere truth*, or *merely the truth*. *Mere* was used in the sense of *simple*, *absolute*, *decided*.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O! I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd⁸.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ay, right; good creature, wheresoe'er she is⁹,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes¹⁰ with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, a party of the Floren-
tine Army*¹¹; BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;

⁸ *Examin'd*, that is, *questioned*, *doubted*.

⁹ The first folio reads:—

“*I write* good creature, wheresoe'er she is.”

I follow the reading of the second folio. *I* was always written for *Ay*, and *right* is easily corrupted to *write*. This is therefore the true reading. “*I write* good creature,” would only be admissible on the supposition that the widow was describing herself, as Lafeu says, “*I write man*,” &c.

¹⁰ *Brokes*, i. e. *deals with*, *panders*.

¹¹ The old stage-direction is “and the whole army.”

That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;

That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife. If he were honest,
He were much goodlier:—is't not a handsome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honest. Yond's that same knave,

That leads him to these places¹²; were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something: Look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Officers,
and Soldiers.

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you

Where you shall host: of injoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you.

Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of¹³ this virgin,

¹² Theobald thought that we should read *paces*; but we may suppose the *places* to be the houses of pimps and panders.

¹³ Thus the first folio. The second folio has "on this virgin;" but we have several other instances where *of* is used in like manner for *on*.

Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Camp before Florence.*

Enter BERTRAM, *and the two French Lords*¹.

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding², hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am so far deceived in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord: in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him, as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but

¹ It appears, from a subsequent scene, that they were brothers, both named Dumaine.

² *A hilding*, is a *base low wretch*. So in *K. Henry V.* Act iv.—
"To purge the field from such a *hilding* foe."
See note on *Taming the Shrew*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

that he is carried into the leaguer³ of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O! for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his⁴ success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore⁵ will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment⁶, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* O! for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour⁷ of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand⁸.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so

³ *The leaguer*, i. e. *the camp*. It seems to have been a new fangled term at this time, introduced from the Low Countries.

⁴ The old copies have *this*, by mistake for *his*.

⁵ *Ore*. The old copy reads *ours*. The emendation is Theobald's.

⁶ *John Drum's entertainment*. This was a common phrase for *ill treatment*. There is an old motley interlude called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*; or, *The Comedy of Pasquil and Catherine*, 1601. In this *Jack Drum* is a servant of intrigue, who is ever aiming at projects, and always foiled, and given the drop. Holinshed has "*Tom Drum his Entertainment*, which is to hale a man in by the heade, and to thrust him out by the shoulders." And, in *Manners and Customs of all Nations*, by Ed. Aston, 1611, p. 280: "Some others on the contrarie part give them *John Drum's entertainment*, reviling and beating them away from their houses," &c.

⁷ The old copies have *honour*.

⁸ *In any hand*, a phrase for *at any rate*. Sometimes, "*at any hand*."

lost!—There was excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*⁹.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach, to't, monsieur; if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas¹⁰, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear farther from me.

⁹ *I would recover the lost drum or another, or die in the attempt.* An epitaph then usually began *hic jacet*.

¹⁰ The *dilemmas* of Parolles have nothing to do with those of the schoolmen. His *dilemmas* are particulars of his scheme in various forms, according to various possible exigencies. He affects to speak of his enterprize as requiring all the system that we find in professional plans of attack, and instructions for storming parties in a great siege, which are regularly drawn out on paper in active service.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, thou art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee¹¹. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't.

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost embossed him¹², you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 *Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him¹³. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell

¹¹ Steevens has mistaken this passage; Malone is right. *Bertram's* meaning is, that he will vouch for his doing all that it is possible for soldiership to effect. He was not yet certain of his cowardice.

¹² *Almost embossed him*, that is, almost run him down. An *emboss'd stag* is one so hard chased that it foams at the mouth. Vide note on *The Induction to the Taming of the Shrew*. The *fall of the deer* is also a huntsman's phrase.

¹³ *Ere we case him*, i. e. before we strip him, or unmask him.

me what a sprat you shall find him ; which you shall see this very night.

1 *Lord.* I must go look my twigs ; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

2 *Lord.* As't please your lordship.

1 *Lord.* I'll leave you¹⁴. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you The lass I spoke of.

2 *Lord.* But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once, And found her wondrous cold ; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind¹⁵, Tokens and letters which she did re-send ; And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature : Will you go see her ?

2 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you farther, But I shall lose the grounds I work upon¹.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born, Nothing acquainted with these businesses ; And would not put my reputation now In any staining act.

¹⁴ These words form part of the speech of the 2d Lord [Capt. G.] in the folio, but they evidently are spoken by the 1st Lord [Capt. E.], who goes out to lay the trap for Parolles.

¹⁵ This proverbial phrase is noted by Ray, p. 216, ed. 1737. It is thus explained by old Cotgrave: "*Estre sur vent*, To be in the wind, or to have the wind of. *To get the wind, advantage, upper hand of; to have a man under his lee.*"

¹ i. e. *without losing*, &c. she means *by discovering herself to the count.*

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
 First, give me trust, the count he is my husband ;
 And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
 Is so, from word to word ; and then you cannot,
 By the good aid that I of you shall borrow.
 Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you ;
 For you have show'd me that, which well approves
 You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
 And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
 Which I will overpay, and pay again,
 When I have found it. The count he woos your
 daughter,
 Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
 Resolves to carry her ; let her, in fine, consent,
 As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
 Now his important² blood will nought deny
 That she'll demand : A ring the county³ wears
 That downward hath succeeded in his house,
 From son to son, some four or five descents
 Since the first father wore it : this ring he holds
 In most rich choice ; yet, in his idle fire,
 To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
 Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
 The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more,
 But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
 Desires this ring ; appoints him an encounter ;
 In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
 Herself most chastely absent. After this⁴,

² *Important*, here and in other places, is used for *importunate*. Mr. Tyrwhitt says, that *important* may be from the French *emportant*.

³ *The County*, i. e. *the Count*. So in Baret's *Alvearie*, a *Countie* or an *Erle*, Comes : *Un Comte*.

⁴ The word *this* is from the second folio, it is omitted in the first.

To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded :
Instruct my daughter how she shall perséver,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musicks of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness : it nothing steads us,
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot ; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act ;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact⁵ :
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the Florentine Camp.*

Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

1 *Lord.*

HE can come no other way but by this hedge
corner. When you sally upon him, speak
what terrible language you will ; though you
understand it not yourselves, no matter : for we must
not seem to understand him, unless some one among
us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him ? knows he
not thy voice ?

⁵ This jingling *riddle* may be thus briefly explained. Bertram's is a *wicked* intention, though the act he commits is *lawful*. Helen's is both a *lawful* intention and a *lawful* deed. The *fact* as relates to Bertram was *sinful*, because he intended to commit adultery ; yet neither he nor Helena *actually* sinned.

1 *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

1 *Sold.* E'en such as you speak to me.

1 *Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment¹. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy; not to know what we speak one to another, so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose²: chough's³ language, gabble enough and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politick. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it: they will

¹ *Some band of strangers, i. e. foreign troops in the enemy's pay.*

² The sense of this obscure passage appears, from the context, to be: "we must each fancy a jargon for himself, without aiming to be understood by each other; for, provided we appear to understand, that will be sufficient."

³ *Chough's language, i. e. language of a bird of the jack-daw kind.*

say, "Came you off with so little?" and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance⁴? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mute⁵, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 *Lord*. Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is? [Aside.]

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 *Lord*. We cannot afford you so. [Aside.]

Par. Or the baring⁶ of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

1 *Lord*. 'Twould not do. [Aside.]

Par. Or to drówn my clothes, and say, I was stripped.

1 *Lord*. Hardly serve. [Aside.]

Par. Though I swore I leapt from the window of the citadel—

1 *Lord*. How deep? [Aside.]

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 *Lord*. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [Aside.]

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear, I recovered it.

1 *Lord*. You shall hear one anon. [Aside.]

Par. A drum now of the enemy's! [*Alarum within.*]

1 *Lord*. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O! ransom, ransom!—Do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize him and blindfold him.*]

⁴ *What's the instance, i. e. the motive.*

⁵ The old copy reads *mule*. The emendation was made by Warburton. Bajazet may have been attended by a *mute* on the stage in some old drama.

⁶ *The baring, i. e. the shaving of my beard.* To *bare* anciently signified to *shave*. So in *Measure for Measure*, Act iv. Sc. 2. "It was the desire of the penitent to be so *bared*."

1 *Sold.* *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment ;
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

1 *Sold.* *Boskos vauvado:—*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue :—
*Kerelybonto:—*Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. O!

1 *Sold.* O! pray, pray, pray.—

Manka revania dulce.

1 *Lord.* *Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.*

1 *Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet ;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee : haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes : nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 *Sold.* *Acordo linta.—*

Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with PAROLLES guarded*].

1 *Lord.* Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him
muffled,
Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.

⁷ The folios have "a short alarum within."

1 *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves ;—
Inform 'em⁸ that.

2 *Sold.* So I will, sir.

1 *Lord.* Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely
lock'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess ;
And worth it, with addition ! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality ?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument :
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern¹ ;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No :
My mother did but duty ; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that !
I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows² :
I was compell'd to her ; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,

⁸ Old copy, "Inform on that."

¹ The comparison in this line is not, as some have supposed, to a monument but to a corpse.

² i. e. against his determined resolution never to cohabit with *Helena.*

Till we serve you : but when you have our roses,
 You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
 And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn ?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth ;
 But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
 What is not holy, that we swear not by,
 But take the Highest to witness : Then, pray you,
 tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
 I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
 When I did love you ill ? This has no holding,
 To swear by him, when³ I protest to Love,
 That I will work against him. Therefore, your oaths
 Are words, and poor conditions ; but unseal'd,
 At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it ;
 Be not so holy-cruel : love is holy ;
 And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
 That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,

³ The old copies read *whom*. This passage has baffled all the commentators. The slight change I have made of *when* for *whom*, gives us a clear sense. Diana refers to Bertram's double vow, his marriage vow, and the subsequent vow, or *protest*, he had made not to keep it. "If I should swear by Jove I love you dearly, would you believe my oath when I loved you ill?" This has no consistency, to swear by *him* (i. e. Jove) *when* secretly I protest to Love that I will work against *him* (i. e. against the oath I have taken to Jove). Bertram's previous speech—

"Do not strive against my vows,

I was compell'd to her ; but I love thee

By *Love's* own sweet constraint,—

clearly indicate that this must be the true sense of the passage. Mr. Collier makes a vain endeavour to extract a meaning from the old reading, and it is erased in his corrected second folio. Mr. Knight passes it over without notice! In *The Passionate Pilgrim* we have almost Bertram's argument :—

"If Love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love ?

O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd."

The reader may also compare the poet's 152nd Sonnet.

But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover : say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so perséver.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes, in such a scarre⁴,
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord ?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;
Which were the greatest obloquy i'the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring :
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;
Which were the greatest obloquy i'the world.
In me to lose : Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring :
My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,

⁴ The old copy reads, "make *ropes* in such a scarre," which Rowe altered to, "make *hopes* in such *affairs*;" and Malone to, "make *hopes* in such a *scene*." Mr. Knight, and Mr. Collier, in retaining the reading of the old copies, each make a vain essay to give it a meaning. I think there can be no doubt that *ropes* is a misprint for *hopes*, which is necessary to the context—"That we'll forsake ourselves." It then remains only to show what is meant by "such a *scarre*," the latter word having been erroneously thought to signify a *rock* or *cliff*, with which it has nothing to do in this passage. A *scarre* here signifies any surprise or alarm; what we should now write a *scare*. Shakespeare has used the same orthography of the participle *scarr'd* for *scared* in *Coriolanus*, and in *Winter's Tale*. In *Palsgrave* both the noun and verb are written *scarre*, and *Minsheu*, in his *Guide to the Tongues*, 1611, has "to *scarre* G. *Ahurir*." There can be no doubt that the word *scare* had then the broad sound it still retains in the North. Objections have been made to the expression "make *hopes*." Surely there is nothing extraordinary in it, any more than in the French *faire des esperances*.

And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window ;

I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.

Now will I charge you in the band of truth,

When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,

Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me ;

My reasons are most strong ; and you shall know them,

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd :

And on your finger, in the night, I'll put

Another ring ; that, what in time proceeds,

May token to the future our past deeds.

Adieu, till then ; then, fail not : You have won

A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee. [*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me !

You may so in the end.—

My mother told me just how he would woo,

As if she sate in his heart ; she says, all men

Have the like oaths. He had sworn to marry me,

When his wife's dead ; therefore I'll lie with him,

When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid⁵,

Marry that will, I live and die a maid :

⁵ *Braid*, i. e. *false*, *deceitful*, *tricking*, *beguiling*, from the A. S. *bræð*, *brægd*, *fraus astus*. (This word must not be confounded with a *braid*, often used by Chaucer and the older poets for any *sudden motion*, which is from *abræðan*, to arouse, to awake, to snatch, seize, or strike with violence) :—

“Jak's brother had he slayn, the Walesis that is said,

The more Jak was fayn, to do William that *braid*.

Selcouthly he endeth ; the man that is *fals*,

If he trest on frendes, thei *begile* him als,

Begiled is William.”

Hearne's Langtoft, p. 329.

In his confused Glossary, Hearne has explained this word various ways, but *deceit*, *guile*, are among his meanings. In the Curious Carol for St. Stephen's Day, printed by Ritson from a MS. of the reign of Henry VI. Herod says to the saint who is vaticinating about the birth of the Saviour :—

Only in this disguise, I think't no sin,
To cozen him, that would unjustly win.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The Florentine Camp.*

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have delivered it an hour since : there is something in't that stings his nature ; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown ; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour ; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now, God delay¹ our rebellion ; as we are ourselves, what things are we !

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends² ;

“ What eyleth the, Stevyn, art thou wood? or thou gynnist
to brede?” (i. e. to beguile.)

Thus also in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616, as cited by Steevens :

“ Dian rose with all her maids,
Blushing thus at Love his braids.”

Braided wares, were *false, deceitful, damaged* wares, and this explains *unbraided* wares in *The Winter's Tale*, Act iv. Sc. 3. See note there.

¹ *Delay* is here used in the sense of *diluere*, to dilute, temper, allay.

² This may mean, “they are perpetually talking about the

so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself².

1 *Lord*. Is it not most³ damnable in us to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night.

2 *Lord*. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord*. That approaches apace; I would gladly have him see his company⁴ anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit⁵.

2 *Lord*. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord*. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord*. I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord*. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord*. What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord*. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord*. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord*. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished; and, there re-

mischief they intend to do, till they have obtained an opportunity of doing it."

² i. e. *betrays his own secrets in his own talk*.

³ The old copy misprints *meant* for *most*. Malone suggested the correction, although he afterwards abandoned it.

⁴ *Company* for *companion*. We have *companies* for *companions* again in *K. Henry V.*

⁵ *Counterfeit*, besides its ordinary signification of a person pretending to be what he is not, also meant a *picture*, the word *set* shows that the word is used in both senses here. The reference is to *Parolles*, as the next speech and the ensuing scene show.

siding, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself⁶, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now! where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tart-

⁶ The old copy misprints *selfe* for *itself*.

ness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congé'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module⁷; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophecier.

2 Lord. Bring him forth: [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] he has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs⁸ so long. How does he carry himself?

1 Lord. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk. He hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: And what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read

⁷ *Module* and *model* are the same word. The meaning is, *bring forth this counterfeit representation of a soldier.*

⁸ An allusion to the degradation of a knight by *hacking off his spurs.*

to his face : if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him ! muffled ! he can say nothing of mé ; hush ! hush !

1 *Lord.* Hoodman⁹ comes !—*Porto tartarossa.*

1 *Sold.* He calls for the tortures ; What will you say without 'em ?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint ; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 *Sold.* *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 *Lord.* *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1 *Sold.* You are a merciful general :—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* *First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong ?* What say you to that ?

Par. Five or six thousand ; but very weak and un-serviceable : the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so ?

Par. Do ; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this¹⁰ !

1 *Lord.* You are deceived, my lord ; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist (that was his own phrase), that had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape¹¹ of his dagger.

⁹ The game at blind man's buff was formerly called *Hoodman blind.*

¹⁰ In the old copy these words are given by mistake to Parolles.

¹¹ *The chape is the catch or fastening of the sheath of his dagger.*

2 *Lord*. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean ; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sold*. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 *Lord*. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks¹² for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 *Sold*. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir : a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 *Sold*. Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that ?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour¹³, I will tell true. Let me see : Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many ; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each : mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each : so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll ; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks¹⁴, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him ?

1 *Lord*. Nothing, but let him have thanks. De-

¹² *I con him no thanks*, i. e. *I am not beholden to him for it*, &c. To *con thanks* exactly answers to the French *çavoir gré*. Chaucer has *con hem thank*, and *con hem maugré* ; which last is equivalent to *çavoir malgré*. It is found in several writers of Shakespeare's time. To *con* and to *ken* are from the Saxon *cunnan*, to know, to may or can, to be able.

¹³ Perhaps we should read, "*if I were but to live this present hour* ;" unless the blunder is meant to show the fright of Parolles.

¹⁴ *Cassocks*, i. e. *soldiers' cloaks or upper garments*. *Casaque*, Fr. Sometimes also called *Hoquetons de guerre*. A very curious de-

mand of him my condition¹⁵, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down. *You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be i'the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? What do you know of it?*

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories: Demand them singly.

1 *Sold.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipt for getting the sheriff's fool¹⁶ with child: a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay.

[DUMAIN lifts up his hand in anger.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls¹⁷.

1 *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

scription of this garment may be found in that valuable work, *Thresor de la Langue Françoise*, par Nicot, ed. 1606, under the word *Casaque*. There was a plebeian *cassock*, or *gaberdine*, worn by country people, which is carefully distinguished from this by Nicot and his follower Cotgrave.

¹⁵ *Condition*, i. e. *disposition* and *character*.

¹⁶ *Probably an idiot, or natural fool, assigned to the custody of the sheriff.*

¹⁷ In Whitney's *Emblems* there is a story of three women who threw dice to ascertain which of them should die first. She who lost affected to laugh at the decrees of fate, when a tile suddenly falling put an end to her existence. This book was certainly known to Shakespeare. The passages in Lucian and Plutarch may also have met the poet's eye.

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine ; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o' the band : I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1 Sold. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know ; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 Sold. Here 'tis ; here's a paper. Shall I read it to you ?

Par. I do not know if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 Lord. Excellently.

1 Sold. *Dian, The count's a fool, and full of gold,—*

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir ; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that, very ruttish : I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid : for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy ; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both-sides rogue !

1 Sold. *When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold,
and take it ;*

After he scores, he never pays the score :

Half won, is match well made ; match, and well make it :

He ne'er pays after debts, take it before ;

And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this,

Men are to mell¹⁸ with, boys are not to kiss :

¹⁸ The meaning of the word *mell* from *mêler*, French, is obvious. It is not yet obsolete in lowland Scotch. Spenser uses it, and Drayton, in his 39th Sonnet—

“ My manhood dares not with foul Ate mell.”

*For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it,
Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,*

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 Sold. I perceive, sir, by our¹⁹ general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case! not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature; let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i'the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1 Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister²⁰; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus²¹. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be "To melle," says Ruddiman, "to fight, contend, meddle, or have to do with." So in The Corpus Christi Play, acted at Coventry, Cott. MSS. Vesp. viii. p. 122:—

"And fayre young qwene herby doth dwelle,

Both fresh and gay upon to loke,

And a tall man with her doth melle,

The way into her chawmer ryght evyn he toke."

The argument of the piece is "The woman taken in adultery."

¹⁹ The old copies have *your*, a misprint for *our*.

²⁰ *He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister*, i. e. *he will steal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy*.

²¹ *Nessus*, i. e. *the Centaur killed by Hercules*, for his attempt on Dejanira.

swine-drunk ; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him ; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty : he has every thing that an honest man should not have ; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty ? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war ?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians²²,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not ; except in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd Mile End²³, to instruct for the doubling of files : I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him ! he's a cat still.

1 *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*²⁴ he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it : and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Dumaïn ?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me ?

1 *Sold.* What's he ?

²² Itinerant players in their progresses through country towns were often preceded by a drum, as it appears by many cotemporary notices.

²³ *Mile End Green* was the place for public sports and exercises. See *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act iii. Sc. 2.

²⁴ *Quart d'ecu*, i. e. the fourth part of the smaller French crown, about eightpence.

Par. E'en a crow of the same nest ; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is : In a retreat he outruns any lackey ; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sold.* If your life be sav'd, will you undertake to betray the Florentine ?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Roussillon.

1 *Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming ; a plague of all drums ! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition²⁵ of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger : Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken ? [*Aside.*

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die : the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use ; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir ; let me live, or let me see my death !

1 *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*

So, look about you ; Know you any here ?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu ? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of

²⁵ To beguile the supposition, i. e. to deceive the opinion.

the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, Lords, &c.]

1 *Sold.* You are undone, captain: all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you there.

[*Exit.*]

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great, 'Twould burst at this: Captain I'll be no more; But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall: simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart, Let him fear this; for it will come to pass, That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! There's place, and means, for every man alive. I'll after them.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude

Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
 And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd,
 His grace is at Marseilles¹; to which place
 We have convenient convoy. You must know,
 I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
 My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
 And by the leave of my good lord the king,
 We'll be, before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
 You never had a servant, to whose trust
 Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
 Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
 To recompense your love: doubt not, but heaven
 Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
 As it hath fated her to be my motive²
 And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
 That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
 When saucy³ trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
 Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
 With what it loathes, for that which is away.
 But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,
 Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
 Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
 Go with your impositions, I am yours⁴
 Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I fray you⁵

¹ It appears that *Marseilles* was pronounced as a word of three syllables. In the old copies it is written *Marcellæ*, *Marsellis*, and *Marcellus*.

² *To be my motive*, i. e. *to be my mover*.

³ *Saucy* was used in the sense of *wanton*. We have it with the same meaning in *Measure for Measure*.

⁴ i. e. *let death accompanied by honesty, go with the task you impose, still I am yours, &c.*

⁵ The old copy has *pray*. The present obvious, necessary and elegant correction was suggested by Sir W. Blackstone; the

But with the word ; the time will bring on summer,
 When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
 And be as sweet as sharp. We must away ;
 Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revies us⁶ :
All's well that ends well : still the fine's the crown⁷ ;
 Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's
 Palace.*

Enter Countess, LAFEU, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a sniptaffata fellow there ; whose villainous saffron¹ would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour : your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour ; and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed² humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him ! it was the sense will then be " I only frighten you with mentioning the word *suffer* ; for a short time will bring on the season of happiness and delight."

⁶ The old copy reads, " and time *revives* us." I adopt the suggested correction of Warburton, " time revies us," that is, *challenges* us. To vie and to revie were terms used at various games for, to challenge. See Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. i. p. 106. Steevens suggested *reviles*, but this is not so pertinent a phrase ; and Shakespeare elsewhere uses to *vie* for to *challenge*.

⁷ A translation of the common Latin proverb, *Finis coronat opus* : the origin of which has been pointed out by Mr. Douce, in his Illustrations, vol. i. p. 323.

¹ It has been thought that there is an allusion here to the fashion of *yellow starch* for bands and ruffs, which was long prevalent : and also to the custom of colouring paste with saffron. The plain meaning seems to be—that Parolles's vices were of such a colourable quality as to be sufficient to corrupt the inexperienced youth of a nation, and make them take the same hue.

² *A red-tailed humble-bee.* The allusion is probably to the scarfs. &c. of the dressy braggart.

death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating : if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady : we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather the herb of grace³.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass⁴.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself ; a knave, or a fool ?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction ?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble⁵, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee ; thou art both knave and fool.

³ i. e. *rue*.

⁴ The old copy reads *grace*. The emendation is Rowe's : who also supplied the word *salad* in the preceding speech. The Clown quibbles on *grass* and *grace*. It should be remembered that *grass* was written and pronounced *gresse* in the poet's time. Thus in Withall's Dictionarie for Children, 1586, "Grasse or *Gresse*, Gramen."

⁵ The fool's *bauble* was "a short stick ornamented at the end with the figure of a fool's head, or sometimes with that of a doll or puppet. To this instrument there was frequently annexed an inflated bladder, with which the fool belaboured those who offended him, or with whom he was inclined to make sport. The French call a bauble *marotte*, from *Marionette*." The representation of several forms of it may be seen in Mr. Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, he has an English name⁶; but his phisnomy is more hotter⁷ in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir, *alias* the prince of darkness; *alias* the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest⁸ thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure⁹, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy¹⁰.

⁶ *Name.* The old copy reads *maine*. The correction is by Rowe.

⁷ The Clown's allusion is double. To Edward *the black prince*, and to the *prince of darkness*. The presence of Edward was indeed *hot* in France: the other allusion is obvious.

⁸ *Suggest*, i. e. *to tempt*.

⁹ Steevens thinks with Sir T. Hanmer, that we should read *since*.

¹⁰ *Unhappy*, i. e. *mischievous*, *waggish*, *unlucky*.

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him : by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness ; and, indeed, he has no pace¹¹, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well ; 'tis not amiss : and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter ; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose. His highness hath promised me to do it : and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it ?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty ; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night : I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter ; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

• *Re-enter Clown.*

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a

¹¹ *No pace*, i. e. *no prescribed course* ; he has the unbridled liberty of a fool.

patch of velvet on's face : whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows ; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet : his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half¹², but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour ; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed¹³ face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you ; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Marseilles. A Street.

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Helena.

BUT this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low : we cannot help it ;
But, since you have made the days and nights
as one,

To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time ;——

Enter a gentle Astringer¹.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

¹² Velvet was esteemed according to its pile.

¹³ Carbonadoed is "slashed over the face in a manner that fetched the flesh with it," metaphorically from a carbonado or collop of meat.

¹ A gentle Astringer, i. e. a gentleman falconer, called in Juliana

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness ;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will ?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king ;
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir ?

Gent. Not, indeed :
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains !

Hel. *All's well that ends well*, yet ;
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone ?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon ;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand ;

Barnes's Book of Huntynge, &c. *Ostreger*. See also Latham's Falconry, *passim*. The term is applied particularly to those that keep goshawks. Cowel, in his Law Dictionary, says that we usually call a falconer who keeps that kind of hawk an *austringer*. Nicot tells us that in the Salique Law the goshawk is called *acceptor*, from whence by contraction *astor*. *Astringer* is *autrucier*, and *auturisier*, in old French, and the goshawk is called *austour* and *atour* ; in Italian *astorre*. In our old records *asturcus*, *austurcus*, *osturcus*, *hostricus*, and *estricus*.

Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
 But rather make you thank your pains for it.
 I will come after you, with what good speed
 Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
 Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again ;—
 Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rousillon. *The inner Court of the
 Countess's Palace.*

Enter Clown and PAROLLES.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavatch, give my Lord Lafeu this letter : I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes ; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood¹, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of : I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir ; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink², I will stop

¹ Warburton changed *mood*, the reading of the old copy, to *mout*, and was followed and defended by Steevens ; but though the emendation was ingenious and well supported, it appears unnecessary. *Fortune's mood* is several times used by Shakespeare for the whimsical *caprice* of fortune. There is an evident jingle between *mood* and *mud*.

² Warburton observes, "that Shakespeare throughout his writings, if we except a passage in Hamlet, has scarce a metaphor that can offend the most squeamish reader." To this Steevens, in one of those splenetic fits to which in the decline of life he was subject, replies that "the poet's offensive metaphors and allusions are more frequent than those of all his dramatic predecessors or contemporaries." Those best acquainted with his dramatic contemporaries and predecessors will acknowledge the falsehood of this unjust accusation.

my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee farther.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, pr'ythee, stand away; A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a purr of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fish-pond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles³ of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit Clown.*]

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't: save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one⁴ word then⁵.—Cox' my passion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

³ I think with Warburton, we should read "*similes* of comfort," such as calling him fortune's cat, carp, &c.

⁴ *One* is wanting in the first and second folios, but was added in the third. The quibble is evident.

⁵ A quibble is intended on the word *Parolles*, which in French signifies *words*.

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets. —Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow⁶.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in the Countess's Palace. Flourish.*

Enter King, Countess, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem¹ Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home².

Count. 'Tis past, my liege:
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze³ of youth:
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

⁶ Johnson justly observes that "Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff, and seems to be a character that Shakespeare delighted to draw, a fellow that had more wit than virtue. Though justice required that he should be detected and exposed, yet his vices sit so fit in him that he is not at last suffered to starve."

¹ i. e. in losing her we lost a large portion of our esteem, which she possessed.

² Home, i. e. completely, in its full extent.

³ Blaze. The old copy has blade. Theobald proposed the present reading, and the context shows the necessity of the correction.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all ;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,——
But first I beg my pardon,—The young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note ; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all : he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes⁴ ; whose words all ears took captive ;
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him
hither ;——

We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition⁵ :—Let him not ask our pardon ;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion do we bury
The incensing relicks of it : let him approach,
A stranger, no offender ; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

King. What says he to your daughter ? have you
spoke ?——

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters
sent me,
That set him high in fame.

⁴ *Of richest eyes.* So in *As You Like It* :—to have “ seen much and to have nothing, is to have *rich eyes* and poor hands.” Those who having seen the greatest number of fair women might be said to be the *richest* in ideas of beauty.

⁵ *Kill all repetition*, i. e. *the first interview shall put an end to all recrimination.* In this sense the word is used in *K. John*, Act ii. Sc. 1.—“ *Ill timed repetitions.*”

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season⁶,
For thou mayst see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once : But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way ; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames⁷,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole ;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top ;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them : You remember
The daughter of this lord ?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege : at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue :
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour ;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n ;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object : Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd :
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt : But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,

⁶ *A day of season*, i. e. a *seasonable day* ; a mixture of sunshine and hail, of winter and summer, is *unseasonable*.

⁷ *My high-repented blames*, i. e. *faults repented of to the utmost*.

Crying, that's good that's gone. Our rash faults
 Make trivial price of serious things we have,
 Not knowing them, until we know their grave :
 Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
 Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust :
 Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
 While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon⁸.
 Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
 Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin :
 The main consents are had ; and here we'll stay
 To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven,
 bless !

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse^a !

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
 Must be digested, give a favour from you,
 To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
 That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
 And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
 Was a sweet creature ; such a ring as this,
 The last that e'er I took her leave at court⁹,
 I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it ; for mine eye,
 While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—
 This ring was mine : and, when I gave it Helen,
 I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood

⁸ This obscure couplet seems to mean that " Our love awaking to the worth of the lost object too late laments: our shameful hate or dislike having slept out the period when our fault was remediable." Mason proposed to read *old* for *own*.

^a This couplet forms part of the King's speech in the old copies ; Theobald assigned it to the Countess, to whom it evidently belongs. The first folio prints the concluding word *cesse* ; Mr. Collier and others alter it to *cease*, to the destruction of the rhyme.

⁹ " *The last that e'er I took her leave at court.*"

That is, " the last time that ever I took leave of her at court." The expression is by no means unusually elliptical.

Necessitated to help, that by this token¹⁰
I would relieve her : Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should stead her most ?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it ; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure, I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it :
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me¹¹
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name,
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd¹² : but when I had subscrib'd¹³
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine¹⁴,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,

¹⁰ Malone quarrels with the construction of this passage :—" I bade her, &c.—that by this token," &c. but Shakespeare frequently uses *bade* for *told*. So in *Othello*, Act i. Sc. 3 :—

" And *bade* me, if I had a friend that loved her."

¹¹ Johnson remarks that Bertram still continues to have too little virtue to deserve Helen. He did not know it was Helen's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window.

¹² *Ingag'd*, i. e. *pledged to her, having received her pledge*. Johnson reads *engaged*, and explains it—" When she saw me receive the ring, she thought me *engaged* to her." I cannot think, with Malone, that *usengaged* is intended, we have no instance of the use of *ingaged* in that sense.

¹³ *Subscrib'd*, i. e. *submitted*. See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii. Sc. 3.

¹⁴ i. e. *The philosopher's stone*. Plutus, the great alchymist, who knows the secrets of the *elixir* and *philosopher's stone*, by which the alchymists pretended that base metals might be transmuted into gold.

Than I have in this ring : 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
 Whoever gave it you. Then if you know
 That you are well acquainted with yourself¹⁵,
 Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
 You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety,
 That she would never put it from her finger,
 Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
 (Where you have never come), or sent it us
 Upon her great disaster.

Ber.

She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour ;

And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
 Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
 That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so ;—
 And yet I know not :—thou didst hate her deadly,
 And she is dead ; which nothing, but to close
 Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
 More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[Guards seize BERTRAM.

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
 Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
 Having vainly fear'd too little¹⁶.—Away with him !—
 We'll sift this matter farther.

Ber.

If you shall prove

This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
 Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
 Where yet she never was.

[Exit BERTRAM, guarded.

*Enter a Gentleman*¹⁷.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

¹⁵ Then if you have the proper consciousness of your own actions, confess, &c.

¹⁶ The proofs which I have already had are sufficient to show that my fears were not vain and irrational. I have unreasonably feared too little.

¹⁷ This is the gentle *Astringer* Helena previously met.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
 Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not ;
 Here's a petition from a Florentine,
 Who hath, for four or five removes¹⁸, come short
 To tender it herself. I undertook it,
 Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
 Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
 Is here attending : her business looks in her
 With an importing visage ; and she told me,
 In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
 Your highness with herself.

King. [Reads.] *Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower ; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O king ; in you it best lies ; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.*

DIANA CAPULET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll¹⁹
 for this ; I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee,
Lafeu,
 To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors :—
 Go, speedily, and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt Gentleman, and some Attendants.*
 I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
 Was foully snatch'd.

¹⁸ *Removes* are *journeys*, or *post-stages* ; she had not been able to overtake the king on the road.

¹⁹ This is the reading of the first folio. The allusion is to the custom of paying *toll* for the liberty of selling in a fair ; it means, " I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and sell this one ; pay *toll* for the liberty of selling him." So in *Hudibras* :—

" A roan gelding,

Where, when, by whom, and what ye were sold for,
 And in the public market *toll'd* for."

There were two statutes to regulate the *tolling* of horses in fairs.

Count.

Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you²⁰,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow, and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet:
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring;
And both shall cease²¹, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; Do you know these
women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she, which marries you, must marry me,
Either both, or none.

Laf. Your reputation [*To BERTRAM*] comes too
short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.

²⁰ The first folio reads:—

“I wonder, sir, *sir*; wives, &c.”

The emendation is Mr. Tyrwhitt's. *As* in the succeeding line means *as soon as*. The second folio reads, “I wonder, sir, wives are *such* monsters to you,” &c.

²¹ *Cease*, i. e. *end*, will die dishonoured.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with. Let your high-
ness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to
friend,

Till your deeds gain them : Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies !

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her ?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord ;
And was a common gamester to the camp²².

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord ; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price :
Do not believe him : O ! behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity²³,
Did lack a parallel ; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o'the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis his²⁴ :

²² The following passage from *The False One* of Beaumont and Fletcher will sufficiently elucidate this term when applied to a female :—

“ 'Tis a catalogue

Of all the *gamesters* in the court and city,
Which lord lies with that lady, and what gallant
Sports with that merchant's wife.”

²³ *Validity*, i. e. *value*.

²⁴ *He blushes, and 'tis his*. The old copies have, “ He blushes, and 'tis *hit*.” Pope made the correction. Malone remarks that in many of our old chronicles he had found *hit* printed instead of *it*. It is not in our old chronicles alone, but in all our old writers that the word may be found in this form. The acute author of the *Diversions of Purley* has shown the reason at p. 53 of his second volume. Tooke treats Malone with sarcastic commiseration for taking the old orthography for a mistake of the printer.

Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
 Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
 Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife :
 That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,
 You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
 So bad an instrument ; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him ?
 He's quoted²⁵ for a most perfidious slave,
 With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd²⁶ :
 Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth :
 Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
 That will speak any thing ?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has : certain it is, I lik'd her,
 And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth :
 She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
 Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
 As all impediments in fancy's course
 Are motives of more fancy ; and, in fine,
 Her infinite cunning with her modern grace²⁷,

²⁵ *Noted.*

²⁶ The old orthography of *debauch'd*.

²⁷ The first folio has "infuite comming," evidently a printer's error for *infinite cunning*. This happy emendation was suggested by the late Mr. Sidney Walker. In *Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii. Sc. 2, the old copies have, by a similar printer's error, "*comming* in dumbness," instead of *cunning*. "Every thing that obstructs *love* is an occasion by which *love* is heightened, and to conclude, her *cunning* concurring with her *common* or *ordinary* grace she got the ring." It may be remarked that Shakespeare and some of his contemporaries use the word *modern* for *trivial*, *common*, *ordinary* ; the reason of this has not yet been satisfactorily explained. "*Modernaglie*," says Florio, "moderne things ; also taken for young wenches." *Modern* may therefore mean *youthful* in this instance.

Subdued me to her rate : she got the ring ;
 And I had that, which any inferior might
 At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient ;
 You that have turn'd off a first so noble wife²⁸,
 May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
 (Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband),
 Send for your ring, I will return it home,
 And give me mine again.

Ber I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you ?

Dia. Sir, much like

The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring ? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false : you threw it him
 Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts
 you.—

Is this the man you speak of ?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
 Not fearing the displeasure of your master
 (Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off),
 By him, and by this woman here, what know you ?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been
 an honourable gentleman ; tricks he hath had in him,
 which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose : Did he love
 this woman ?

²⁸ *You that diet me*, i. e. make me *fast*, by depriving me of marriage rites.

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her ; But how ?

King. How, I pray you ?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that ?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave :—

What an equivocal companion is this ?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promis'd me marriage ?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st ?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty : I did go between them, as I said ; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what : yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed ; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of ; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married : But thou art too fine²⁹ in thy evidence ; therefore stand aside.—

This ring, you say, was yours ?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it ? or who gave it you ?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you ?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then ?

²⁹ In the French sense *trop fine*. So in Bacon's Apophthegms, 1625, p. 252 :—"Your majesty was too *fine* for my lord Burleigh."

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes
off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer³⁰.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this
while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great King, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to LAFEU.*

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her!

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.— [*Exit Widow.*

Stay, royal sir;

The jeweller that owes³¹ the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd;

³⁰ *Some common customer*, i. e. *common woman*, with whom any one may be *familiar*.

³¹ *Owes*, i. e. *owns*.

And at that time he got his wife with child :
 Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick ;
 So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick :
 And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist³²
 Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes ?
 Is't real that I see ?

Hel. No, my good lord ;
 'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
 The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both : O, pardon !

Hel. O! my good lord, when I was like this maid,
 I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,
 And, look you, here's your letter : This it says,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c.—This is done :
 Will you be mine, now you are doubly won ?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this
 clearly,
 I'll love her dearly ; ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
 Deadly divorce step between me and you !—
 O, my dear mother, do I see you living ?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon.
 —Good Tom Drum, [*To PAROLLES*], lend me a

³² Thus, in Julius Cæsar, Ligarius says :—

“Thou like an *exorcist* hast conjur'd up
 My mortified spirit.”

Exorcist and *conjurer* were synonymous in Shakespeare's time. The great poet has been accused of using this word erroneously in a sense peculiar to himself, but the dictionaries of his time show that it was the universal acceptance of the word. Thus Florio in his Italian Dictionary, ed. 1598. “*Essorcista*, a conjurer, an exorcist.”—“*Essorcismi*, exorcismes, conjurations, incantations, spels ;” and so throughout: this definition is not peculiar to Florio, all the dictionaries have it.

handkerchief ; so, I thank thee. Wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee : Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow :—

[*To DIANA.*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped
flower,

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower ;
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express ;
All yet seems well ; and, if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[*Flourish.*

Advancing.

The King's a beggar, now the play is done :
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content ; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day :
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts³³ ;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt.*

³³ Give us the benefit of your toleration, take you that of our performance : *parts* is here used in the sense of " mental and active parts," as in *Troilus and Cressida*. The next line is a parallel antithesis :—Applaud with your hands the service we have rendered heartily.



CRITICAL ESSAY ON ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

THE chief outline of the Story of All's Well that Ends Well, came to Shakespeare from Boccaccio, through the translation of Painter, who published the story of Giletta of Narbona, in his *Palace of Pleasure*, in 1566. The characters of the Countess, Lafeu, Parolles, and the clown, and the incidents of the secondary story, are unknown to the Italian novel; with regard to the leading action, we may discern in the original certain vigorous lines and regulating points that were respected by the dramatist, and influenced him both in what he added and what he altered.

The story of the novel and the drama are to this extent identical: Giletta, or Helen, the orphan daughter of a physician of great skill, is in love with Beltramo—Bertram, the youthful and handsome heir of Rossiglione—Rousillon, in whose father's house she has been brought up; Bertram, being under age and a ward of the king, proceeds to Paris after his father's death, whither he is followed by the maiden, who, by aid of a receipt of her father's, cures the king of a dangerous disease for the stipulated recompense of a royal ward for her husband, and chooses Bertram. Bertram is indignant, but gives way; he is married, but steals off immediately afterwards to the Italian wars. Two gentlemen convey his determination to his wife to see her no more till two supposed impossible conditions are fulfilled: upon this she quits her home on the pretext of pilgrimages, and by the intrigue of the play fulfils the conditions, presents herself to her husband with proof, and is received and cherished.

Giletta is wealthy—Helena is poor and a dependent, obviously an improvement. With equal judgment Shakespeare suppresses the circumstance that Gerard of Narbonne had been domiciled at Rousillon to tend the sickly father of Bertram; the recent death of both physician and patient would detract from faith in his receipt. The king of the novel is loath to grant Beltramo to his preserver, but the unceremonious proceeding in the play is much

more accordant with the unhesitating agreement to the plan when first proposed. The military service of Beltramo is related with no particular note of his distinguished gallantry, the redeeming quality of Bertram; on the other hand, the Beltramo is spared the stain of Bertram in his proposed seduction of Diana Capulet, and in the prevarication it leads him into. The popularity of Giletta on her husband's estate, which she governs in his absence with rare wisdom, and the intercession of ladies in favour of the wife at last, are the nearest approach to suggestions of the affection of the Countess, and the admiration of Lafeu and the king.

Giletta presents us with the lineaments of Helena in the combination of tone and warmth in her affections. Giletta "fervently fell in love with Beltramo more than was meet for a maiden of her age." Beltramo is sent to Paris, "for whose departure the maiden was very pensive."—"Now it chanced that she burned more in love with Beltramo than ever she did before, because she heard tell that he was grown to the state of a goodly young gentleman":—

"'Twas pretty though a plague
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls
In our heart's table; heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour."

The personal beauty of Bertram is far more constantly set forth than is usual with Shakespeare—"Is't not a handsome gentleman?" is the testimony of Diana Capulet, and this seems the meaning of Lafeu's rejoinder to the king on the entrance of Bertram, "He looks well on't;" and the king himself:—

"Youth thou bear'st thy father's face,
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too."

There is the same thought in the benediction of the Countess:—

"Be thou bless'd, Bertram! and succeed thy father
In manners as in shape."

So it is; the beauty of the boy count engages the passionate admiration of Helena, who, far his superior in all moral qualities, idolizes his image, and correctly characterizes her devotion as idolatry, the submission of the living to the dead, though she suspects not her own aptness:—

"Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in my error, I adore
The sun that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more."—Act i. Sc. 3.
"But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relic."—Act i. Sc. 1.

The spirit of perseverance, self-reliance, and intelligence that

are associated with this passion are common to drama and tale by the identity of incident, but the tale supplied characteristics when its incidents were rejected, and we readily give Helena credit for the capabilities of Giletta, who, "perceiving that through the count's absence all things were spoiled and out of order, she like a sage lady with great diligence and care, disposed all things in order again."

There is far more original development in the character of Bertram, but the suggestive hint is still found in the tale. The action of the play at large is due to the conduct of Bertram when his marriage is proposed; what are the characteristics of mind implied in his yielding to the anger of the king and marrying Helena notwithstanding his disdainful repugnance, and in then having spirit enough to brave the king's anger by stealing away to the wars, though he had not enough the moment before to persist in his determination? Such conduct implies mental tendencies and circumstances co-operant which are not accounted for in the novel, but which the play supplies. Shakespeare took the incident bare and unfurnished as it stands, associated with it the circumstances required to render it consistent with nature, and supported it by an exhibition of a series of consequences from the causes it implied.

In the play Bertram's determination to steal away is made before there is any question of his marriage, and he already declares his vexation at being detained at court, "the forehorse to a smock," till honour be bought up, and Parolles, vapouring and plausible, is provided to help on his suggestions and ease him of scruples slender at best. The command to be married forthwith as it comes most unceremoniously from the king, whose egotism finds sufficient reason in his own convenience,—

"Know'st thou not, Bertram, what she has done for me?"

comes therefore also most inopportunately; another bond is laid upon a prisoner burning to be free from ties far slighter. Impatient for honour he is constrained to idleness and to marriage, odious to him in any form, and still more so when it outraged his pride of noble blood. Outspoken enough in his first refusal, Bertram yields—not to the lecture on the nobility of merit as contrasted with that of blood, but to the king's threat of severe and instant displeasure in terms implying the privation of the chances of distinction he is so disposed to value:—

"Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
 Into the staggers, and the careless lapse
 Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate
 Loosing upon thee, &c."

Thus urged, the double weakness of his character appears,—first in giving way to a threat, and then in the facile employment of a certain glozing glibness in the terms of his recantation, betraying a deep deficiency of innate truthfulness and hardy self-

respect. The consent is a concession to immediate pressure, and on the first escape from this, his earlier project is embraced; and, with Parolles to aid and abet, he makes off from his neglected bride for the Tuscan wars.

The Bertram of this scene is evidently the same young nobleman who pursues with promises of unlimited profusion the honour of Diana Capulet, and who to extricate himself from a difficulty, invents and pours forth one lie after another with a volubility of tongue almost gratuitous, and with every charitable allowance for his embarrassment, sufficiently repulsive.

The comparison of the novel, which was his source, shows how deliberately Shakespeare darkened the shades of the character of Bertram, till in truth he leaves him no claim upon our interest but the gallantry for which credit is given him as a soldier, and ardour in pursuit of active distinction. But beyond this, there lie the presumptions in his favour derived from the affection he has inspired in Helena,—though it is much if this escapes lowering Helena rather than elevating Bertram—and then the claim upon indulgence on the ground of large possessions and nobility of birth.

Lofty position has its special temptations, and it is well if it be not allowed too liberally its special indulgences. It is the way of the world to extend the interpretation of morals in favour of the noble, wealthy, youthful, and handsome, and this form of adulation above all others encourages and confirms the germs of egotism which probably nothing but shame the most humiliating can ever perfectly cure. In Bertram the pride of race disowns and disregards the gifts and nobilities of nature, yet he overrates the worth of the lowest born Parolles, who has crept into favour by assentation; he places himself above all regard either to delicacy or honour in pursuit of gratification at the expense of the happiness of others, and makes hollow professions to high and low unscrupulously, when an annoyance is to be averted or an advantage gained. Those who appreciate the weakness and baseness of his conduct most clearly, stand cap in hand respectfully as he goes by, and in comment among themselves palliate too much by generalization on the weakness of human nature, and find on such an argument that even vice has its advantages—to whip our virtues into humility.

Such is the tendency of feudalism, and struck with its effects, men in the middle ages and even later wrote romances to assert the primal claims of nobility of nature, but, seldom rose higher than to range it with the factitious nobility of society, and Griselda, who has no nobility but that of nature, is held sufficiently rewarded by acceptance with those who lack every nobility but what must be inherited. To what point reaches the moral of All's Well that Ends Well? The charming character of the old Countess exhibits the most refined and elevated sense of the dignity of goodness:—

"Be thou blessed, Bertram! and succeed thy father
 In manners as in shape! thy blood and virtue
 Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
 Share with thy birthright!"

In noble sentences the king discourses to Bertram on the superior perfections of the obscure Helena:—

"From lowest place when virtuous things proceed, &c."
 On what ear this falls is found in the answer; not by appreciation of true worth does Bertram profess to be convinced—but:—

"When I consider

What great creation and what dole of honour
 Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
 Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
 The praised of the king."

It was not the court that had corrupted Bertram—such pride is born of circumstance; in the first scene he twice diverts the conversation when from its course it was natural that the fair Helena should be referred to or take part in it, and his good wishes at parting are worded with chilling coldness, accompanied by an allusion to her position supercilious enough.

Parolles is a counterfoil of Helena, inasmuch as like her he is ambitious of consorting with a higher rank, but unlike her is destitute of claims to honour of any kind. Lafew characterizes him as an empty upstart, with a distinction worthy the admirer of Helena: "You are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and (note the annexation) virtue gives you heraldry."

The mistake of Bertram, in his estimation of Parolles, is counterpart of his disregard and disdain for Helena, and one error promotes the other, as the vapouring scoundrel is chargeable with some part of the Count's misconduct by encouragement and suggestion. While one error lasts, the other has little chance of being recognized; and it is shrewdly remarked, in the conversation of the Lords, that the wronged wife would have a better chance of justice, when her husband should be taught, in the exposure of Parolles, to be mistrustful of his sagacity of character. "I would gladly have him see his company anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit."

But from another point of view Parolles is a counterfoil, if we should not rather say a counterpart, of Bertram himself. It almost seems as if the conception of the besurfaced poltroon were invented to follow up the contrast with Bertram, the handsome but false, whose "moral parts" are far from being, as the King would have them, in agreement with his prepossessing outside. The weak point of Parolles, in respect to personal courage, places him in contrast so distinct to the soldier-like Bertram, that the latter escapes some of the disgrace of correspondence on other points

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with his worthless protégé, who is not only "a most notable coward, but an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worth your Lordship's entertainment."

It is the completion of the humiliation of Bertram, that the follower he had exposed and laughed at is brought in as a witness against him, for misconduct we can hardly say less degrading; and Parolles with his petition to his arch-enemy Lafeu, "It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out," is really provocative of comparison with Bertram crying for pardon to Helena.

The name of Parolles is, of course, allusive to wordiness; it is played upon indeed in this sense, and he is called "the armipotent linguist. The command of tongue that justifies his name, is wonderfully reconciled with his being, though not solely as he is a coward, but "a great part," fool. It is very satisfactory to observe how Lafeu, the old courtier, who has all the principle, and experience, and consideration that the youthful Bertram lacks, is disgusted with Parolles, but tolerates, not to say enjoys with gusto, the gossiping pleasantry of the idle clown.

All's Well that Ends Well makes its appearance first in the folio; but it is that one of Shakespeare's plays that, by its subject, suits best with the title of Love's Labour's Won given in Meres' list, and it has many marks of having been, in one form or other, an early work.

One of these signs is the frequency of rhymed couplets, not only at the termination but in the body of speeches as well as of scenes; but a sign more important is the general character, by reason of which the play, notwithstanding considerable elaboration and technical finish, still drops in rank to a second stage, and is among the less delightful productions of the master. Of these it has, in common with Measure for Measure, the incident of the substituted bride, an intelligent but somewhat arbitrary and ever fantastic monarch, and prolonged prose scenes. With the Two Gentlemen of Verona, we may perhaps say with Measure for Measure equally, it has in common the continued sacrifice of the chief male character, up to the very last scene and almost its last moment, and the oppressive demand upon interest in the fate of a perjured or a cold natured lover, for the better sake of an enamoured mistress. Such affection doubtless is in nature, but it is far from being the most agreeable to contemplate; affection in such forms verges on infatuation, and when fickleness and superciliousness are rewarded with the treasure, what remains for those qualities that are of higher desert?

All's Well that Ends Well is, then, among Shakespeare's less genial plays, and a sincere confession would declare that many a reader admired it with some degree of effort, and read it in less frequently recurring turn with some self-approval on the score of

resolution; even commentators are disposed to retreat from enthusiasm to defence, not to say apology, and the most staunch defenders of its faith are happy to take refuge in authority or a phrase.

Yet does the play, strange to say, abound with, it is even pervaded by, the fruits of the very ripeness of Shakespeare's intellect. It contains sentences that are of the very purest ore of his wisdom, scenes even that stream down with his most racy English. Is it possible that the change of its title from *Love's Labour's Won* to *All's Well that Ends Well*, was made when the juvenile performance received in later years all the refinement it was capable or thought worthy of? I think I have suggested before, that the so rarely clean *copy* which the editors of the first folio vaunt, in proof of Shakespeare's ease of composition, was revised MSS. for a collected edition; that Shakespeare never blotted or revised is a thing disproved, and through such revision it may have occurred that some of the earliest plays in original date,—*All's Well that Ends Well* among them, received a portion of the very latest poetry that fell from Shakespeare's pen.

W. W. LL.







TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE plot of this admirable Comedy appears to have been taken from the second tale in a collection by Barnabe Riche, entitled, "Rich, his Farewell to the Militarie Profession," which was first printed in 1583. It is probably borrowed from *Les Histoires Tragiques de Belleforest*, vol. iv. Hist. vii^{me}. Belleforest, as usual, copied Bandello. In the fifth eglog of Barnaby Googe, published with his poems in 1563, an incident somewhat similar to that of the duke sending his page to plead his cause with the lady, and the lady falling in love with the page, may be found. But Rich's narration is the more probable source, and resembles the plot more completely. It is too long for insertion here, but may be found in the late edition of Malone's Shakespeare, by Mr. Boswell, and in what Mr. Collier calls "Shakespeare's Library".

The comic scenes appear to have been entirely the creation of the poet, and they are worthy of his transcendent genius. It is indeed one of the most delightful of Shakespeare's comedies. Dr. Johnson thought the natural fatuity of Ague-cheek hardly fair game, but the good-nature with which his folly and his pretensions are brought forward for our amusement, by humouring his whims, are almost without a spice of satire. It is rather an attempt to give pleasure by exhibiting an exaggerated picture of his foibles, than a wish to give pain by exposing their absurdity.

Mr. Collier and Mr. Hunter almost simultaneously discovered, in a manuscript diary of a student of the Middle Temple, among the Harleian Manuscripts, dating from 1601 to 1603, the following passage, which shows that all previous speculations, with regard to the date of the composition of this play, had assigned it to too late a period:—

"Feb. 2, 1601 [2].

"At our feast, wee had a play called Twelve Night, or What You Will. Much like the Comedy of Errors, or Menechmi in

III.

K K

Plantus; but most like and neere to that in Italian called In-ganni. A good practise in it to make the Steward beleve his lady widowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a letter as from his lady in general termes, telling him what she liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparraile, &c. and then when he came to practise making him beleve they took him to be mad," &c.

Mr. Hunter by unwearied investigation, and an ingenious inductive process, ascertained that the writer of the diary was that of John Manningham, who was entered of the Middle Temple in 1597.

The play had most probably been publicly acted before this private performance, at the Candlemas feast of the Middle Temple in 1601-2; and from the absence of it in the list of Shakespeare's plays enumerated by Meres in 1598, the inference is that it was composed in 1599 or 1600.

There were two Italian comedies of a date preceding 1600, bearing the title of *GP Inganni*, one by Nicolo Secchi, printed in 1562, the other by Curzio Gonzaga, printed in 1592. In both plays there are a brother and sister, the latter disguised in man's attire, and bearing to each other so near a resemblance, as to lead to the mistakes which occur in a similar way with the incidents in *Twelfth Night*. The name assumed by the lady in disguise in Gonzaga's play is *Cesare*, which Mr. Hunter thinks may have suggested the name *Cesario*, adopted by Viola, but beyond this the resemblance is not striking. It seems that to Secchi's play Shakespeare can hardly be said to be indebted for a single passage in the dialogue, or a single situation in the events of the drama.

Mr. Hunter in the course of his investigations found, in an early drama of the *Academici degl' Intronati*, bearing the title of *GP Ingannati*,* a much stronger resemblance to the plan of the serious parts of Shakespeare's drama, also a subordinate character, Pasquella, corresponding to Maria. Mr. Hunter seems to think that it was on the model of this play that Shakespeare formed the plan of the serious parts of the *Twelfth Night*, and that even its title may have been suggested by a passage in the prologue, in which *Notte di Beffana* occurs.

It must be confessed, from the sketch of the plot of *GP Ingannati* given, that the conjecture is not without foundation; and presuming that Shakespeare read Italian, which I see no reason to doubt, from the probability of his acquaintance with Florio, who was under the especial patronage of Lord Southampton, he may have been naturally led to this source for his plot.

This play was first printed in the folio of 1623.

* The drama bears the general title of *Il Sacrificio*, which belongs only to the Induction. . It was printed in 1585.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

SEBASTIAN, *a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.*

ANTONIO, *a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.*

A Sea Captain, *Friend to Viola.*

VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*

CURIO, }

SIR TOBY BELCH, *Uncle of Olivia.*

SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

MALVOLIO, *Steward to Olivia.*

FABIAN, } *Servants to Olivia.*

Clown, }

OLIVIA, *a rich Countess.*

VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*

MARIA, *Olivia's Woman.*

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *a City in Illyria; and the Sea Coast near it.*



TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords ; Musicians attending.

Duke.

IF musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it ; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again ;—it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south¹,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour².—Enough ! no more ;

¹ The old copies read *sound*, the emendation is Pope's. Rowe had changed it to *wind*. In Sidney's *Arcadia*, 1590, we have—"more *sweet* than a gentle *south-west* wind which comes creeping over *flowery* fields."

² Milton has very successfully introduced the same image in *Paradise Lost*:—

" Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils."

Shakespeare, in his *Ninety-ninth Sonnet*, has made the violet the thief:—

'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
 O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou !
 That, notwithstanding thy capacity
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
 Of what validity³ and pitch soever,
 But falls into abatement and low price,
 Even in a minute ! so full of shapés is fancy,
 That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord ?

Duke. What, Curio ?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have :
 O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,—
 Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence,—
 That instant was I turn'd into a hart ;
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
 E'er since pursue me⁴.—How now ! what news from
 her ?

“The forward violet thus did I chide :

Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
 If not from my love's breath.”

Pope, in his Ode on St. Cecilia's Day ; and Thomson, in his Spring, have availed themselves of the epithet *a dying fall*.

³ *Validity*, i. e. *value*.

⁴ Shakespeare here applies the fable of Acteon, who saw Diana naked, and was torn to pieces by his hounds, as a caution against too great familiarity with hidden beauty ; as a man indulging his eyes or his imagination with a view of a woman he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. With this we may contrast the political interpretation of Lord Bacon, who, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, from his own point of view, discerns a warning against inquiring into the secrets of princes, by showing that those who know that which for reasons of state ought to be concealed will be detected and destroyed by their own servants. The thought may have been suggested by Daniel's Fifth Sonnet, in his *Delia* ; or by Whitney's *Emblems*, 1586, p. 15 ; and a passage in the *Dedication to Adlington's translation of The Golden Asse of Apuleius*, 1566, may have suggested these.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer :
The element itself, till seven years heat⁵,
Shall not behold her face at ample view ;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine : all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O! she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock⁶ of all affections else
That live in her ! when liver, brain, and heart⁷,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd,
Her sweet perfections !—with one self-king !—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers ;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Sea Coast.*

Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this ?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria ?

My brother he is in Elysium.

⁵ *Heat for heated.*

⁶ So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*—"the flock of unspeakable virtues."

⁷ The *liver, brain, and heart* were then considered the seats of *passion, judgment, and sentiments*. The metaphors change and intermingle here with some confusion. *Self-king* is literally *autocrat*, a single passion that will sway her whole being. *Her sweet perfections* is an ejaculation interposed, and referring to the moral aspect of the metaphorical thrones. The second folio has, "one self-same king."

Perchance he is not drown'd :—What think you, sailors ?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

Vio. O my poor brother ! and so, perchance, may he be.

Cap. True, madam : and, to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and those¹ poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea.
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold :
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country ?

Cap. Ay, madam, well ; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here ?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name ?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino ! I have heard my father name him :
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late :
For but a month ago I went from hence ;
And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of),
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she ?

¹ *Those poor number.* Shakespeare regards *number* as plural, and no error of the press for *the* or *that*, need be suspected.

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since ; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died : for whose dear love
They say she hath abjur'd the company²
And sight of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady :
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is³.

Cap. That were hard to compass ;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain ;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prythee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am ; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke ;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him⁴,
It may be worth thy pains ; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,

² The old copy has, "They say she has abjur'd the sight and company of men." Hanmer made the transposition.

³ i. e. *I wish I might not be made public to the world, with regard to the state of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a ripe opportunity for my design.* Johnson remarks that "Viola seems to have formed a deep design with very little premeditation." In the novel upon which the play is founded, the Duke being driven upon the isle of Cyprus, by a tempest, *Silla*, the daughter of the governor, falls in love with him, and on his departure goes in pursuit of him.

⁴ This plan of Viola's was not pursued, as it would have been inconsistent with the plot of the play. She was presented as a page not as an eunuch.

That will allow⁵ me very worth his service.
 What else may hap, to time I will commit;
 Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
 When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except as¹ before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall² a man as any's in Illyria.

⁵ *Allow*, i. e. *approve*.

¹ *As* is wanting in the old copy.

² *As tall a man*, that is *as valiant a man*; *as tall a man*, is used by Sir Toby with more than the usual license of the word; he was pleased with the equivoque, and banters upon the diminutive stature of poor Sir Andrew, and his utter want of courage.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fye, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand they are scoundrels, and substractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He's a coward, and a coystril³, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn

³ *A coystril is a low, mean, or worthless fellow.* Holinshed classes *coisterels* with lacqueys and women, the unwarlike attendants on an army, vol. iii. p. 272. In another passage, speaking of the origin of esquires, he says: "They were at the first *coisterels*, or bearers of the arms of barons and knights, and thereby being instructed in martial knowledge, had that name [i. e. *esquire*], for a dignitie given to distinguish them from common soldiers."—vol. i. p. 162. The etymology of the word has been variously and erroneously stated. It is evidently from the Low Latin *Coterellus*. *Cotæ seu tugurii habitator, a peasant*: from whence the French *Costeraults*, or *Coteraux*; an association or combination of peasants; or, as Cotgrave says, "a certain crew of *peasantly* outlaws, who in old time did much mischief unto the nobility and clergy." It was also given as a nick-name to the emissaries employed by the Kings of England in their French wars. Nicholas Gilles, in his Chronicle, speaking of our Richard I. says: "En ce mesmes temps Richard Roy d'Angleterre feit eslever et mettre sus une armée des gens, qu'on appelle *Costeraults*, dont estoit chef

o' the toe like a parish-top⁴. What, wench? *Castiliano vulgo*⁵; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

et conducteur de par luy un nommé Mercadier. Ces *Costerauls* estoient gens de pied, qui servirent les roys d'Angleterre es guerres qu'ils menerent en France."—And in another place:—"Le dit Richard I. reprint la ville de Tours, et la pluspart des habitants fait par *Costerauls* et Satellites mettre à occision." These *Costerels*, were, I presume, "a rout of Brabanters," under Mercadier, of whom Holinshed observes that "they did the French much hurt by robbing and spoiling the country." We thus see why it was used as a term of contempt. I find in one or two Dictionaries of the last century *Coistrel* interpreted "a young lad." I know not how to account for this; unless it is because *Kastril* is the name of a boy in the Alchemist. The term *Kestrel*, for an inferior and cowardly kind of hawk, was evidently a corruption of the French *Quercelle* or *Quercerelle*, and had originally no connexion with *Coystril*, though in later times they may have been confounded. The origin of the word *Coterie* has been traced to the same source, yet how distinct is a rude rabblement from a *Coterie*.

⁴ A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief when they could not work. "To sleep like a Town-top" is a proverbial expression.

⁵ The old copy reads *Castiliano vulgo*. Warburton proposed reading *Castihano volto*. In English, *put on your Castilian countenance*, i. e. *grave serious looks*. I have met with a passage in Hall's Satires, B. iv. S. 2, which I think places this beyond a doubt:—

"He can kiss his hand in gree,
And with good grace bow it below the knee,
Or make a *Spanish face* with fawning cheer,
With th' Iland congé like a cavalier,
And shake his head, and cringe his neck and side," &c.

The Spaniards were in high estimation for courtesy, though the

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost,——

Sir To. You mistake, knight : accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost ?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand ?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have ; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free : I pray you, bring your hand to the buttry-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart ? what's your metaphor ?

Mar. It's dry⁶, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so ; I am not such an ass, But I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest ?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them ?

Mar. Ay, sir ; I have them at my fingers' ends :

natural gravity of the national countenance was thought to be a cloak for villany. The *Custiliano volto* was in direct opposition to the *viso sciolto* which the noble Roman told Sir Henry Wootton would go safe over the world. Sir Toby seems to parody the phrase intentionally—as *vulgo* hints rudely at language, and it was Maria's tongue not her countenance that he calls on her to restrain.

⁶ To have a *dry hand* was formerly considered as a symptom of debility.

marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit MARIA.*]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary :
When did I see thee so put down ?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think ; unless you
see canary put me down : Methinks, sometimes I have
no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary man has :
but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does
harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll
ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoi*, my dear knight ?

Sir And. What is *pourquoi* ? do or not do ? I would
I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have
in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting : O, had I but
followed the arts !

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of
hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair ?

Sir To. Past question ; for thou seest it will not
curl by⁷ nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not ?

Sir To. Excellent ; it hangs like flax on a distaff ;
and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her
legs and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby :
your niece will not be seen ; or, if she be, it's four to
one she'll none of me : the count himself, here hard
by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count ; she'll not match
above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit ; I
have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow

⁷ Old copy "*cool my nature.*" Theobald made the excellent
correction.

o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture⁸? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace⁹. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock¹⁰. Shall we set about some revels?

⁸ It has been supposed that the allusion here is to Mall Cut-purse. Mr. Dyce, in his introduction to *The Roaring Girl*, in Middleton's work, has collected all that is known respecting her. But *Mistress Mall* is no doubt a mere impersonation, like "my lady's eldest son" in *Much Ado about Nothing*. She is merely a type of any lady solicitous for the preservation of her charms even when transferred to canvass. The custom of having curtains attached to the frames of pictures was common. Olivia, unveiling, proposes to "draw the curtain and show the picture."

⁹ *Cinque pas*, the name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number 5, also called a *Galliard*.

¹⁰ *A flame-colour'd stock*. The old copy reads, *dam'd-colour'd*, which Mr. Knight changes to *damask-coloured*; but we have "*flame colour taffata*" in *K. Henry IV. Act i. Sc. 1*, and it is therefore most likely to be also the word here. *Stock* is *stocking*.

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs¹¹. Let me see thee caper; ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario? ho!

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

¹¹ *Alluding to the medical astrology of the almanacks.* Both the knights are wrong, but their ignorance is perhaps intentional. *Taurus* is made to govern the neck and throat.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord ; what then ?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith :
It shall become thee well to act my woes
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it ;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man : Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious ; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair.—Some four or five attend him ;
All, if you will ; for I myself am best,
When least in company.—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your lady : yet, [*Aside*] a barful¹² strife !
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. A Room in Olivia's House.

*Enter MARIA and Clown*¹.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or

¹² *A barful strife*, i. e. a struggle on my part full of impediments.

¹ The clown in this play is a domestic fool in the service of Olivia. He is specifically termed an *allowed* fool, and "*Feste* the jester that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in." Malvolio speaks of him as "*a set fool.*" The dress of the domestic fool was of two sorts, described by Mr. Douce in his *Essay on the Clowns and Fools of Shakespeare*, to which we must refer the reader for full information. The dress sometimes appropriated to

I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse : my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me : he that is well hang'd in this world needs to fear no colours².

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten³ answer : I can tell thee where that saying was born, of I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary ?

Mar. In the wars ; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it ; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent : or, to be turn'd away : is not that as good as a hanging to you ?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage ; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then ?

Clo. Not so neither ; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That, if one break⁴, the other will hold ; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

the character is thus described in Tarleton's *Newes out of Purgatory* : " I saw one attired in russet, with a button'd cap upon his head, a bag by his side, and a strong bat in his hand ; so artificially attired for a *clowne* as I began to call Tarleton's wonted shape to remembrance."

² *To fear no colours.* Probably, as Mr. Nares says, this was at first a military expression to *fear no enemy*. And so Maria explains it. Swift uses the phrase in his *Tale of a Tub*.

³ i. e. *short and spare*. "Sparing, niggardly, insufficient, like the fare of old times in Lent ; metaphorically, *short, laconic* ;" says Steevens. I rather incline to Johnson's explanation, " a good *dry* answer." Steevens does not seem to have been aware that a dry fig was called a *lenten fig*. In fact *lenten fare* was *dry fare*. This is rendered the more probable by what Olivia says afterwards :—" Go to, you are a *dry* fool."

⁴ *Points were laces which fastened the hose or breeches.*

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

[*Exit.*]

Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: virtue, that transgresses, is but patch'd with sin: and sin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower.—The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as^a to say,

^a The old copy misplace *as*, and reads, "that's as much to say as I wear."

I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna : Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll 'bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you^b, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better encreasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio.

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies⁵.

^b You is wanting in the old copies.

⁵ The fools' zanies, i. e. the mimics of the fools.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts⁶, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing⁷, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman. Fie on him! [*Exit MARIA.*] Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose skull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*⁸.

⁶ *Bird-bolts* were short thick arrows with obtuse ends, used for shooting young rooks and other birds, of which these are some of the varieties.



⁷ *Leasing*, i. e. may Mercury endue thee with lying, since thou liest in favour of fools.

⁸ *Pia mater*, i. e. the membrane that covers the brain.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin ?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman ! what gentleman ?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herring !—How now, sot ?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,——

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy ?

Sir To. Lechery ! I defy lechery : There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry ; what is he ?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not : give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool ?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman : one draught above heat makes him a fool ; the second mads him ; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz ; for he's in the third degree of drink ; he's drown'd ; go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna ; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*]

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond' young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick ; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep ; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady ? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so : and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post⁹, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he ?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man ?

Mal. Of very ill manner ; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he ?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy ; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling¹⁰ when 'tis almost an apple : 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly ; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil ; come, throw it o'er my face ; We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she ?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her : Your will ?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable

⁹ The sheriffs formerly had *painted posts* set up at their doors on which proclamations, &c. were affixed.

¹⁰ A *codling* (according to Mr. Gifford), means an *involucrum* or *hell*, and was used by our old writers for that early state of vegetation, when the fruit, after shaking off the blossom, began to assume a globular and determinate shape. Mr. Nares says, a *codling* was a *young raw apple*, fit for nothing without dressing, and that it is so named because it was chiefly eaten when *coddled* or scalded ; codlings being particularly so used when unripe. Florio interprets " Mele cotte, *quodlings*, boiled apples."

beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible¹¹, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad¹², be gone; if you

¹¹ *Comptible* can hardly mean *accountable* here, as it has been generally interpreted. It must signify *susceptible*, and is perhaps rather from *compt*, finically nice, than from the verb *to compte* or *count*.

¹² The old copy reads *not mad*. Monck Mason proposed to omit the negative, and the change seems requisite, for the words *be mad* in the first part of the sentence are opposed to *reason* in the second.

have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber: I am to hull¹³ here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant¹⁴, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.¹⁵

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone; we will hear this divinity. [*Exit MARIA.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,——

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

¹³ *To hull* means to drive to and fro upon the water without sails or rudder.

¹⁴ Ladies in romance are guarded by giants. Viola seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message entreats Olivia to pacify her giant. There is also a pleasant allusion to the diminutive size of Maria, who is subsequently called *little villain, youngest wren of nine, &c.* It should be recollected that the female parts were played by boys.

¹⁵ In the folio the words, "Tell me your mind" form part of Viola's speech, which ends with, "I am a messenger." Thus making her ask for an answer to a message yet undelivered. "I am a messenger," implies, I have to tell not my mind but that of another, and Olivia accordingly corrects herself: "Speak your office."

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present¹⁶:—Is't not well done? [Unveiling.

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy¹⁷.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise¹⁸ me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud;

¹⁶ This is the reading of the old copy, which will convey a meaning; but I must confess I should prefer reading: "such a one I was as this presents," notwithstanding Mr. Hunter's argument and the explanation of Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight.

¹⁷ Shakespeare has a similar thought repeated in his third, ninth, eleventh, and thirteenth sonnets.

¹⁸ *To praise me*, i. e. *to appraise or value*. That Malone was right in his conjecture, and that both Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight are wrong, will be evident from the following passage in Baret's *Alvearie*, p. 601. "*To praise* or value. *Adæro*. *Ulp*. *Indicare*, *Æstimare*. And *Æstimator* a *praiser* or valuer, *Preiseur*, *estimateur*." See also Minshew in "*To praise or value*."

But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
 My lord and master loves you ; O, such love
 Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
 The nonpareil of beauty !

Oli. How does he love me ?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
 With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love
 him :

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
 Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
 In voices well divulg'd¹⁹, free, learn'd, and valiant,
 And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
 A gracious person : but yet I cannot love him.
 He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
 With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
 In your denial I would find no sense,
 I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you ?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
 And call upon my soul within the house ;
 Write loyal cantons²⁰ of contemned love,
 And sing them loud even in the dead of night ;
 Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
 And make the babbling gossip of the air²¹
 Cry out, Olivia ! O, you should not rest
 Between the elements of air and earth,
 But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much. What is your parentage ?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
 I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord ;
 I cannot love him : let him send no more ;

¹⁹ *In voices well divulg'd*, i. e. *well spoken of by the world.*

²⁰ *Cantons*, i. e. *cantos, verses.*

²¹ A most beautiful expression for an *echo*.

Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well :
I thank you for your pains : spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady ; keep your purse ;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love ;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt ! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What is your parentage ?
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman.—I'll be sworn thou art,
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon ;—Not too fast :—soft !
soft !

Unless the master were the man.—How now !
Even so quickly may one catch the plague !
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho ! Malvolio !—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish²² messenger,
The county's man : he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not ; tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes ! I am not for him :
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Oli. I do I know not what ; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind²³.

²² *Peevish*, i. e. *silly*, *foolish*.

²³ *Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind*, i. e. she fears that her eyes had formed so flattering an idea of the supposed youth

Fate, show thy force : ourselves we do not owe²⁴ ;
 What is decreed, must be ; and be this so ! [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Sea Coast.*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Antonio.

WILL you stay no longer ? nor will you not
 that I go with you ?

Seb. By your patience, no : my stars shine
 darkly over me ; the malignancy of my fate might,
 perhaps, distemper yours ; therefore I shall crave of
 you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone : It
 were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them
 on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are
 bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir ; my determinate voyage is mere
 extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a
 touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me
 what I am willing to keep in ; therefore it charges
 me in manners the rather to express¹ myself. You
 must know of me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebas-
 tian, which I call'd Rodorigo : my father was that Se-
 bastian of Messaline², whom, I know, you have heard

Cesario, that she should not have strength of mind sufficient to
 resist the impression.

²⁴ *Ourselves we do not owe*, i. e. we are not our own masters, we
 cannot govern ourselves, *owe* for *own*, *possess*.

¹ *To express myself*, i. e. *reveal myself*.

² The recurrence of *Messaline* in metre, in the last scene (p. 470),
 shows that this is not a misprint, and we may take our choice be-
 tween *Mitylene* and *Messina*, as equally unlikely to be intended.

of : he left behind him myself, and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, 'would we had so ended ! but, you, sir, alter'd that ; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day !

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful : but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder³ over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair : she is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once ; my bosom is full of kindness ; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother⁴, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court : fare-well. [Exit.]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee !

³ *Such estimable wonder*, i. e. *esteeming wonder*, or *wonder and esteem*. Apart from the possibility of a misprint, this passage admits of the interpretation, "though I could not with such admiring appreciation put too much confidence in that," &c. or "over-rate her personal advantages." The corrector of my second folio ingeniously, but with some violence to the old text, changed *estimable* into *estimators*, *wonder* to *wander*, and supplied *to* before *believe*.

⁴ There is a similar false thought in *Hamlet* :—

"Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears."

So, in *Henry V.* Act v. Sc. 6 :—

"And all my *mother* came into my eyes."

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
 Else would I very shortly see thee there :
 But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
 That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. A Street.

*Enter VIOLA ; MALVOLIO following*¹.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia ?

Vio. Even now, sir ; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir ; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him. And one thing more ; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me² !—I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her ; and her will is, it should be so return'd : if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye ; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*]

Vio. I left no ring with her ! What means this lady ? Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her ! She made good view of me ; indeed so much, That, sure, methought her eyes had lost her tongue³, For she did speak in starts distractedly. She loves me, sure ; the cunning of her passion

¹ The old copies have :—

“ Enter Viola and Malvolio at several doors.”

² Malone suggested the substitution of *no* for *the*, but Viola designedly avoids betraying the weakness of Olivia to her steward.

³ *Methought her eyes had lost her tongue*, i. e. the fixed and eager view she took of me perverted the use of her tongue, and made her talk distractedly. The word *sure* was added in the second folio.

Invites me in this churlish messenger.
 None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
 I am the man;—If it be so, (as 'tis,)
 Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
 Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
 Wherein the pregnant⁴ enemy does much.
 How easy is it for the proper-false⁵
 In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
 Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
 For, such as we are made of, such we be⁶.
 How will this fadge⁷? My master loves her dearly;
 And I, poor monster, fond as much on him⁸;
 And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
 What will become of this! As I am man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love;
 As I am woman, now alas the day!
 What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe.
 O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
 It is too hard a knot for me t' untie. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *A Room in Olivia's House. Night-time.*

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW
 AGUE-CHEEK.*

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed
 after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo sur-*

⁴ *Pregnant enemy*, i. e. *dexterous, ready fiend.*

⁵ *How easy is it for the proper* (i. e. *fair in their appearance*), and *false* (i. e. *deceitful*) to make an impression on the easy hearts of women!

⁶ The old copy has:—

“For such as we are made, if such we be.”

The emendation is by Steevens.

⁷ *Fadge* is hardly yet obsolete in familiar speech: its signification here is, *how will this succeed?*

⁸ *And I, poor monster, fond as much on him.* *Fond* is here used as an active verb, with the signification of *to dote*.

gere¹, thou know'st.—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not : but I know to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion ; I hate it as an unfill'd can : To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early ; so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements ?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say ; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking².

Sir To. Thou art a scholar ; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say !—a stoop of wine !

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts ? Did you never see the picture of we three³ ?

Sir To. Welcome, ass, now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast⁴. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg ; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians

¹ *Diluculo surgere, saluberrimum est.* This adage is in Lilly's Grammar.

² A ridicule of the medical theory of that time, which supposed health to consist in the just temperament of the *four elements* in the human frame. Homer agrees with Sir Andrew :—

“Strength consists in spirits and in blood,
And those are ow'd to generous wine and food.”

Iliad ix.

³ Alluding to an old common sign representing *two* fools or loggerheads, under which was inscribed, “We three loggerheads be.”

⁴ i. e. *Voice.* In Fiddes's *Life of Wolsey*, Append. p. 128, “Singing men *well breasted.*” The phrase is common to all writers of the poet's age. Tusser, in his *Metrical Life*, speaking of his voice says :—

“The better *breast*, the lesser rest.”

Mavor's Ed. p. 316.

passing the equinoctial of Queubus ; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman⁵: Hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity⁶; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock : My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent ! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on ; there is sixpence for you ; let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too : if one knight give a——⁷

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life ?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay ; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clo. *O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear ; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low :
Trip no further, pretty sweeting ;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.*

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith !

Sir To. Good, good.

⁵ For thy leman, i. e. for thy sweetheart. It was applied to both sexes. See Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iv. Sc. 2. The old copies print it Lemon, and Mr. Collier says, "the meaning may only be that Sir Andrew sent the Clown sixpence in return for, or to buy a lemon !"

⁶ The greater part of this scene, which the commentators have endeavoured to explain, is mere *gracious fooling*, and was hardly meant to be seriously understood. The Clown uses the same fantastic language before. By some the phrase has been thought to mean I did *impetticoat* or *impocket* thy *gratuity*.

⁷ The hiatus is in both the folios, perhaps it was intended, or may have concluded with the words "another should."

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter ;
Present mirth hath present laughter ;
What's to come is still unsure :
In delay there lies no plenty ;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty⁸,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.
But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver⁹? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace*, thou knave, knight? I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace*¹⁰.

⁸ *Sweet-and-twenty*, appears to have been an ancient term of endearment.

⁹ Shakespeare represents weavers as much given to harmony in his time. The peripatetic philosophy then in vogue liberally gave every man three souls, the *vegetative* or *plastic*, the *animal*, and the *rational*. Thus, in Hutton's Dictionary, 1583, "Plato feigned the soul to be *threefold*, whereof he placed reason in the head, anger in the breast, desire or lust under the heart, liver, lites, &c." But it may be doubted whether any allusion to this division of souls was intended. Sir Toby rather meant that the catch should be so harmonious that it would hale the soul out of a weaver *thrice over*, a rhodomontade way of expressing, that it would give this warm lover of song thrice more delight than it would give another man.

¹⁰ This catch is to be found in "Pammelia, Musicke's Miscellanie, 1618." The words and musick are in the Variorum Shakespeare. It was contrived so that each of the singers calls the other knave in turn.

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith ! Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here ! If my lady have not call'd up her steward Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian¹¹, we are politicians ; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey¹², and *Three merry men be we*. Am not I consanguineous ? am I not of her blood ? Tilley-valley¹³, lady ! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady !*

[*Singing.*]

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too ; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December¹⁴,—

[*Singing.*]

Mar. For the love o' God, peace !

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad ? or what are you ? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble

¹¹ This word generally signified a *sharp*. Sir Toby is too drunk for precision, and uses it merely as a term of reproach.

¹² Name of an old song. There are two tunes under the same name, and several songs to each. Watton Townsend was identical with them. See Chappell's *National English Airs*, vol. ii. p. 131.

¹³ An interjection of contempt equivalent to *fiddle-faddle*, possibly from the Latin *Titivillitium*. In an interesting conversation between Sir Thomas More and his wife, given in Roper's life, we have it thus :—"Is not this house, quoth he, as nigh heaven as my own ? To whom she after her accustomed homely fashion, not liking such talk, answered, Tylle-valle, Tylle-valle," p. 79, Ed. 1822.

¹⁴ Sir Toby, in his cups, is full of the fragments of old ballads : such as, "There dwelt a man in Babylon"—"Three merry men be we," &c. The latter was composed by W. Lawes, and may be found in Playford's *Musical Companion*, 1673.

like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers'¹⁵ catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up¹⁶!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone¹⁷.

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

[Singing.]

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'tune! Sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

¹⁵ Cobblers, or botchers. Dr. Johnson interprets it tailors. It was probably any one who used a needle.

¹⁶ Sneck up. An interjection of contempt, signifying, go hang yourself, or go and be hanged. See Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. ii. p. 156.

¹⁷ Farewell, dear heart, &c. This ballad is given in Percy's Reliques, vol. i. from The Golden Garland of Princely Delights.

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i'the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain¹⁸ with crumbs.—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule¹⁹; she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night. Since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word²⁰, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us²¹, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a-kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan! thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

¹⁸ Stewards anciently wore a chain of silver or gold, as a mark of superiority, as did other principal servants. Wolsey's chief cook is described by Cavendish as wearing "velvet or sattin with a chain of gold." One of the methods used to clean these chains was *rubbing them with crumbs*.

¹⁹ *Rule*, i. e. *behaviour*, or *conduct*. Hence gambols and frolicsome behaviour was called *mis-rule*.

²⁰ *Nay-word*, i. e. *by-word*. It occurs in this sense in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

²¹ *Possess us*, i. e. *inform us*.

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths²²: the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea²³.

²² i. e. by great parcels or heaps. Swarths are the rows of grass left by the scythe of the mower.

²³ Penthesilea, i. e. Amazon.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me. What o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut²⁴.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

Duke. Give me some musick:—Now, good morrow, friends:—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms¹
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:—
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

²⁴ This term of contempt probably signified call me *gelding* or *horse*. Falstaff, in Henry IV. Part I. says—"Spit in my face, call me *horse*." It is of common occurrence in old plays. *Cut* was a common contraction of *curtail*. One of the carriers' horses in the first part of Henry IV. is called *Cut*.

¹ *Recollected terms*, i. e. *recalled, repeated terms*, alluding to the repetitions in songs.

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord ; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in : he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit* CURIO.—*Musick.*]

Come hither, boy ; if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me ;
For, such as I am, all true lovers are :
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune ?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly :
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves ;
Hath it not, boy ?

Vio. A little, by your favour².

Duke. What kind of woman is't ?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years,
i'faith ?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won³,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,

² The word *favour* is ambiguously used. In the preceding speech it signified *countenance*.

³ The old copies have *worne*, but the context shows that *wonne* was the word intended. The emendation was suggested by Johnson.

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent :
 For women are as roses ; whose fair flower,
 Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are : alas ! that they are so ;
 To die, even when they to perfection grow !

Re-enter CURIO and Clown.

Duke. O fellow ! come, the song we had last night :—
 Mark it, Cesario ; it is old, and plain :
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
 And the free⁴ maids that weave their thread with
 bones,
 Do use to chaunt it ; it is silly sooth⁵,
 And dallies with the innocence of love,
 Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir ?

Duke. Ay ; pr'ythee, sing.

[*Musick.*

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
 And in sad cypress⁶ let me be laid ;
 Fly away, fly away, breath ;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

⁴ *The free maids, i. e. the chaste maids employed in making lace.*
 Thus in *The Winter's Tale*, Act ii. Sc. 4, Paulina says of Hermione :

“ A gracious innocent soul,

More free than he is jealous.”

The epithet is frequent in our early poetry, and almost always coupled with *fair*. Drayton has it in his fourth Eclogue :—

“ A daughter cleped Dowsabel, a maiden fair and free.”

And Ben Jonson makes it part of the praise he lavishes on Lucy Countess of Bedford :—

“ I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,

Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great.”

Yet some of the commentators tell us it here means *licentious* !

⁵ *Silly sooth, or rather sely sooth, is simple truth.*

⁶ It has been doubted whether a shroud of the stuff now called crape, anciently called *cypress*, is here meant, or whether a coffin of cypress wood was intended. The cypress was used for funeral purposes ; and the epithet *sad* is inconsistent with a *white* shroud. The embalmed body of Robert de Vere, Duke of Ireland, was laid in a coffin of cypress, according to Speed. It is even possible that

*My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true-love⁷ never find my grave,
To weep there.*

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal⁸!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—

[*Exeunt CURIO and Attendants.*]

branches of cypress only may be meant. We see the shroud was stuck all with yew, and cypress may have been used in the same manner. In Quarles's *Argalus and Parthenia*, a knight is introduced, whose

“horse was black as jet,

His furniture was round about beset

With branches slipt from the *sad cypress tree.*”

⁷ The old copies have *lover*, which spoils the rhythm.

⁸ The opal is a gem which varies its hues, as it is viewed in different lights. What are called shot silks and stuffs, have the same changeable hue.

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty :
 Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
 Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ;
 The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
 Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune ;
 But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
 That nature pranks⁹ her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir ?

Duke. I¹⁰ cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
 Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
 As you have for Olivia : you cannot love her ;
 You tell her so : Must she not then be answer'd ?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
 Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
 As love doth give my heart : no woman's heart
 So big, to hold so much ; they lack retention.
 Alas ! their love may be call'd appetite,—
 No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
 That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt ;
 But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
 And can digest as much. Make no compare
 Between that love a woman can bear me,
 And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know ?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe :
 In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
 My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
 As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,

⁹ *That miracle, and queen of gems, &c.* i. e. *that beauty which nature decks her in.*

¹⁰ The old copy reads, " *It cannot,*" but Viola's reply shows the necessity of reading " *I cannot.*"

I should your Lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment like a worm i' the bud¹¹
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief¹². Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not.—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay¹³. [*Exeunt.*]

¹¹ So in the fifth Sonnet of Shakespeare:—

“Which like a *canker* in the fragrant rose
Doth spot the beauty of thy *budding* name.”

And in the rape of Lucrece:—

“Why should the *worm* intrude the maiden *bud*.”

Again in Richard II.—

“But now will *canker* sorrow eat my *buds*,
And chase the native beauty from my *cheek*.”

¹² So Middleton in *The Witch*, Act iv. Sc. 3:—

“She does not love me now, but painfully
Like one that's forced to smile upon a grief.”

The commentators have overlaid this exquisite passage with notes, and created difficulties where none existed. Mr. Boswell says the meaning is obviously this:—“While she was smiling at grief, or in her grief, her placid resignation made her look like patience on a monument.” A passage in the most pathetic poet of antiquity, which exhibits a similar description of a silent and hopeless passion, has been pointed out by the late Mr. Taylor Combe, of the British Museum:—

Ἐνταῦθα δὴ, στένουσα κάκπεπληγμένη
Κεντροῖς ἔρωτος, ἢ τάλαιν' ἀπόλλυται
Σίγγῃ· ξυνοιδεῖ δ' οὔτις οἰκετῶν νόσον.

Euripides Hippol. v. 38.

¹³ *Denial.*

SCENE V. *Olivia's Garden.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come ; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame ?

Fab. I would exult, man : you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again ; and we will fool him black and blue.—Shall we not, Sir Andrew ?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.—How now, my nettle of India¹ ?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree : Malvolio's coming down this walk ; he has been yonder i'the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour.

¹ This is the reading of the second folio. The first folio reads "nettle of India." By the nettle of India is meant a zoophite, called *Urtica Marina*, abounding in the Indian seas. "*Que tacta totius corporis pruritus quendam excitat, unde nomen Urticæ est sortita.*"—FRANZII HIST. ANIMAL. 1665, p. 620. In Holland's translation of Pliny, Book ix. "As for those nettles, &c. their qualities is to raise an itching smart." So, Greene in his Card of Fancie, "The flower of India, pleasant to be seen, but whoso smelleth to it feeleth present smart." He refers to it again in his Mamilia, 1593. Maria has certainly excited a congenial sensation in Sir Toby. Mr. Knight's objection that it is "far-fetched," is easily answered by reference to the passage from Holland's Pliny and Greene's pieces. I question if the poet would have used *metal of India*, as a periphrase for *gold*.

Observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter;*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.
[*Exit MARIA,*

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy², it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets³ under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace! I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio.—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy⁴ married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how

² *Fancy*, i. e. *love*.

³ To *jet* was to *strut*. "To *jette* lordly through the streets that men may see them. *Incedere magnifice per ora hominum.*" Baret. So, in Bussy D'Ambois:—

"To *jet* in other's plumes so haughtily."

⁴ Mr. R. Payne Knight conjectured that this is a corruption of *Stratici*, a title anciently given to the Governors of Messina, and Illyria is not far from Messina. If so, it will mean the *Governor's lady*. The word *Strachy* is printed with a capital and in Italics in the first folio.

imagination blows⁵ him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed⁶, where I have left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace! peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby:—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with my some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies⁷ there to me:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars⁸, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control⁹:

⁵ *Puffs him up.*

⁶ *A day-bed* is a couch, or sofa. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, they are said to be in all the chambers.

⁷ *Court'sies.* It is probable that this word was used to express acts of civility and reverence, by either men or women indiscriminately.

⁸ *Though our silence be drawn from us with cars*, so the first folio. The second folio has "with *cares*," which is evidently wrong. It has been proposed to read with *cards* or *cables*. May not the word have been *tears*? The tears came by the endeavour to suppress their mirth. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the Clown says:—"Who that is, a team of horses shall not pluck from me."

⁹ It may be worthy of remark, that the leading ideas of Malvolio, in his *humour of state*, bear a strong resemblance to those

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then ?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby*, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech:—

Sir To. What, what ?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab !

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight ;

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One *Sir Andrew* :

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I ; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here ?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace ! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him !

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand : these be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s ; and thus makes she her great *P*'s. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s : Why that ?

Mal. [*reads*] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes* : her very phrases !—By your leave, wax.—Soft !—and the impressure her *Lucrece*, with which she uses to seal : 'tis my lady : To whom should this be ?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

of *Alnaschar* in *The Arabian Nights*. Some of the expressions, too, are very similar. Many Arabian fictions had found their way into obscure Latin and French books, and from thence into English ones, long before any version of *The Arabian Nights* had appeared. In *The Dialogues of Creatures Moralized*, *bl. l.* printed early in the sixteenth century, a story similar to that of *Alnaschar* is related. See *Dial. c. p. 122*, reprint of 1816.

Mal. [reads] *Jove knows, I love:*

But who?

Lips do not move,

No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the numbers altered!—*No man must know:*—If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock¹⁰!

Mal. *I may command, where I adore:*

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. *M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyl¹¹ checks at it!

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity¹². There is no obstruction in this;—And the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—*M, O, A, I.*—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

¹⁰ *Brock*, i. e. *badger*, a term of contempt. So in the Merry Conceited Jests of George Peele:—"This self-conceited brock."

¹¹ *The stannyl*. The common stone-hawk, which inhabits old buildings and rocks. *To check*, says Latham in his book of Falconry, is, "when crows, rooks, pies, or other birds coming in view of the hawk, she forsaketh her natural flight to fly at them." The old copy misprints it *stallion*.

¹² *To any formal capacity*, i. e. to any one in his senses, or whose capacity is not out of form, to any one not demented.

Fab. Sowter¹³ will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M*,—Malvolio ;—*M*,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out ? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M*, But then there is no consonancy in the sequel ; that suffers under probation : *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*!

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M*, *O*, *A*, *I* ;—This simulation is not as the former :—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name, Soft ; here follows prose.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee ; but be not afraid of greatness : Some are born¹⁴ great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy fates open their hands ; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants : let thy tongue tang arguments of state ; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings ; and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered¹⁵ : I say, remember. Go to ;*

¹³ *Sowter* is here used as the name of a hound. *Sowterly* is often employed as a term of abuse : a *Sowter* was a cobbler or botcher ; quasi *Sutor*. “ Though it be as rank as a fox,” means though it be as evident to sense.

¹⁴ *Born*. The folios erroneously print *become*.

¹⁵ A fashion once prevailed for some time of wearing the gar-

thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,—The fortunate-unhappy. Day-light and champion¹⁶ discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice¹⁷, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.* Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy¹⁸.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

ters crossed on the leg. It should be remembered that rich and expensive garters worn below the knee were then in use. Olivia's detestation of these fashions probably arose from thinking them coxcomical.

¹⁶ *Champion*, i. e. *champaign*, or open country.

¹⁷ *Point-de-vice*, i. e. *exactly the same in every particular*. The etymology of this phrase is very uncertain. The most probable seems the French *à point devisé*. "*A point*," says Nicot, "ad-*verbe*. C'est en ordre et estat deu et convenable." We have also *Point blank* for *direct*, from the same source.

¹⁸ Alluding to Sir Robert Shirley, who was just returned in the character of ambassador from the Sophy. He boasted of the

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Enter MARIA.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck ?

Sir And. Or o' mine either ?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip¹⁹, and become thy bond-slave ?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either.

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true ; does it work upon him ?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the-fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady : he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors ; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests ; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt : if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit !

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

great rewards he had received, and lived in London with the utmost splendour.

¹⁹ *Tray-trip.* An old game played with dice or tables. Thus in Machiavel's Dog. Sig. B. 4to. 1617 :—

“ But leaving cards, let's go to dice awhile,
To passage *treitrippe*, hazard, or mumchance.”

ACT III.

SCENE I. Olivia's Garden.

Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor.

Viola.

SAVE thee, friend, and thy musick : Dost thou live by thy tabor¹ ?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman ?

Clo. No such matter, sir ; I do live by the church : for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him : or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril² glove to a good wit ; How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward !

Vio. Nay, that's certain ; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man ?

¹ Tarleton, in a print before his *Jests*, 4to. 1611, is represented with a *Tabor*. But the instrument is found in the hands of fools, long before the time of Shakespeare. Mr. Collier says, "The Clown's reply, 'No, sir, I live by the church,' is not intelligible, if we do not suppose him to have wilfully misunderstood Viola to ask whether he lived near the sign of the Tabor, which might be either a music-shop or a tavern!" Surely Mr. Collier must have perceived that the very spirit and humour of the scene arose from the cross-purpose answers of the Clown, and that this "acute nonsense" is one species of wit!

² *Cheveril*, i. e. *Kid*. Ray has a proverb, "He hath a conscience like a *cheveril's* skin." See note on *K. Henry VIII.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word ; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton : But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man ?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words ; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir ; I do care for something : but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you ; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool ?

Clo. No, indeed, sir ; the lady Olivia has no folly : she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married ; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger. I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun ; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress : I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard !

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee ; I am almost sick for one ; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within ?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir ?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus³ of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

³ See the play of Troilus and Cressida.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar⁵. My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin; I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*]

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool; And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time; Not like the haggard⁶, check at every feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice, As full of labour as a wise man's art: For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit; But wise men, folly-fallen⁷, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

⁵ In Henryson's Testament of Cresseid she is thus spoken of:—
"great penurye

Thou shalt suffer, and as a beggar dye."

And again:—

"Thou shalt go begging from hous to hous,
With cuppe and clapper like a Lazarous."

⁶ *The haggard*, i. e. a wild hawk, or hawk not well trained. The old copy has *And* for *Not* at the commencement of this line. Johnson suggested the alteration.

⁷ The old copy reads, "But wise men's folly false, quite taint their wit." The meaning is evident. The folly of a clown or professed fool suits him, though it is as full of labour as a wise man's art; but wise men, when they fall into folly, quite taint their wit, i. e. show a want of wisdom. Mr. Collier, professing to follow the old reading, has "taints their wit," and thus deviates as much as by the omission of the *s* at wise men.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list⁸ of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste⁹ your legs, sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented¹⁰.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! *Rain odours!* well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant¹¹ and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. *Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:*—I'll get 'em all three ready¹².

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and MARIA.*

Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment;
You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

⁸ *The list, i. e. bound, limit.*

⁹ In the Frogs of Aristophanes a similar expression occurs, v. 462. "ΓΕΥΣΑΙ τῆς θύρας." i. e. *taste the door, knock gently at it.*

¹⁰ *We are prevented, i. e. our purpose is anticipated.* So in the 119th Psalm, "Mine eyes prevent the night-watches."

¹¹ i. e. *ready, apprehensive; vouchsafed, for vouchsafing.*

¹² Old copy, "I'll get 'em all three already."

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours ;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him : for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me !

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf :—

Oli. O ! by your leave, I pray you ;
I bade you never speak again of him :
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than musick from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, 'beseech you : I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here¹³,
A ring in chase of you ; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you.
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours : What might you
think ?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think ? To one of your re-
ceiving¹⁴

Enough is shown ; a cyprus¹⁵, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart : So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise¹⁶ ; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again ;
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud !

¹³ *After the last enchantment you did here, i. e. after the enchantment your presence worked in my affections.*

¹⁴ *To one of your receiving, i. e. ready apprehension.*

¹⁵ *A cyprus, i. e. a thin veil of crape or cyprus which may be seen through.*

¹⁶ *Grise, i. e. step, from the French grez.*

If one should be a prey, how much the better
 To fall before the lion, than the wolf? [*Clock strikes.*
 The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
 Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you :
 And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
 Your wife is like to reap a proper man :
 There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-ho¹⁷!

Grace and good disposition 'tend your ladyship !
 You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me ?

Oli. Stay :

I prythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right ; I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be !

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,

I wish it might ; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip !

A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
 Than love that would seem hid : love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause :

But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter :

Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

And that no woman has ; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

¹⁷ *Westward-ho!* An exclamation of watermen on the Thames. There is a play by Decker and Webster with that title. See Webster's works, by Mr. Dyce, vol. iii.

And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Olivia's House.*

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-
CHEEK, and FABIAN.*

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours
to the count's serving man, than ever she bestow'd
upon me; I saw't i'the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee¹ the while, old boy? tell
me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her to-
ward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o'me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths
of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since
before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your
sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dor-
mouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone
in your liver: You should then have accosted her;
and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint,
you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness.
This was looked for at your hand, and this was
balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let

¹ *Thee* is wanting in the old copy.

time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist² as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst³ and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st*⁴ him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed

² The *Brownists* were so called from Mr. Robert Browne, a noted separatist, in Queen Elizabeth's reign. They seem to have been the constant objects of popular satire.

³ *Be curst and brief.* *Curst* is *cross, froward, petulant.*

⁴ To *thou* any one was a mark of want of respect. Thus in *The Enimie of Idlenesse*, by William Fulwood, 1568: "Yf we speake to our inferior, we must use a certayne kinde of modest and civill authoritie, in giving them plainely to understand our intent and purpose. A merchaunt having many servantes to his chiefest may speake or wryte by this terme *you*: but to them whome he lesse estemeth, and are more subject to correction, he may use thys terme *thou*." Shakespeare has been thought to have had Lord Coke in his mind, whose virulent abuse of Sir Walter Raleigh on his trial was conveyed in a series of *thou's*. But unfortunately for this supposition, this play is known to have been performed at the Temple at least eighteen months before that trial took place.

of Ware⁵ in England, set 'em down; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*⁶: Go.

[*Exit SIR ANDREW.*]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then! and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite⁷, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine⁸ comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

⁵ This curious piece of furniture was some years since still in being at one of the inns in that town. It was reported to be twelve feet square, and capable of holding twenty-four persons.

⁶ *Cubiculo*, i. e. *chamber*.

⁷ *Opposite*, i. e. *adversary*.

⁸ The wren generally lays nine or ten eggs, and the last hatched birds are usually the smallest of the brood. The *boy* who played Maria's part was probably of diminutive size. The old copy has *nine*, an evident error.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i'the church.—I have dogged him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies⁹: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you (though so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage), But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skilless in these parts; which, to a stranger, Unguided and unfriended, often prove Rough and inhospitable. My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make, but thanks,

⁹ Alluding to a Map engraved for the English translation of Linschoten's Voyage, published in 1598. This map is multilinear in the extreme, and is the first in which the *Eastern Islands* are included. Mr. Knight has given a representation of a portion of it. Mr. Hunter thinks that some single map "with the augmentation of the Indies" is alluded to.

And ever thanks : and oft good turns¹
 Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay :
 But, were my worth², as is my conscience, firm,
 You should find better dealing. What's to do ?
 Shall we go see the reliques of this town ?

Ant. To-morrow, sir ; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night ;
 I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
 With the memorials, and the things of fame,
 That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would you'd pardon me ;
 I do not without danger walk these streets :
 Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the Count his³ galleys,
 I did some service ; of such note, indeed,
 That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature ;
 Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
 Might well have given us bloody argument.
 It might have since been answer'd in repaying
 What we took from them ; which, for traffick's sake,
 Most of our city did : only myself stood out :
 For which, if I be lapsed⁴ in this place,
 I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse :
 In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,

¹ The folio, 1623, reads :—

“ And thanks : and ever oft good turns.”

The folio, 1632, omits this line and the next. “ Ever oft ” is surely a counter sense. *Ever* being *always*, and *oft* frequently, the transposition of *ever* makes all clear.

² *Worth*, i. e. *wealth*, or *fortune*.

³ *The Count his galleys*. This is the old form of the genitive, but Malone with some reason thought it should be “ *the County's galleys*.”

⁴ *Lapsed*, for *lapsing* or *transgressing*. See note on *Hamlet*, Act iii. Sc. 4. Mr. Hunter thinks we should read *latched*, i. e. *caught*.

Is best to lodge : I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your know-
ledge,

With viewing of the town ; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse ?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase ; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Olivia's Garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him : He says he'll come ;
How shall I feast him ? what bestow of him¹ ?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.—
Where is Malvolio ?—he is sad, and civil²,

¹ *What bestow of him ?* Thus the old copies. Steevens substituted "*on him.*" Mr. Collier, in justification of the old reading, cites a passage in Act ii. Sc. 2 :—

"My master loves her dearly,

And I, poor monster, fond as much *on him.*"

Of which he must have mistaken the sense, for it is certainly nothing to the purpose ; *on* is not there used in any manner different from present usage. Viola merely says, "And I, poor monster, *dote* as much *on him.*" Nevertheless the archaism of *for on* is properly defended. It is frequent in Beaumont and Fletcher.

² *He is sad and civil.* That is, *serious* and *grave*, or *solemn.* Thus in *Romeo and Juliet* :—

"Come, *civil* night,

Thou sober-suited matron all in black."

Sad, as her that is of gravity ; *Severus.*—*Withal's Dictionary*, 1586.

And suits well for a servant with my fortunes ;—
Where is Malvolio ?

Mar. He's coming, madam ; but in very strange manner. He is sure possess'd, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter ? does he rave ?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile : your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come ; for, sure, the man is tainted in's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio !

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantastically.*]

Oli. Smil'st thou ?

I sent for thee upon a sad³ occasion.

Mal. 'Sad, lady ? I could be sad : This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering : But what of that ? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is : *Please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man ? what is the matter with thee ?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio ?

Mal. To bed ? ay, sweet-heart ; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee ! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft ?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio ?

Mal. At your request ? Yes ; Nightingales answer daws !

³ *Grave.* Malvolio probably takes it in the same sense.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. *Be not afraid of greatness:—'Twas well writ.*

Oli. What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. *Some are born great,—*

Oli. Ha!

Mal. *Some achieve greatness,—*

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. *And some have greatness thrust upon them.*

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. *Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;—*

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. *And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd.*

Oli. Cross-garter'd?

Mal. *Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;—*

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. *If not, let me see thee a servant still.*

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness⁴.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him. I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.*]

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to

⁴ 'Tis midsummer moon with you was a proverbial phrase signifying you are mad. It was an ancient opinion that hot weather affected the brain.

that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough*, says she ; *be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity* ;—and, consequently, sets down the manner how ; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her⁵ ; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful ! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be looked to* : Fellow⁶ ! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together ; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said ? Nothing that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity ? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is :—How is't with you, sir ? how is't with you, man ?

Mal. Go off : I discard you ; let me enjoy my private ; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him ! did not I tell you ?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha ! does she so ?

Sir To. Go to, go to ; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him ; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio ? how is't with you ? What, man ! defy the devil ; consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

⁵ *Limed her*, i. e. *caught her as a bird with birdlime*.

⁶ Malvolio takes the word in its old favourable sense of *companion*.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you! an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock⁷? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, bidly, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit⁸ with Satan: Hang him, foul collier⁹!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.]

Sir To. Is't possible?

⁷ *Bawcock*, a burlesque word of endearment, supposed to be derived from *beau-coq*. See *Winter's Tale*, Act i. Sc. 2.

⁸ A play among boys, by pitching cherry-stones into a hole.

⁹ *Collier* was in Shakespeare's time a term of the highest reproach. The coal venders were in bad repute, not only from the blackness of their appearance, but that many of them were also great cheats. The devil is called collier for his blackness. Hence the proverb "Like will to like, as the *devil* with the *collier*," which is the title of a drollery by Ulpian Fulwell, printed in 1568.

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room¹⁰, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning¹¹.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads.*] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.*

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. *Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

¹⁰ The reason for putting him in a dark room was to make him believe he was mad, a mad house seems formerly to have been called a dark house.

¹¹ It was usual on the First of May to exhibit metrical interludes of the comic kind, as well as other sports, such as the Morris Dance.

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. *I will way-lay thee going home ; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—*

Fab. Good.

Sir To. *Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.*

Fab. Still you keep o'the windy side of the law : Good.

Sir To. *Fare thee well : And God have mercy upon one of our souls ! He may have mercy upon mine ; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy.—ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.*

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot : I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't ; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew ; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailie : so soon as ever thou seest him, draw ; and, as thou draw'st, swear horrible¹² ; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away !

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter : for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding ; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less ; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth ; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour ; and drive the gentleman (as I know

¹² *Swear horrible.* Adjectives are often used by Shakespeares and his cotemporaries adverbially.

his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt SIR TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.*

Re-enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary¹³ out:
There's something in me, that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion
bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel¹⁴ for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That, honour sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't:
of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I

¹³ *Too unchary out, i. e. uncautiously.* The old copy reads *on't*.

¹⁴ *Jewel* anciently signified *any precious ornament of superfluity.*

know not; but thy interceptor, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck; be yare¹⁵ in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatch'd rapier, and on carpet consideration¹⁶; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob¹⁷, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk¹⁸.

¹⁵ *Tuck* is rapier, and *yare*, ready, nimble.

¹⁶ i. e. he is a *carpet-knight* not dubbed in the field, but on some peaceable occasion; *unhatch'd* is used in the sense of *unhack'd*; the word exists still in the technical *cross-hatching* of engravers. We have in *K. John*, Act ii. Sc. 2:—

“With *unhack'd* swords, and helmets all unbruised.”

Rundle Holme says, “They are termed simply *knights of the carpet*, or knights of the green cloth, to distinguish them from knights that are dubbed as soldiers in the field.”

¹⁷ *Hob, nob.* A corruption most probably of *hab* or *nab*: have or have not, hit or miss, at a venture. *Quasi, have*, or *n'ave*, i. e. have not, from the Saxon *habban*, to have: *nabban*, not to have. So, in Holinshed's description of Ireland, “The citizens in their rage shot *habbe* or *nabbe*.”

¹⁸ A *quirk* is a *shift* or *cavil*. *Viola* means to say, “belike this is a *caviller*.”

Sir To. Sir, no ; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury ; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him : therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked ; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is ; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit SIR TOBY.*]

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter ?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement¹⁹ ; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he ?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite²⁰ that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria : Will you walk towards him ? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't : I am one, that had rather go with sir priest, than sir knight : I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter SIR TOBY, with SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil²¹ ; I have not

¹⁹ *Arbitrement*, i. e. *decision*.

²⁰ *Opposite*, i. e. *adversary*.

²¹ There is some similarity to this scene in the behaviour of Sir John Daw and Sir A. La Foole in Jonson's *Silent Woman*, which was printed in 1609.

seen such a *firago*²². I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the *stuckin*²³, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you²⁴ as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: [*Aside.*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

I have his horse [*to FAB.*] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited²⁵ of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To VIOLA.*] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

²² *Firago*, thus the old copies; possibly not a misprint for *virago*, but a jocose allusion to the devil. The meaning appears to be, *I have never seen the most furious woman so obstreperous and violent as he is.*

²³ *Stuckin*. A corruption of *stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing.

²⁴ *Pays you*, i. e. *hits you*.

²⁵ *He is horribly conceited of him*, i. e. *he has a horrid conception of him.*

Vio. [*Aside.*] Pray God defend me ! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy ; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you : he cannot by the duello²⁶ avoid it : but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on ; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath ! [*Draws.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*Draws.*

Ant. Put up your sword ;—If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me ;

If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, sir ? why, what are you ?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker²⁷, I am for you. [*Draws.*

Enter Two Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold ; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [*To ANTONIO.*

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

[*To SIR ANDREW.*

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir ;—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word : He will bear you easily ; and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man ; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot ; I know your favour well.

²⁶ *The duello, i. e. laws of duel.*

²⁷ *If you be an undertaker, i. e. one who takes up or undertakes the quarrel of another.*

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—[To VIOLA.] This comes with
seeking you;

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something. My having²⁸ is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you
see here,

²⁸ *My having*, i. e. *fortune, possessions.*

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death ;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—
And to his image, which, methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us ? The time goes by ; away !

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god !—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind ;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind :
Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd²⁹ by the devil.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad ; away with him.
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt Officers with ANT.*]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself ; so do not I³⁰.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you !

Sir To. Come hither, knight ; come hither, Fabian ;
we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian ; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass³¹ ; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother ; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate : O ! if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love ! [*Exit.*]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a
coward than a hare : his dishonesty appears, in leav-
ing his friend here in necessity, and denying him ; and
for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

²⁹ *Trunks*, being then part of the furniture of apartments, were ornamented with scroll-work or flourished devices.

³⁰ *That he believes himself ; so do not I*, i. e. *I do not yet believe myself, when from this accident, I gather hope of my brother's life.*

³¹ *Yet living in my glass*, i. e. *his resemblance survives in the reflection of my own figure.*

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,—

[*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Street before Olivia's House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown.

Clown.

WILL you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow; Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else; Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly¹! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney.—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

¹ *Vent my folly.* Mr. Hunter remarks, "We have here Shake speare ridiculing affectation in language." Jonson, in his *Volpone*, fights by his side in respect of this word: "Pray you what news, sirs, vents our climate?" Act ii. Sc. 1.

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek², depart from me :
There's money for thee ; if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand.—These
wise men that give fools money, get themselves a good
report after fourteen years' purchase³.

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again ? there's
for you. [*Striking SEBASTIAN.*

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there :
Are all the people mad ? [*Draws, beating SIR ANDREW.*

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the
house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight. I would not
be in some of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit Clown.*

Sir To. Come on, sir ; hold ! [*Holding SEBASTIAN.*

Sir And. Nay, let him alone ; I'll go another way
to work with him ; I'll have an action of battery against
him, if there be any law in Illyria : though I struck
him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my
young soldier, put up your iron : you are well flesh'd ;
come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou
now ?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what ! Nay, then I must have an
ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*Draws.*

² *A merry Greek, or a foolish Greek,* were ancient proverbial expressions applied to boon companions, good fellows, as they were called, who spent their time in riotous mirth. Whether the Latin *pergræcari*, of the same import, furnished the phrase or not, it was in use in France and Italy as well as in England.

³ *Fourteen years' purchase,* i. e. at a very extravagant price, twelve years' purchase being then the current price of estates.

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby! on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam—

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario:—

Rudesby, be gone?—I prythee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.*

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway

In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby

May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;

Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,

He started one poor heart⁴ of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this⁵? how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prythee: 'Would thou'dst be
rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli.

O! say so, and so be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prythee, put on this gown, and this

⁴ *He started one poor heart of mine in thee.* An equivoque is here intended between *hart* and *heart*, they were formerly written alike.

⁵ *What relish is in this?* i. e. *how does this taste?* what judgment am I to make of it?

beard; make him believe, thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

[Exit MARIA.]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble¹ myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not fat² enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors³ enter.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is*: so I, being master parson, am master parson: For what is that, but that? and is, but is⁴?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho! I say;—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well: a good knave.

Mal. [in an inner chamber.] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatick.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies!

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

¹ *Dissemble*, i. e. *disguise*. Shakespeare has here used a Latinism. "*Dissimulo*, to dissemble, to cloak, to hide, says Hutton's Dictionary, 1583. And Ovid, speaking of Achilles—

"*Veste virum longa dissimulatus erat.*"

² The old copy has *tall*; but *fat* is more appropriate: for tallness has no association with clerical functions, and an antithesis is evidently required to *lean*.

³ *Competitors*, i. e. *Confederates*.

⁴ A humorous banter upon the language of the schools.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows⁵ transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stories⁶ towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question⁷.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

⁵ *Bay windows* were large projecting windows, probably so called because they occupied a whole *bay* or space between two cross beams in a building. Minshew says, a bay-window, so called "because it is builded in manner of a *bay* or road for ships, i. e. round."

⁶ The first folio has "clear stores," the second "clear stones." Mr. Hunter thinks that the reading of the second folio is what Shakespeare wrote. *Clear stories* are the row of windows running along the upper part of a lofty hall, or of a church, over the arches of the nave.

⁷ *Regular conversation.*

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock⁸, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas! Sir Topas!—

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters⁹.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him; I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [Exit SIR TOBY and MARIA.]

Clo. *Hey Robin, jolly Robin*¹⁰,

Tell me how thy lady does.

[Singing.]

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

⁸ The clown mentions a *woodcock*, because it was proverbial as a foolish bird, and therefore a proper ancestor for a man out of his wits.

⁹ *I am for all waters.* A proverbial phrase not yet satisfactorily explained. The meaning however appears to be, "I can turn my hand to any thing, or assume any character." Florio in his translation of Montaigne, speaking of Aristotle, says, "he hath an oar in every water, and meddleth with all things." And in his *Second Frutes*, there is an expression more resembling the import of that in the text:—"I am a knight for all saddles." Nash in his *Lenten Stufe*, 1599, has almost the language of the clown:—"He is first broken to the sea in the Herring-man's skiffe or cock-boate, where having learned to brooke all waters, and drink as he can out of a tarric can."

¹⁰ This ballad may be found in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i. p. 194, ed. 1794. Dr. Nott has also printed it among the poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, p. 188. The air to which it was sung is to be found in *The Cithern Schoole*, by Anthony Holborne, 1597.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. *Alas, why is she so?*

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clo. *She loves another—Who calls, ha?*

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits¹¹?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me¹²; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses! and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here,—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bible babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow¹³.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b'wi'you, good Sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent¹⁴ for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some

¹¹ The *five wits*, in analogy to the *five senses*. It appears that the five wits were "common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, memory." *Wit* was then the general term for intellectual power.

¹² *Propertied me*, i. e. *taken possession of me*.

¹³ The Clown, in the dark, acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas.

¹⁴ *Shent*, i. e. *scolded, reprimanded*.

paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prythee, begone.

Clo. *I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice;
Like to the old vice¹⁵,
Your need to sustain;
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries ah ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman drivel¹⁶.*

[*Exit.*]

¹⁵ The *vice* was the fool of the old moralities. He was grotesquely dressed in a cap with ass's ears, a long coat, and a dagger of lath. One of his chief employments was to make sport with the devil, leaping on his back and belabouring him with his dagger, till he made him roar. The devil however always carried him off in the end. The moral was, that sin, which has the courage to make very merry with the devil, and is allowed by him to take very great liberties, must finally become his prey. This used also to be the regular end of Punch in the puppet-show (who was the legitimate successor of the old vice or iniquity), until modern innovation, in these degenerate times, reversed the catastrophe. See Note on *K. Henry V.* Act iv. Sc. 4.

¹⁶ I think, with Farmer and Steevens, that we should read

SCENE III. *Olivia's Garden.**Enter* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air ; that is the glorious sun ;
 This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't :
 And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
 Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then ?
 I could not find him at the Elephant :
 Yet there he was ; and there I found this credit¹,
 That he did range the town to seek me out.
 His counsel now might do me golden service :
 For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
 That this may be some error, but no madness,
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
 So far exceed all instance, all discourse²,
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
 And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
 To any other trust but that I am mad,
 Or else the lady's mad ; yet, if 'twere so,
 She could not sway her house, command her followers,
 Take, and give back affairs, and their despatch,
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
 As, I perceive, she does. There's something in't,
 That is deceivable³. But here the lady comes.

drivel. The poet would have hardly repeated *devil*, with which in a former line it is intended to rhyme.

¹ *This credit*, i. e. *intelligence*. Steevens has referred to several passages which imply that this word was used for *oral intelligence*. I find it thus in a letter from Elizabeth to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton among the Conway Papers—"This beror came from you with great spede—We have heard his *credit* and fynd your carefulness and diligence very great." This will show that Mr. Collier is wrong in his explanation of *credit* by *belief*.

² *All instance, all discourse*. "It is difficult," says Mr. Gifford, "to determine the precise meaning our ancestors gave to *discourse*, or to distinguish the line that separated it from *reason*." The acute Glanville says, "The act of the mind which connects propositions, and deduceth conclusions from them, the schools call *discourse*, and we shall not miscall it if we name it *reason*."

³ *Deceivable*, i. e. *deceptious, able to deceive*.

Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine : If you mean well,

Now go with me, and with this holy man,
 Into the chantry⁴ by : there, before him,
 And underneath that consecrated roof,
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith ;
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
 May live at peace. He shall conceal it,
 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note ;
 What time we will our celebration keep
 According to my birth.—What do you say ?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you ;
 And, having sworn truth⁵, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father :—And
 heavens so shine,
 That they may fairly note this act of mine ! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Street before Olivia's House.*

Enter Clown and FABIAN.

Fabian.

NOW, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.
Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another
 request.

Fab. Any thing.

⁴ *Chantry*, a little chapel, or particular altar, in some cathedral or parochial church, endowed for the purpose of having masses sung therein for the souls of the founders.

⁵ *Truth*, i. e. troth or fidelity. It should be remarked that this was not an actual marriage, but a betrothing, affiancing, or solemn promise of future marriage ; anciently distinguished by the name of *espousals*. This has been established by Mr. Douce in his Illustrations of Shakespeare, where the reader will find much curious matter on the subject, in a note on this passage.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, VIOLA, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives¹, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

¹ So in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*:—

“Come let's kisse.

Moor. Away, away.

Queen. No, no, says *aye*; and *twice away* says *stay*.”

Sir Philip Sidney has enlarged upon the thought in the Sixty-third Stanza of *Astrophel and Stella*. Coleridge's note on this passage is to the same purpose.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer ; there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play ; and the old saying is, the third pays for all ; the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure ; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind ; One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw² : if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir ; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness ; but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [Exit Clown.]

Enter ANTONIO and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well ;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war :
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk unprizable :
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter ?

1 Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy :
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state³,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir ; drew on my side ;

² A throw is a while, a time, A. S. *ppah*.

³ *Desperate of shame and state*, i. e. inattentive to his character or condition, like a desperate man.

But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear⁴,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem: a wrack past hope he was:

⁴ Tooke has so admirably accounted for the application of the epithet *dear* by our ancient writers to any object which excites a sensation of *hurt*, *pain*, and consequently of *anxiety*, *solicitude*, *care*, *earnestness*, that I shall extract it as the best comment upon the apparently opposite uses of the word in our great poet:—
“*Dearth* is the third person singular of the English (from the Anglo-Saxon verb *Deþian*, *nocere*, *lædere*), to *dere*. It means some or any season, weather, or other cause, which *dereth*, i. e. maketh *dear*, hurteth, or doth mischief.—The English verb to *dere* was formerly in common use.” He then produces about twenty examples, the last from *Hamlet*:—

“Would I had met my *dearest* foe in Heaven
Ere I had seen that day.”

Tooke continues—“Johnson and Malone, who trusted to their Latin to explain his (Shakespeare's) English, for *dear* and *dearest* would have us read *dire* and *direst*; not knowing that *Deþe* and *Deþien* meant *hurt* and *hurting*, *mischief* and *mischievous*; and that their Latin *dirus* is from our Anglo-Saxon *Deþe*, which they would expunge.” *ΕΠΕΑ ΠΤΕΡΟΕΝΤΑ*, vol. ii. p. 409. A most pertinent illustration of Tooke's etymology has occurred to me in a MS. poem by Richard Rolle the Hermit of Hampole:—

“Bot flatering lele and loselry,
Is grete *chepe* in thair courtes namly,
The most *derthe* of any, that is
Aboute tham there, is sothfastnes.”—*Spec. Vitz.*

I leave this note as it was written in 1823. Mr. Knight has since availed himself of Tooke's acuteness, without mention of Tooke's name!

His life I gave him, and did thereto add
 My love, without retention or restraint,
 All his in dedication : for his sake,
 Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
 Into the danger of this adverse town ;
 Drew to defend him, when he was beset ;
 Where being apprehended, his false cunning
 (Not meaning to partake with me in danger),
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
 And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
 While one would wink ; denied me mine own purse,
 Which I had recommended to his use
 Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be ?

Duke. When came he to this town ?

Ant. To-day, my lord ; and for three months before
 (No interim, not a minute's vacancy),
 Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess ; now heaven
 walks on earth.—

But for thee, fellow ; fellow, thy words are madness :
 Three months this youth hath tended upon me ;
 But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not
 have,
 Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable ?—
 Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam !

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario ?—Good my
 lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,

It is as fat⁵ and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after musick.

Duke. Still so cruel ?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What ! to perverseness ? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd ! What shall I do ?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become
him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief⁶, at point of death,
Kill what I love ; a savage jealousy,
That sometime savours nobly ?—But hear me this :
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still ;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heaven, I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,

⁵ *Dull, gross.*

⁶ *This Egyptian Thief was Thyamis.* The story is related in the *Æthiopics* of Heliodorus. He was the chief of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis falls in love with Chariclea, and would have married her. But, being attacked by a stronger band of robbers, he was in such fear for his mistress that he causes her to be shut into a cave with his treasure. It was customary with those barbarians, when they despaired of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held most dear, and desired for companions in the next life. Thyamis therefore benetted round with enemies, raging with love, jealousy, and anger, went to his cave, and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, so soon as he heard himself answered towards the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the person by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand plunged his sword into her breast. This romance was translated by Thomas Underdowne, and had been published before 1587, in which year it was reprinted, and again in 1602.

Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—
 Come, boy, with me ; my thoughts are ripe in mischief :
 I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
 To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [Going.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
 To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
 [Following.

Oli. Where goes Cesario ?

Vio. After him I love,
 More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
 More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife
 If I do feign, you witnesses above,
 Punish my life, for tainting of my love !

Oli. Ah me, detested ! how am I beguil'd !

Vio. Who does beguile you ? who does do you
 wrong ?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself ? Is it so long ?—
 Call forth the holy father. [Exit an Attendant.

Duke. Come away. [To VIOLA.

Oli. Whither, my lord ?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband !

Oli. Ay, husband ; Can he that deny ?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah ?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
 That makes thee strangle thy propriety⁷ :
 Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up ;
 Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
 As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome. father !

Re-enter Attendant and Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
 Here to unfold (though lately we intended
 To keep in darkness, what occasion now
 Reveals before 'tis ripe), what thou dost know,

⁷ Strangle thy propriety, i. e. suppress, or disown thy personal identity.

Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings⁸;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case⁹?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario:

⁸ In ancient espousals the man received as well as gave a ring.

⁹ "O, thou dissembling cub, what wilt thou be,

When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case?"

The skin of a hare, or rabbit, or fox is called its case. So, in Cary's Present State of England, 1626;—"Queen Elizabeth asked a knight named Young, how he liked a company of brave ladies? He answered, As I like my silver haired conies at home; the cases are far better than the bodies."

we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: You drew your sword upon me, without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i'the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin¹⁰; I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dress'd together.

Sir To. Will you help?—An ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, SIR TOBY, and SIR ANDREW.*]

¹⁰ The *pavin*, or *pavan*, was a *grave Spanish dance*. Sir John Hawkins derives it from *pavo*, a *peacock*, and says that every *pavin* had its *galliard*, a lighter kind of air formed out of the former. Thus, in Middleton's *More Dissemblers beside Women*:—

“I can dance nothing but ill favour'dly,

A strain or two of *passé measures galliard*.”

By which it appears that the *passy-measure pavan*, and the *passy*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman ;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you ;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two
persons ;

A natural perspective¹¹, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio ! O, my dear Antonio,
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee.

Ant. Sebastian are you ?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio ?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself ?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin

measure galliard were only two different measures of one dance, from the Italian *passamezzo*. Sir Toby therefore (if in his present state he can be supposed to have any meaning) means that the surgeon is a rogue and a *grave solemn coxcomb*. In the first act of the play he has shown himself well acquainted with the various kinds of dance. Shakespeare's characters are always consistent, and even in drunkenness preserve the traits of character which distinguished them when sober.

¹¹ A *perspective* formerly meant a glass that assisted the sight in any way. The several kinds in use in Shakespeare's time are enumerated in Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, b. xiii. c. 19, where that alluded to by the Duke is thus described, "There be glasses also wherein one man may see another man's image and not his own"—that optical illusion may be meant, which is called *anamorphosis* :—"where that which is, is not," or appears, in a different position, another thing. This may also explain a passage in *Henry V.* Act v. Sc. 2 :—"Yes, my lord, you see them *perspectively*, the cities turned into a maid." Vide also *K. Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 1, and note there—

"Like *perspectives* which rightly gazed upon
Show nothing, but confusion ; ey'd awry
Distinguish form."

Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.—
Of charity¹², what kin are you to me? [*To VIOLA.*
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets¹³ to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since

¹² *Of charity*, i. e. *out of charity*, tell me.

¹³ *Lets*, i. e. *hinders*.

Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook :

[*To OLIVIA.*

But nature to her bias drew in that.

You would have been contracted to a maid ;

Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,

You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd ; right noble is his blood.—

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,

I shall have share in this most happy wrack :

Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,

[*To VIOLA.*

Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear ;

And all those swearings keep as true in soul,

As doth that orb'd continent the fires

'That sever day from night^a.

Duke.

Give me thy hand ;

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,

Hath my maid's garments : he, upon some action,

Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,

A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him :—Fetch Malvolio hither :

And yet, alas, now I remember me,

They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most exacting¹⁴ frenzy of mine own

From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—

How does he, sirrah ?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's

^a The allusion is to Genesis i. 14. This leads us to the correction of *fires* for *fire*, as required by the plural *swearings*, as well as clearness of construction.

¹⁴ *A most exacting frenzy*, i. e. *a frenzy that exacted from me all my attention*. This is the reading of the second folio ; the first reads, *extracting*.

end, as well as a man in his case may do; he has here writ a letter to you, I should have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not¹⁵ much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman:—*By the lord, madam,*—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*¹⁶.

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [To FABIAN.]

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury. The madly-used Malvolio.*

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[Exit FABIAN.]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,

¹⁵ *It skills not much*, i. e. *it signifies not much*; a common idiom in our old writers.

¹⁶ *You must allow vox.* This may be explained: "If you will have the letter read in character, you must allow me to assume the voice or frantic tone of a madman."

One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your
offer.—

Your master quits you [*To VIOLA*]; and, for your
service done him,

So much against the mettle¹⁷ of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck¹⁸, and gull,

¹⁷ *Mettle*, i. e. *frame and constitution*.

¹⁸ *Geck*, i. e. *fool*. A. S. *geac*.

That e'er invention played on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad: then cam'st¹⁹ in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice²⁰ hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance²¹;
In recompense whereof, he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled²² thee!

Clo. Why, *some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.* I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one:—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.*—But

¹⁹ *Thou* is here understood: "then cam'st *thou* in smiling."

²⁰ *Practice* is a deceit, an insidious stratagem. So in the Introduction to the Taming of the Shrew:—

"Sirs, I will *practise* on this drunken man."

²¹ *Importance*, i. e. *importunity*.

²² *Baffled* is *cheated*. See Note on the first Scene of *K. Rich. II.*

do you remember? *Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd:* And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:—
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents²³,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls.—Mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—*Cesario*, come,
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [Exeunt.]

SONG.

Clo. *When that I was and a little tiny boy,*
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

²³ *Time convents*, i. e. shall serve, agree, be convenient.

*A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.*

[Exit.]





CRITICAL ESSAY ON TWELFTH NIGHT.

VIOLA, fair and youthful, separated, she fears for ever, from her twin-brother Sebastian in a shipwreck, is cast on the coast of Illyria, and assuming the costume of a page, takes service with the Duke Orsino. It is just intimated that the reputation of the Duke may already have so far touched her fancy, as to have made it one motive of her disguise to approach nearer to him. She is speedily in high favour, and as speedily enamoured of her master; but his discourses of love have the Lady Olivia for their theme, and to her he dispatches Viola as an envoy. Loyally she performs her embassy, not without a reflection on the complication of her position, but never hinting at, never dreaming of, a thought to play false with the commission by retarding the suit, or by raising a prejudice where she is sent to conciliate love. In the same still spirit of candour and rectitude she feels pity for Olivia when entangled in a passion for herself, not unfeeling amusement, and not selfish malice at an additional obstacle to the passion of the Duke. For her own fate her winning manners, reflective sentiment, and serene imagination, find their way, a way of their own; to his heart, and she seems content to trust to the bias of nature for the remainder; and at the most indulges in expressions which, should discovery arrive, must, whether she anticipates the result or not, expose to view the condition of her own affections. But her disguise has other consequences besides her day-dream of languishing enthusiasm, and though her light pinnace is buoyant on the billows, it is grievously tossed and shaken when she has to abide collision with the boisterous characters of the comic portion of the play.

While Viola is trusting to, or hoping in, time and impression and the force of genuine sympathy to find a place in the heart of her lord, when all accidents consent, and while Olivia in passionate self-abandonment is wooing she knows not what, roguish conspirators are taking advantage of the self-conceit of a churlish steward, to possess him with a dream of greatness, and lure him into a monstrous self-exhibition, under the notion that he is be-

loved by his mistress. Not however entirely unavenged; Sir Andrew Aguecheek, one of his betrayers, is made a cat's-paw of a wooer by Sir Toby and trips up over the heels of his own fatuous vanity as grossly as Malvolio; while Maria, patient and hopeful as Viola, but more active in her strategy according to her nature and circumstances, lays siege to Sir Toby, who is fairly taken off his legs at last, after laughing his fill at Viola, Malvolio, and Sir Andrew, and captured, in all openness of heart by mere congeniality of jest, by his niece's chambermaid.

Viola and Sir Andrew, cowards both, by right of sex or privilege of carpet knighthood, yet each believing the other a very devil by backing up and suggestion of mischievous comrades, form a group which comprises the very essence and substance of the laughable; and it is a companion picture to Olivia looking with eyes of wonder on Malvolio, who misapprehends her as much as he does himself.

It is in the last scene that all the embarrassments cross and culminate; here the circuit is completed, and the shock and discharge of general explanation restores all to happy equilibrium. Time and favourable chance bring all round happily and easily, for all we are interested in, and only allow difficulties to become painful at the moment of indicating the way of escape. In this last scene, then, Viola is first exposed to the bitter charge of her brother's friend Antonio challenging recognition, then to that of the Duke for supplanting him with Olivia, then to the complaints of Olivia for beguiling her, followed by the exclamation of all when the priest confirms the statement, and, lastly, by the incredible accusation of Sir Andrew and Sir Toby of breaking their heads; and all these complicated knots thus brought into one space are cleared and divided at once by the simple entrance of Sebastian, to claim the faith which Olivia had pledged to him in happy mistake for his sister. The vagaries of Malvolio are as easily explained, and the spring of the dramatic action has then fairly run down.

Before proceeding further, be thus much premised on the title of the comedy of Twelfth Night.

On Egyptian monuments we still see depicted the celebration of the discovery and re-appearance of Osiris, and the fixed anniversary of this was taken possession of in the Eastern Church to commemorate the revelation of Jesus to John the Baptist by the descent of the dove, and in the Western for the Epiphany or Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles, as represented in the star-guided Magi. In the middle ages the Magi became kings, Caspar, Melchior, Balthasar; and hence, by various descent, derived the custom of selecting a king and queen by lot, with attendant court, and drawing characters, as the peculiar amusement of Twelfth Night. The time is one of merriment, the more decided from being the proper close of the festivities of Christmas, and games

of chance were traditionally rife, and the sport of sudden and casual elevation gave the tone of the time. Of like tone is the play, and to this apparently it owes its title. The sudden fortune of Viola and Sebastian, the disguises, and discoveries, and alternations of character agree. The prizes of the play are given by fortune. Sebastian lights by merest hap upon fortune, and a wife who is more than riches, and fortune befriends Olivia little less than Sebastian; Viola the page becomes in an instant "Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen," and we may even descend to note that Maria has her windfall in Sir Toby. Others are in inferior luck, and are as ill satisfied; Sir Andrew is quit for a broken coxcomb and a few words of plain truth from a false ally, but Malvolio drains the last dregs of foiled cupidity and self-conceit. "Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!" says Viola, and her conclusion is merely—

"O time, thou must untangle this, not I,
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!"

And to the like effect is the exclamation of Olivia—

"Fate, show thy force, ourselves we do not owe,
What is decreed must be, and be this so."

"'Tis but fortune, all is fortune," is the theory of Malvolio, and how much truth there is in his view appears when Sebastian has fortune so liberally thrust upon him. But the spirit of the play is to represent a certain natural affinity between the gifts of fortune and the moral characteristics of the recipients, by which what is happy and easy is drawn, by spontaneous attraction, towards the disposition that deserves, can use and appreciate it. The turn of fortune's wheel has a balance of chance in favour of the simple, guileless, patient, candid, and compassionate. It is pleasant to dream, as we may in a comedy, of so genial a compromise of Nemesis, by which the gifts of fortune and the aptitudes of nature spring forward to meet each other and kiss in harmony. In tragedy, as in tragic events, the end comes by disposition and character wresting and dragging down their proper fate and fortunes. Yet the contrast is rather in the elements and the end, than in their course; far too often the force of merest accident seems to be determined by as direct propensity in the development of evil passions as of good, and the single temptation drops precisely in the path of him who would be singly tempted by it. Happier influences, the good angels of the dreaming, watch over the more happily constituted, or we indulge ourselves to think so, and Viola and Sebastian drive over the waves of their misfortunes as safely and surely as they were saved from the splitting or foundering ship. Olivia is on the brink of the very vexation that stings the poor fool her steward, "Ah me, detested! how am I beguiled!" but she is borne, as if from the edge of a precipice, by lifting and salutary airs. Antonio and the Duke both likewise touch the edge of the gall-dropt cup of

love and friendship unrequited, but only in either case to be prepared to enjoy the revulsion to delight in recognizing truth and not duplicity, and lovely congeniality in place of apprehended indifference and oblivion.

Good fortune does not alight on Sebastian himself more unsolicited and unmanaged than on Viola. After her first exertion of will in assuming male dress, and this is readily ascribed to the exigence of unprotected position, she simply allows herself to be carried along by the stream of time and events, which answer to her confidence by floating her at last to happiness. Enamoured of the Duke, she can no more than Rosalind, though in a more pensive spirit, deny herself the luxury of uttering her passion when secure that her expressions cannot be applied; but otherwise the loss of a brother rests on her heart as on Olivia's, and she has not yet recovered courage to attempt to steer her fate. She is simply face to face with Grief, and conquers it by being able to tranquilly smile at it. She does her embassy to Olivia with candid directness, and is content to take the consequence of her loyalty. She sees quickly a probability that she is mistaken for her brother, yet she leaves this too for the course of events to bring to light; and even when the hasty speech of the Duke seems to threaten her destruction, she turns to meet her fate "jocund, apt, and willingly." Her conduct throughout is consistent with the character, for which the type and key-note was given by the conditions of the embassy. Had her nature been more active, less contemplative, and less conscientious, she could not have undertaken to intercede with her rival, without making some use of her position to influence her own fortunes, and yet in what direction could she urge them, consistently with delicacy and honour? A stronger character would have been far more embarrassed; and thus the position creates the necessity for the only combination of feminine qualities, that could be placed in it without disagreeable difficulty and without degradation. It is with like uncritical, though not unwondering, acquiescence that Sebastian receives his good fortune; and it is the naturalness of this, as a point of twin likeness, that reconciles us to it, and thus saves him from any appearance of dullness on the one hand, or duplicity on the other.

With the confiding tenderness of Viola's character, there is combined a tranquil reflectiveness that rescues it from weakness, and is very engaging. Thus, in her first scene—

"There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall,
Doth oft close in pollution,—yet of thee . . ."

Again, when she perceives the direction of Olivia's infatuation—

"Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy doth much."

This touching self-accusation, the very key of the character, has

been, I am sorry to say, left out when I have seen the play profaned upon the stage, to give the actress a false and foolish point in a strut of exultation and a tapping of the cap, at the words "I am the man."

The same fine spirit breathes through the lines—

"I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood."

Viola loves tenderly while yet unwooed, but this sobriety of thought relieves her from any tinge of levity. Olivia is like her in both regards; and though more wilful, as her own mistress, we see enough of her, in the scene before the entrance of Viola, to be assured of her steadfast and valuable disposition.

Nothing less than the refinement and beauty with which this pair are depicted, could so far rivet our interest and attention to the sentimental portions of the play, as to enable them to make head against and countervail an overwhelming influence in the riotous fun and exuberant animal spirits of the secondary plot; nothing less would have kept this down in secondary place, both from the richness of its subject matter, and the diffuseness that is permitted to it.

The manner in which the delicate little figure of Viola, the false boy page, gets involved and entangled among the mischievous pranks of this subordinate group is highly diverting, and the exhibition was due to the world from Shakespeare. He who had already depicted with such geniality the disguises of Julia, Rosalind, Portia, and Imogen, owed the world yet this play. Without it the full amusement and interest derivable from the situation he so much delighted in, and had portrayed at once with such vivacity and such modesty, remained imperfectly expressed. The masquerading damsel in all her changes had yet escaped the most perplexing, the most ludicrously embarrassing situations, but the time came at last, and in the play of *Twelfth Night*. The disguise of Rosalind leads, it is true, to the same false positions as that of Viola, but in the latter case the difficulties are more exaggerated, to harmonize with the uproarious spirit of fun introduced into the piece. If Rosalind is wooed by Phebe, so is Viola, but still more importunately, by Olivia; and the more markedly, that Olivia is no country girl, but a countess. If Rosalind finds her doublet and hose in the way of the promotion of her own love interest, still more so Viola, who has to thank them for making her an envoy to her rival to her own prejudice; and if Rosalind is unable to bear herself manly when the blood-stained napkin is exhibited, Viola is indeed in a difficulty when hedged in before and behind,—an antelope in toils that would hamper a bear, she is called upon to strip her sword stark naked and defend herself.

III.

T T

There is an amusing retribution in the sequence of the scenes, when *Viola* having just brought a lady, however unintentionally, into a vain passion for a fictitious manhood, finds herself called upon immediately after to undertake manhood's serious responsibilities.

The busy, inventive, energetic mischievousness of Sir Toby and his allies, contrast as strongly with the musing fancies of Duke Orsino, as their riotous roystering songs with the refined music and sentimental airs that breathe the very soul of fanciful lassitude in his court. The two groups blend their tones in the mingled sentiment and vehemence of the passion of *Olivia*, and intellectually they are reflected brightly and clearly from the mind of *Feste* the jester.

The Clown in this play, who, I am inclined to think, should bear his name all through by as good a right as *Touchstone*, is a remarkable creation, and very essential to the knitting and coherence of the general play. His musical talent is most diversified; he gives as readily and with equal effect the tender love song suited to the dreamy and poetical being of the Duke, or the noisy catch that shakes the rafters and calls up *Malvolio* at midnight. Thus catholic in his artistic range, he has a not less wide intellectual scope. He plumbs the depth accurately of his mistress's exhausted sorrow, penetrates the destiny of *Maria* and Sir Toby's weak *pia mater*, holds up a mirror to the opalescent humours of the Duke, and takes remarkably good care of his own economical resources, by asking on every occasion when he is safe to obtain,—yet free from slyness withal, genial and enjoyable, as he is free of speech. Still, apart from a certain degree of loyalty to his mistress, he knows the world too well,—this it is to be wise and to suffer for it, to remain very long in society of the same tone, or to feel much sympathy for anybody, or consequently to get much in return. With no great interest in the practical jests and bear-baitings that are rife around him, he does not refuse, however, to gratify his pique of profession, by lending a helping hand in duping the churlish steward.

Malvolio's name expresses his ill-conditioned nature. *Olivia* interprets rightly his crabbed criticism of the Clown when acquitting himself of his functions very creditably, and for her state of mind usefully. "You are sick of self-love," she tells him, when he allows himself to be put out of temper by the not unprovoked retort of the allowed fool. She holds up before him so clear a mirror of his weakness—"There is no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove," is castigation of his railing reproof, and impeachment of his notorious indiscretion, that it is monstrous in him to imagine thereafter that he is enthroned in her fantasy as a demi-god.

So engrossing, indeed, is his self-love, that there seems to be even a touch of jealousy in his attack on the Clown; and he

thinks in his profoundness that he could combine functions, that have been united ere now, of fool and chamberlain, for nothing less appears in his attempt at fooling and word-corrupting, at wit and word-catching, in announcing and describing the Duke's young messenger.

Surely it is gross vanity and foolery, at best, for a man to believe himself idolized; and yet such belief seems implied in the happy enthusiasm of confiding passion, and is not, therefore, the most romantic and best requited lover subjectively in the same position as Malvolio? The difference, however, lies near enough when we seek it, and is definite enough to console the rashest. Had Malvolio been really loved—to suppose such a thing possible—he would have been scarcely less ridiculous, for his laughable weakness resides in his egotism; and a lover or a suitor who is engrossed not with his own love for his mistress, but with the idea of his mistress's love for himself, is but a pitiful object in any case. The ludicrousness, of course, is enhanced when the supposed infatuation is without all conceivable possibility; but the enhancement from this source is slight, in proportion to the original absurdity. Thus the prompting of single-hearted, and usually most successful, passion in a lover is not in the first instance to captivate, to make his mistress love him, but to convince her that he truly desires and worships her with such simplicity and faith that argue a sympathy of nature and a necessary disposition, an innate capacity and direction of her nature to respond. "The power of beauty, I remember yet!" and thus may the sanguine of the flowery path of life be comforted, thus they will hope to wear love's rose untainted by the slimy trail of absurdity. Self-sacrifice entire, and so entire as to be unconscious, is the pledge and seal of sincerity, and of thriving, too, where to thrive is to be fortunate. Malvolio, the count, promises unbecoming reminiscence of Malvolio, the steward; and Olivia, "left in a day-bed sleeping," is forgotten for the enjoyment of the branched gown, the state, the rich jewel, and the opportunity of being surly with servants, and snubbing his old enemy, and now his kinsman, Toby.

Thus we admit and acquiesce in the cool confidence of being loved, which is justified and founded on a nature and adornments truly loving and loveable, but revolt from a vain conceit not simply as an error in judgment but as a monstrous miscreation, —a moral and material countersense. It seems harsh to say that love that is ludicrous is never true love, that love unrequited is by the result condemned, that victory alone justifies an enterprise and certainly crowns desert alone. Failure, however, argues fault or flaw, or deficiency somewhere; and hopes disappointed, or yet in jeopardy, will plead that a lapse may in favourable instances be ascribed to the imperfect and irregular status of a slowly developing world, wherein no portion can be quite in harmony

while a single discord is unresolved elsewhere,—a world it is wherein nothing will come exactly right,—at least at present.

But we are not driven to refinements in the case of Malvolio—he is the ass of the apologue thrusting a bunch of thistles in his owner's face in emulation of complimentary nosegays from other petitioners, or attempting fawning gambols that are acceptable and amusing only with the condition of a graceful devotee.

In Charles the First's copy of the second folio, which it appears is preserved at Windsor Castle, the title of Twelfth Night is altered in his own handwriting to "Malvolio." The change implies a rather strange misconception of the leading interest and central beauty of the play, but in other respects the importance of the character of the gulled steward to defining and brightening the general effect can scarcely be over-estimated. The twin passions of the disguised page Viola for her master, and of Olivia for the seeming servant Viola or Sebastian, derive at once illustration and apology from the contrast, and all the ridiculous aspects of such adventurous outbreaks over the pale of rank or circumstance are exhausted in the fool's paradise, wherein Malvolio walks complacent and alone. Malvolio is right enough in his hypothetical solution of the false position of Olivia relatively to her youth, beauty and fortune, the suit of the Duke and her waning melancholy,—he only errs egregiously in the qualifications of the hero of the release. The object of Olivia's love is as mere a phantasm as that of Malvolio, but with her passion is truly love, not self-love, and nature draws to her bias and corrects chance by good chance at last. And the great contrast of the entire play lies between Malvolio, grinning and cross-gartered before Olivia, and Viola, safe hid in her dissemblature, asserting the deep truthfulness of woman's heart to the Duke.

Olivia has three suitors, The Duke, Malvolio, and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek. Malvolio woos prompted and wrapt up in absurd presumption and self-conceit, and thrusts himself annoyingly and laughably within range of her surprise and indignation. The Duke woos by proxy; wrapt he in a dream of passion, and entertaining it to heighten contemplative delirium, and the associations of poetry, music, song, sweet airs and odours, and sympathetic conversation. A lover more impassioned would have wooed as Viola suggests in personal attempt, nay residence at her very gate, and with such importunate persistence as gained for Viola entrance and almost her suit. The Duke muses and dwells on the ideal perfections of Olivia, as Malvolio worships the conception of his own. As to Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, his zeal in wooing is entirely due to external impulsion; he does not address a word to Olivia from beginning to end; he determines to retire or persevere as the influence he is subjected to rallies or falls. His vanity and self-conceit are as inordinate as Malvolio's, with the difference that in him these qualities require the excitement

of sustained encouragement and flattery to become and continue active. This supplied, he adopts any scheme of recommending himself that is proposed to him, and thus both knight and steward are enmeshed by the same rogues in the same net, and amusing it is to see one of the victims shaking his empty head out of the box-tree at the other. Viola, travestied in male attire in the presence of him she would win, and fain to talk in covert enigmas, is a picture of delicacy and refinement at disadvantage, that is strained into the ridiculous when the vain but otherwise intelligent Malvolio talks, gasping in yellow stockings, unintelligible riddles to his mistress, and when the equally vain but fatuous Sir Andrew gives up policy to found his love fortunes on valour.

The speedy passion of Olivia for Viola receives much relief and justification from the ensuing scene, where we find the twin-brother Sebastian to have conciliated as unconsciously as effectually the affectionate friendship of the generous nature of Antonio. This scene interests us in Sebastian on his own account, but even more, by indicating the sympathy of his nature with that of Viola,—it prepares us to witness and take pleasure in his accidental succession to her favour with Olivia. There is also another common trait which in this respect is far from unimportant Viola in the first scene,—her shipwreck notwithstanding, and from funds which we do not impeach poetical omnipotence by inquiring into, pays the captain bounteously for cheering hopes, “for saying so there’s gold.” The incident has its use in removing from her from the first the unpleasant associations of necessity, and leaving us at ease in the freedom of her actions and inclinations; but it also enables us to recognize in the “open hand” of Sebastian, when he gives money to the troublesome clown, the expression of twin disposition with his sister.

The leading incidents of the play of Twelfth Night had been combined into a story many times before they happily fell into the hands of Shakespeare; but among the various versions of the tale that have come down to us or have been discovered by the zeal of antiquaries, we cannot fix upon one which bears positive marks of having been principally used by Shakespeare, or perhaps of having been in his hands at all. Still there is much to interest in examining the earlier forms of the tale, whether that form which is the true link with the play be among them or not.

The Italian Bandello in the 36th novel of his second part told a tale of twins, of whom the brother Paolo was lost by his family, and the sister Nicuola, with the aid of a relation, assumes boy’s dress and the name Romulo, and engages as page with a former lover, Lattantio, who had ungratefully forgotten her. Thus disguised she is employed in bearing Lattantio’s love messages to Catella who rejects them, but only to become enamoured of the messenger; and her brother Paolo inherits the passion by mistake, and takes willing and speedy advantage of the good fortune

he cannot account for. The refinement which is the germ of the character of Viola does not appear in the novel. Nicuola encourages the advances of Catella, and has a scheme to provoke her to break off finally with Lattantio by discovering to her her own sex. Catella again is so far from considering her dignity like Olivia when she enquires of Cesario his parentage, that she at once exclaims—"Io non ricerco chi tu ti sia, ne se povero o ricco sei, ne di qual sangue nata:"—

"What shall you ask of me that I'll deny

That honour, saved, may upon asking give?"

are the words of Olivia, o'erswayed by what she calls her headstrong potent fault, but no saving restrictions check the course of Catella more than that of the rest of the heroines, whose proceedings Bandello dedicates to one noble Italian lady after another with such amazing serenity. Apart from mere incident the most remarkable passage in the novel in reference to the play is where Romulo turns the conversation to the subject of her master's falsehood to a previous love, and probes his conscience for past ill faith with reflections like those of Viola, when she is referring to her own concealed feelings. "Chi sè che quella bellissima fanciulla anchor non v'ami, e viva per voi in pessima cortentezza; conciosia cosa che io molte volte ho sentito dire, che le Fanciulle ne i lor primi amori, amano assai piu teneramente e con maggior fervore che non sanno gli huomini." Even the conclusions of the two conversations agree; Orsino breaks off at the mention of Olivia—"Ay, that's the theme," as Lattantio, "Ma torniamo à parlar di questa ladrona di Catella."

Bandello's work dates 1554; in 1572 a French version of this novel, somewhat abridged both in conversations and incidents, was included in the collection of Belleforest; how exactly it may have transferred the scheme of discourse just adverted to I am not aware and am a little curious, as it seems that Shakespeare did not obtain it from any of the other conjectured possible sources of his plot. These are two Italian plays and a story by Barnaby Rich. A memorandum in a diary of a member of the Middle Temple, in the British Museum, discovered by Mr. Collier, runs to this effect:—"Feby. 2, 1601 (2). At our feast we had a play called Twelfth Night, or What You Will, much like the Comedy of Errors, or Menechmi in Plautus; but most like and near to that in Italian, called *Inganni*. A good practise in it to make the steward believe, &c."—and so following with details that identify the play of Shakespeare.

The play *GI'Inganni* has since been traced, but though derived from Bandello's story, varies from it widely and even yet more widely from Twelfth Night. Another play *GI'Ingannati* is nearer to both, but so far as can be judged from abstracts and extracts—(the Shakespeare society do not appear to have yet redeemed their promise to supply us with reprints of these plays)

the footsteps of our poet are not to be tracked in this direction either. The case I think is somewhat different with Barnaby Rich. This worthy was brought up a soldier, but became an author voluminous and various, and between the years 1578 and 1581 published his Farewell to the military profession, containing among others a novel entitled Apolonius and Silla. As regards mere story, Shakespeare follows Bandello as closely as Rich, and we must assume had access to Bandello or some other closer versions of the tale, as Rich would no more than the Italian plays have helped him to the coincidences of the scene we have remarked upon. But there are other obligations more important, and among them this is chief; the first hint of the spirit in which Viola performs her mission and receives the first indications of the passion of Olivia. Apolonius, who is in the place of the Duke of the play, despatches Silla, as his page, on love messages to the lady Julina,—“Now gentlewomen, pursues the confident narrator, do you think there could have been a greater torment devised wherewith to afflict the heart of Silla than herself to be made the instrument to work her own mishap, and to play the attorney in a cause that made so much against herself. But Silla, altogether desirous to please her master, cared nothing at all to offend herself, followed his business with so good a will as if it had been in her own preferment and on a time Silvio being sent from his master with a message to the lady Julina as he began very earnestly to solicit in his master's behalf, Julina interrupting him in his tale said; Silvio, it is enough that you have said for your master, from henceforth either speak for yourself or say nothing at all. Silla abashed to hear these words, began in her mind to accuse the blindness of love that Julina neglecting the good will of so noble a duke, would prefer her love unto such a one as nature itself had denied to recompense her liking.”

But the glimpse of a better world of imagination which was here vouchsafed to Rich is clouded and veiled immediately after. When the brother Silvia is accosted by Julina in error, he “could not tell what to make of her speeches, assuring himself that she was deceived and did mistake him, did think notwithstanding it had been a point of great simplicity if he should forsake that which fortune had so favourably proffered unto him, perceiving by her train that she was some lady of great honour, and viewing the perfection of her beauty and the excellency of her grace and countenance, did think it impossible she should be despised and therefore answered”—cunningly enough. He snatches the advantage that Julina is but too eager to bestow, and then “for fear of future evils determined to come no more there,” and withdrew from the city. The consequences urge the lady to challenge the engagement of Silla, whose repudiation, like that of Viola, exposes her to the indignation of the Duke. The pain-

fulness of the compromise of Julina, who becomes the leading personage in the latter portion of the story, is heightened by the discovery of Silla's sex, until all is accommodated by the re-appearance of the brother and the union of Silla and Apoloniua.

In the absence of any intermediate adaptation, Shakespeare would seem to have gathered hints from Rich which he applied in the later complications of his plot. The same source also brings about the original destitution of the heroine, though not her separation from her brother, by a shipwreck, and has the incident of the severity of the Duke to his page, extending to more than words, on suspicion of supplanting him with Julina, and even the threat to put him to death. Among various verbal coincidences we may compare Julina's—"that have so charely preserved my honour," with Olivia's "laid mine honour too unchary out." Rich himself again makes use of a word in an application that seems to have tickled Shakespeare's fancy by its ridiculousness, and Sir Toby, who mischievously entraps Sir Andrew into describing the voice of Feste as "very sweet and contagious, i'faith," may have had in his thoughts the odd expression that, "Silla the further she saw herself bereaved of all hope so much the more contagious were her passions." The metaphor, however, is corrected and ennobled in Olivia's exclamation:—

"How now,

Even so quickly may one catch the plague."

In the Two Gentlemen of Verona the disguised Julia is messenger from her own false lover to Silvia,—in what spirit as compared with Viola, Silla or Nicuola appears in the lines:—

"Yet I will woo for him, but yet so coldly,

As heaven it knows, I would not have him speed,"—

and the agreement both of incident and names indicates how early Rich's book was in Shakespeare's hands. Traces of its influence are, I think, also to be found both in Romeo and Juliet, and in the Tempest. Compare the following: Silvio is impatient for his appointment with Julina, "and the day to his seeming passed away so slowly that he had thought the stately steeds had been tired that draw the chariot of the sun, or else some other Joshua had commanded them again to stand, and wished that Phaeton had been there with a whip:"—

"*Juliet*—Gallop apace ye fiery footed steeds
To Phœbus' mansion, such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the West
And bring in cloudy night immediately.

Rom. and Jul."

And in the Tempest:—

"*Ferdinand*—When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are foundered,
Or night kept chained below."

Nothing has yet been discovered of any source from which Shakespeare derived the comic portion of this play.

Twelfth Night is perhaps as fine an example of finished taste as any other play of Shakespeare; it is wrought to the full length and limit of the subject matter, and no thought overweighted beyond. Within itself every part has received its complete and appropriate finish, is worked and polished to its proper perfection. Wit and intellect and humour, sentiment and passion and imagination are in turn, and all in concert stimulated and gratified, exercised and relieved, and the whole congrues in a full and natural close like music. It is this organic perfection that makes the play a jewel; otherwise it is of inferior grade and dignity to the longer of the perfect comedies, *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, or *Much Ado about Nothing*, from embracing a scope of character less elevated, accomplished, or diversified, and consistently, never verging so nearly as in those instances upon a tragic interest, but bearing in fact very decidedly towards the opposite pole of the purely humorous, as *Midsummer Night's Dream* tends to be absorbed in the sphere of the fanciful and fantastic.

There are many rhymed couplets in the poetical parts of Twelfth Night, but they bear no colour of archaism; blending naturally with the general style, they give the blank verse a heightening embellishment as the blank verse heightens the prose.

I have already had occasion to cite the notice that proves the play to have been written, at least, as early as February, 1602, and that it was not written before 1598, is argued not merely from its omission in Meres' *Palladis Tamia* in that year, but more conclusively from Maria's allusion to the many lined map with the augmentation of the Indies, which was published with an English version of Linschoten's *Discourse of Voyages* in that year. Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour* contains a sentence or two parallel to words of Viola, but not sufficient to prove an obligation, and still less on which side it lay.

In the year 1600 the puritanical city magistrates obtained an order from the Privy Council restricting stage performances, which whether enforced or not must have been an interruption and an inconvenience. It has been thought that some retaliation is apparent in the portrait of the sour mar-mirth Malvolio who, according to Maria, "is sometimes a sort of puritan." If such were intended it is good humoured and gentle enough, and of a very different tone to the satire of Ben Jonson on the same class, so far as I have had the perseverance to read. It is however remarkable in another sense that a play written at this precise period should indicate so clearly a disposition to moderate the abuses of contemptuous retort. Olivia's rebuke of the touchiness of the starched

steward states the general principle in one direction, and on the other it is poor imbecile Sir Andrew, who with no reason at all professes to have reason good enough to beat a Puritan like a dog, who had as lief be a Brownist as a politician, and with more truth than he wots of distinguishes his own witlessness from the wit of a Christian or an ordinary man.

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END OF VOL. III.

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